
**GARDENS IN CYPRUS: REFLECTIONS OF
BEING AND DOING**

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ABSTRACT

Cyprus is a place that, particularly over recent months, is beginning to dismantle the scaffolding of political deadlock that has blighted the country for the past thirty years. The Turkish invasion of 1974 happened only thirteen years after Cyprus had gained independence from the British, and so the process of creating itself was abruptly and violently truncated. Life, of course, goes on, and this thesis broadly examines some aspects of that life through one very quotidian aspect of that continuity – gardening.

What follows brings the practice of gardening, and gardens as cultural artefacts into the forefront of anthropological consideration. It also uses gardens as a starting point to build on the rich anthropology of Cyprus and the eastern Mediterranean. Avoiding the niche that Cyprus inhabits as a political ‘problem’, the analysis acknowledges its liminality by dint of its physical location between three continents, and at least two ‘zones’ of anthropological theorising: namely the Mediterranean and the Arab World. A temptation to regionalise is resisted. Account is taken however, of local essentialising, which was a distinctive feature of the fieldwork. With EU expansion, the question of where Europe begins and ends is as political a preoccupation as it is a preoccupation of anthropological theorising. In one form or another, the discourse around the relationship with Europe has been present in the Greek world for a long time, and persists in Cyprus, and this is a thematic thread that runs through the thesis. Over the past twenty to thirty years, the south of the island has vigorously promoted itself as a holiday destination, and the main income for Cypriots is from tourism. The debates around the impact of tourism are examined both through the contests over the ‘environment’ and over what is the ‘authentic’ Cyprus. It is argued that the authentic Cyprus is happening in spite of the heavy use of pathos (bathos) in some

political rhetoric that exploits the trauma of the invasion and subsequent events, and the thesis engages with this rhetoric. This authentic, ordinary Cyprus is found, for example, in the intimate gardens that refugees have created; in the abandoned vineyards that surround so many of the villages because of mass migration to the cities; and in gardens created as expressions of self, of status, or of ideology.

DECLARATION

I have composed this thesis myself on the basis of my own work.

Anne Charlotte Jepson

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Fieldwork, whilst always a challenge, was made easier by the friends I made in Cyprus, and by the warmth that met us in the village where we made our home for a year. I am indebted to all those I interviewed for their time, tolerance and generosity, and not least for their patience as I struggled with their language.

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directions it should take and themes I should take up; he cut through the trees. The wood that remains obscured is due solely to my inadequacies. But for Professor Jonathan Spencer, I would never have felt qualified to embark on a PhD. He also made it clear that there was space for anthropology to be done, and to be written differently. To be given that freedom by a teacher, even if the result has failings, is a great gift. I wish to thank Professor Sue Wright also, for giving me the distraction of more research, and the means, time and understanding to allow me to complete the thesis, and, lastly, the administrative staff of the School of Social and Political Studies for their help and assistance over the years.

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Lastly, but by no means least, there is my family: Amy and Beth are the loveliest and most exceptional human beings in every respect, with a passion for life and all it can offer. They are my anchor. My parents instilled me with values I remain proud to have, and with high expectations of myself and of life that continue to make me question, explore and be curious about the world and how it works. My mother is a maverick and an independent thinker, and I attempt to follow her example. We disagree over many things! Despite much sadness and regret, I thank Struan for our time together, and for our daughters; and for his help over these final months. He was a secure rock that I hoped would always be there.

DEDICATION

This thesis is dedicated to Amy and Beth,
and to the memory of my father.

ABBREVIATIONS AND TRANSLITERATION

AKEL	<i>Anorthotikon Komma tou Ergazomenou Laou</i> (Communist Party of Cyprus)
CCF	Cyprus Conservation Foundation
CTO	Cyprus Tourist Organisation
EOKA	<i>Ethniki Organosis Kyprion Agoniston</i> (National Organisation of Cypriot Fighters)
ESC	Environmental Studies Centre
METAP	Mediterranean Environmental Assistance Programme
TRNC	Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus
UKCA	United Kingdom Citizens Association
UNOPS	United Nations Office for Project Services

Transliteration

I have not used any particular system for the transliteration of Greek words. Where they appear they are italicised, except in the case of place names, and are written to give a close approximation of what their phonetic rendition should be in English.

‘dh’ , as in Pano Oropedhio, is a transliteration of the Greek letter ‘delta’ and is pronounced like ‘th’ in ‘though’ for example.

Pseudonyms have been used for all personal names, and for the names of certain villages.

INTRODUCTION

SPACES OF BEING AND DOING

Making sense of places...

This thesis is a reflection of much more than the space of fieldwork. The whole project made a dramatic and unpredictable space for itself, as I am sure it does for most. What we choose to see and to tease out of such spaces becomes this artefact. Its seeming solidity is really an uncertain or unfixable amalgam of our personal take on the world at a particular time, and in a relatively confined set of circumstances dictated by one's relation to the discipline of anthropology, the people we meet and are influenced by in the course of fieldwork and writing up, by many serendipitous events, and by a personal response to multi-layered external 'facts' and factors. All this is, of course, taken as read: a thesis is a concrete manifestation of the integrity of the researcher, but it is also always contingent, provisional and temporal.

In all, I spent fourteen months on the island of Cyprus, a full year between August 1999 and August 2000, and a further two months spread over 2001. In December 1998 I went out with my partner and our two daughters, seeing as much of the island as possible. I made initial contact with a number of people and generally oriented myself. In 1999 I also spent time in London with Cypriots who had been settled there for most of their adult lives. I identified the Paphos area as a potential field site. It was deemed by people I encountered to be the most attractive part of the island (after the occupied north), but was also seen by them as the most backward, and most

rapidly developing region. It seemed to have a distinctive, albeit negatively conceived, identity.

Why Cyprus?

I had no connection with Cyprus, nor with Cypriots, but it was a place that would ostensibly allow me to continue to work on, and to think about themes that I had unearthed as an undergraduate student carrying out short-term research on the Isle of Skye, off the western coast of Scotland. There were a number of parallels and enough apparent contrasts to allow development of at least some of those themes. I was struck how the physicality of the island (Skye) itself was the reference point for the people there, rather than the nation with which it was associated. Cyprus is by no means a similar case, and rather than being associated with a close but separate nation state, it is situated physically close to boundaries of different continents. Ideologically and religiously, historically and politically it is situated at a fulcrum, (Abu-Lughod 1989; Herzfeld 1984; Herzfeld 1987) and is unavoidably implicated in the layering of multiple and complex cultural traces. Anthropologically it stands out for these attributes and challenges to identity fixing that in the post-structuralist/post-colonial contexts have such currency. At a crude level, I wished to investigate this phenomenon of cross-cutting and multiplicity together with the geographical isolation of an island. It is perhaps a peculiarity of an island, that there is a sensual awareness of physical boundaries that informs a particular sense of attachment. An island is an easily imaginable whole; it is not arbitrary. Whilst I have the two-dimensional map of my own country imprinted on to my consciousness, as many of us do, a relatively small island has a particular presence, and not only on a map. Its boundary – where it meets the sea - is non-negotiable, and not arbitrary. I would argue that this ‘presence’, as suggested above, affects the consciousness of those who live on it.

Cyprus does not immediately suggest itself as an obvious location to examine a culture of gardening. Horticulture as a topic, was, if anything, sub-cultural there, lacking any explicit cultural place or consideration on the island. This is by no means unique, but the fact that particular movements such as the Renaissance swept across

Europe but missed the periphery – including Cyprus, again makes its position unusual. The Enlightenment also, whilst admittedly even more local, has been a strongly constructive force in the cultural insertion of the notion of ‘landscape’ into the European psyche (Mitchell 1994). Movements such as these then, and the lack of their influence in Cyprus, adds to the impression of an absence of the cultural artefact we call a garden. I deliberately take a Eurocentric view here, and I entered the site with my particular notion of what a garden is; namely that it is about aesthetics, control and manipulation of nature, and it is bounded, and associated with a household.

The vast majority of Greek Cypriots regard themselves as Greek and therefore European (Argyrou 1996). The imminent accession to the EU (2004) has greatly reinforced the gaze of Cypriots north-eastwards to mainland Europe, and to markers of status that concur with those of mainland Europe (see Bourdieu 1984). Among many I spoke to, joining was a formality: the island was already part of ‘western’ Europe. Emblems and symbols of that Europe were becoming more and more visible, in the form of number plates emblazoned with the EU circle of stars for example, or the signs declaring EU support for projects. Again, the debates around self-presentation and identification will be taken up in the later chapters. The aggressive form that this self-presentation often took also proved to be a problematic area, and was often immersed in other debates such as those to do with the environment or tourism for example. As Herzfeld points out, as anthropologists we are caught in a particular, and current, bind: how do we deal with local essentialising and reification, ‘that can only embarrass a field as committed as is social anthropology to the rejection of essentialism in all its forms’ (1995:125)? In the context of constantly reiterated nationalist discourse that is particularly relevant to Cyprus, as well as areas of Greece and the Balkans, ‘we should aim for a balance between rightly refusing to generalize (sic) about ‘the Greeks’...and acknowledging that Greeks themselves do this all the time’ (1995:125).

I came away with the echoes of such generalisations, of various ‘Cypriot mentalities’ ringing in my ears. Herzfeld talks of it usefully as an aspect of ‘cultural intimacy’; it is a sort of negative solidarity whereby theft for example, ‘which begins as an act of

violence against another's intimacy, becomes instead a claim on that intimacy, an intimacy that is too intense for words' (1995:139). He might be talking more specifically about Cretans, but this form of intimacy closely paralleled what I found on Cyprus. Theft was a common trope, whether of crops, crockery or water, and the themes of distrust and negative judgement of one Cypriot of another will recur throughout the thesis. Such generalising did create something of a crisis for an anthropologist, surrounded as I was by generalisations and 'Cypriot mentalities'. Were these all I knew? This, and a lack of fluency with the language made me question both what I know, its usefulness for any level of anthropological interpretation, and also how I came to know what I know about the place.

Personal grounds

At this point it will be useful to discuss my own personal background which will go some way to explain my choice of topic. There are many routes by which researchers come to field sites, and the one I took will be seen to be somewhat unconventional, coming to it as I did with baggage associated with my own particular practice, rather than that associated with a particular place. My own history, embedded in a particular history of a particular form of practice created and creates a tension in the fieldwork undertaken on Cyprus. This tension was then refracted through my highly significant nationality. This made the project very challenging at many points both before and during fieldwork, not to mention afterwards. The tensions remain inherent to the product that is this thesis. They will not always be explicit, but I wish to make clear at this stage that the style adopted will be discursive, frequently elliptical, and even fragmentary. This is largely deliberate, and the aim is to produce 'an analysis "with blurred edges"' in the way that Wittgenstein talks about the possibility of games being concepts with blurred edges in his *Philosophical Investigations*: Is an indistinct photograph a picture of a person at all? Is it even always an advantage to replace an indistinct picture by a sharp one? Isn't the indistinct one often exactly what we need' (Wittgenstein & Anscombe 1968), 'creating a general picture whose lineaments are indistinct and do not prescribe one precise way of viewing or another'

(Rapport, 1997:105). The site itself will appear to shift between that of place and practice.

I came to Social Anthropology late. I qualified initially in practical commercial and amenity horticulture in the 1980s. I worked in a number of different horticultural settings, and for the past twelve years or so I have undertaken small-scale private garden design work. My main work before returning to education was in therapeutic horticulture. Although it is only now that systematic research is being conducted into the beneficial effects of gardening, there is a great deal of persuasive and historic evidence that horticulture can be a powerful therapeutic and educational medium in a wide variety of settings and circumstances¹. This evidence was partially accidental, and much came from the large Victorian psychiatric hospitals which happened to have large kitchen gardens in which the patients worked. The recognition of the potential of gardening as therapy has become far more widespread and accepted. A well-known private healthcare company, for example, is creating a network of sensory gardens in the grounds of their hospitals, confident that sensory stimulation – through sight, smell, touch and hearing: that being literally immersed in a garden, aids healing and recovery.

Whilst in London in 1999, I met a number of asylum seekers (non-Cypriot), who had also been victims of torture. They were taking part in a therapeutic gardening project which entailed their being encouraged to tend and make use of allotments. A psychologist was managing the project, and was very protective of her ‘patients’. Her belief in gardening as therapy came, she said, from her own recovery, but she didn’t explain how. She believes that it is mainly the link with nature that helps people who have suffered most traumatically, and she also said that she was able to ascertain their state of mind from the state of their allotments. There was little opportunity for her to elaborate, and interestingly, she made it clear that she didn’t want to talk about the work in front of the ‘patients’. One, an Iranian, had been a patient for ten years. She was incredibly solicitous of him, while at the same time berating him for the

¹ See <http://www.thrive.org.uk> and <http://sensorytrust.org.uk>

untidiness of his allotment. He was now studying for his PhD, developing a probe that could measure neural function in different areas of the brain. I wondered whether he continued with the garden to please her.

After quite a short time he left us, and went to the hut he had built himself, a very homely construction, under the shade of a large apple tree, and complete with a verandah. As we worked, he busied himself with a small fire and two cooking pots, and in time produced for us the most delicious meal of pasta and an Iranian type of tortilla that he had made. Others cooked on the allotments, but one family, on offering a kebab to a 'neighbour' was met with the retort that they shouldn't be cooking on the allotments because they didn't have a licence! It was a wonderful experience to be eating food he had prepared for us, sitting under the shade of the apple tree, chatting about the allotments, his research and his family.

Thinking about these allotments post-fieldwork, reminded me of many meals I shared with my neighbours in Cyprus when I was out helping them in the fields. They were much simpler, comprising bread, cheese, fish, tomatoes, olives and fruit, and they were eaten on the ground, in the shade of an olive tree. The connection between the production of the food and eating it was direct and normal, and this was the sense at the allotments. They were a place for sociality and relaxation. In many of the fields in Cyprus, there were signs of their being places for being comfortable, with garden chairs and seats in the shade, as might be found in more formal gardens. They looked slightly incongruous, but only in the context of the fields being about work. This notion of work as opposed to relaxation was ensconced in the expression of the native allotment holder who complained about the cooking. But one could also safely assume that there was a degree of racism inherent in the aggressive rejection of the food. There is something quintessentially English about allotments that is beautifully unravelled by Crouch and Ward (1994). There is a way of being and doing with (these particular) allotments that does not include cooking and commensality.

The psychologist was something of an enigma, and an evangelist. She did not question the good of supporting and treating traumatised refugees through this loosely structured use of horticulture practice. The research is scant in this particular

area of 'horticulture as therapy', but she has seen the results and benefits over a number of years. She took me to visit people working at other plots, all having created their own personalised and idiosyncratic rendition of an allotment. Apparently, the 'best run' plot belonged to a Cypriot woman, a refugee, but who was not one of her patients.

This mini clash, or meeting, of cultures at the allotments near Hendon, and the ready acceptance of a garden as a medium and means of expression and expressiveness of that which cannot be articulated (deep trauma) through language, presented me with one poignant starting point. The experience extended the largely untheorised notion of horticulture as therapy within which I had been employed previously. I saw how appropriation took on very different forms, challenging notions of community (in an admittedly limited sense) and introducing commensality. The sensuous and direct process of producing food, of the smell of cooking mingling with the smell of the heavy clay we were trying to dig, in a place not in any way designated as home, quite the opposite in fact, presented itself as a microcosm of cultural play.

I did not feel led to my fieldwork site by geography but by the subject of gardening itself. In that sense, I could have gone anywhere. It also makes, as discussed previously, the location of the fieldwork more complex.

The gardening anthropologist

I grew up with a garden and ever since I can remember I have been interested in plants and the processes that are concerned with growing and controlling them in the context of a garden. I had my own very small patch with which I experimented with different plants, with varying success. I came to know all of the shrubs in the garden where I grew up, and when I smell or see them elsewhere, the experience is always evocative of my childhood garden. I never imagined at the time that it would become my career, an academic path had long been assumed, following my eldest brother into literature. Following a number of upheavals as a teenager, I found myself at seventeen at a job centre in the south of England with the possibility of a job in a local paintbrush factory. I noticed a poster advertising a Youth Training Scheme in

Horticulture at a nearby college. Throughout high school I had either done garden maintenance as a Saturday job, or helped out on an organic small-holding growing fruit and vegetables, so it was not a difficult decision to take up the latter option.

Having completed a diploma in horticulture, working a number of years, and having two children, I decided to return to study and took science Highers at a local school. I 'discovered' Social Anthropology, and among the other subjects studied, it struck me as the academic space where most creative and original thinking was possible.

Its potential stems from its power to question the givens of western culture rather than confirming them. As such, anthropology continues the Romantic reaction against Enlightenment reason (cf. Shweder 1984), and against the sanctification of the natural sciences (Rorty 1991b: 18). The discovery of other worlds is explicitly creative. (Hastrup 1995:12)

It can encompass the totality of social life, everywhere. I now find myself here, and while I would never have predicted it, I want to bring that aspect of social life that is gardening, further into the discipline. The raw materials of a garden are not especially promising: soil, unremarkable seeds and a boundary. The potential is realised by the personality, knowledge, and practice of the gardener. Equally, there are the same disjointed and contingent elements that prefigure a thesis: the personality and history of the anthropologist, the politics of the discipline, and of course, the experience and the resultant fieldnotes coming out of the field.

To write about methodology is an unusual and difficult task. It is about the academic 'fixing' of preconceptions, misconceptions, fears and unknowns from the very concrete experience of field research. The academy is the site where such things become re-placed, removed, translated into something more coherent, more grounded and less personal. Methodology is about the disjunctions present within the discipline of anthropology: as Hastrup says, 'the performative paradox of anthropology implies a reconciliation of objectivity and solidarity' (1995:5). The 'performative paradox' is the claim the discipline makes to objective scholarship, which is at variance with the very way we practice – we study through engagement, and rely on contingency and subjective relationships. She goes on, citing Rorty: 'solidarity is not discovered by reflection but created through imaginative investment of one's own sensitivity to alien lifeways' (ibid). These considerations inform not

only the fieldworker, but also the returned ethnographer, the paradox being present throughout. Rorty underlines the experiential essence that makes fieldwork unique in a highly theoretical world (ibid.). To return to Herzfeld, solidarity and cultural intimacy are not necessarily positively orchestrated, and in the same vein, not every anthropologist is going to become an initiated insider, and 'sensitivity' and imaginative investment might equally entail a recognition of structural exclusion (Herzfeld 1997)

Practicalities

Very mundane practical considerations dictated that we could not stay in the ex-Turkish-Cypriot refugee village that I had anticipated being our home. Having children meant that I did not want to take the risk of not having somewhere established as a base before we left. As it was, nothing was finalised except an expensive ten-day stay in an apartment. But I also had a clutch of phone numbers and had had a few phone conversations with different people from a village much farther north, confirming that there was a house available there.

Unbeknown to me, I had, while still in the UK, already become embroiled in a vitriolic and personal dispute between three characters in the village – two English and one half-English, half-Cypriot. Two of them were using the house intended for us, to make trouble for the third. Within a week of our arrival in the village, the incident turned very ugly and there was a violent and frightening exchange at the gate of the house we were renting. I was appalled at the level of animosity and aggression, and it quickly dispelled the notion that there was a 'Little England' enclave in this particular village. The Cypriot family that owned the house, whom we came to know quite well over the year, were very minor players in the drama, but were very aggrieved at one point that they were being accused of trying to 'rip off the English' over the issue of rent. Two different amounts had been agreed between the owners and the two unofficial English 'agents'. I wondered, why did one family (us) become the whole nation? The implied accusation by one of the English 'agents' was understandably taken as an enormous insult by the family who were renting the house to us.

I go on to describe the village in more detail in Chapter Two, but I will introduce it here briefly. Pano Oropedhio is a small village, a ramshackle collection of stone houses, and one or two new ones, clinging to a limestone ridge in the north-western area of the island. It is on a high plateau from which deeply-cut ravines run down to the sea to the north and west, about ten kilometres away. To the east are views of the beautiful Paphos Forest. About a mile to the north is a 'sister' village, Kato Oropedhio, which was formerly Turkish Cypriot. It was abandoned in the early 1960s, but after a change in the law allowing non-refugees access to Turkish Cypriot houses, Greek Cypriots have taken on some of the properties for weekend or holiday houses.

The population of the village has been steadily shrinking over the past fifty years, as the young people moved away to the growing towns and cities, or abroad to the UK and Africa for example. There are now only about a hundred villagers left, most of whom are retired. The village is dominated by an Environmental Study Centre, which brings international students into the village on field trips for a few days at a time. There are two coffee shops, a co-op, or *synargatiko*, and a post office. Tourists are drawn to the village because of the good walking and wildlife in the area, and an historic church, in a picturesque location a couple of miles from the village. There are a small number of properties tourists can rent for holidays, and there are a few houses that have been bought by foreigners as holiday houses. In the time that we were there, one or two individuals or families blew through, renting other property for a time. One was a reclusive, single Dutch woman, another was an English woman with two young children whose partner was a pianist playing at local hotels, and another family were from the United States. The latter were fundamentalist Christians, with alarming principles and values, on an unusual mission to get into Israel in order to convert Jewish settlers. It appeared that Cyprus would be as close as they would get. They were allowed to use a house in the village by a supportive, but absent villager who was a writer and artist. There was one English family living in the village, renting a house. They had been there for about six years. The husband was the director of the Study Centre. They spoke fairly good Greek, and their two young sons were fluent and attended the local school. We quickly connected with

them and became friends, and many villagers assumed that we were related, or that our connections went back to the UK.

The fact that we were described as ‘the English’ took on more significance as time went on, and as I talked to more people. It was no surprise however that there was a high degree of distrust and complaint regarding most things Cypriot from the British ex-pat community, and on the part of Cypriots there were either shades of derision or outright dislike of the English. In short, the English, in various guises as tourists or UKCA (United Kingdom Citizens Association) members in particular, were the main commodity to be exploited on the island, particularly close to the coastal resorts and new villa complexes built specifically for retired couples. In a sense, the British have never left. Elements of colonialism also lingered, marking the land itself in the form of the Sovereign Base Areas and the shooting ranges that are still extant, and visible, physically and politically. The British remain very much implicated in the life and recent history of the island. There are more there now than there have ever been, and the ambivalence of Cypriots towards the English is almost tangible. I separate ‘English’ and ‘British’ quite deliberately, because Cypriots refer to the ‘English’ rather than the British, and we had a long discussion with a family in the village about the distinction between different genres of English-speaking people, and whether it was flattery or not I do not know, distinction in favour of Scots was clearly made.

Although we were situated in a village, this is by no means a classic village study. It turned out to be a fascinating place, and people there became the source of the most important and closest of relationships. The village was primarily a place to stay in. I wanted to look at the breadth of gardening practice, and I did not want to completely abandon my intention to examine gardening as a means of re-rooting/re-routing, following displacement. In the event, re-emplacement rather than displacement has become a focus. From the beginning, I looked outwards from the village, to other villages in the area, and the main towns on the island, as well as its capital Nicosia, and the rapidly developing suburbia. Movement, displacement and disconnection have created well-worn paths in Cyprus, as well as anthropology. Islands perhaps have the effect of creating an apparent distillation of such features. The geographical

and cultural relief of islands is heightened by their discreteness. Movement is more obvious, completely unremarkable, and more tangible (see Friedman 2002). In this sense, our presence was supremely unremarkable. People come and go, returning after one, two, many years, or not at all, or for certain times of the year.

Language

I studied Greek for nine months before I went to Cyprus, attending night classes, and continued to go to lessons once we were there. The process proved to be both useful and frustrating. I learnt standard modern Greek; Cyprus however has a very particular dialect involving very marked differences in syntax, vocabulary and phonetics from modern Greek. This meant that whilst I could make myself understood, I found it virtually impossible to follow conversations in the village, picking up little more than threads. Our teacher was from Athens and had married a Cypriot. She was profoundly and personally antagonistic towards Cypriot, regarding it as a slang form of Greek, and in spite of our requests to learn the demotic, she vehemently refused to entertain the idea. For a time I had been learning with a local Cypriot school teacher, who was happy to point out and explain the differences, proudly claiming that much of Cypriot was closer to ancient Greek. It was widely said that Cypriots were unintelligible to mainland Greeks, although this was scant consolation to me.

All that said, it was gratifying to me that by the end of our stay, a number of the women in the village remarked on the fact that I could speak Greek, and they were obviously pleased that I had made the effort. The overwhelming majority of ex-pat English have either no, or only the most rudimentary, Greek. This is understandable, as outwith the villages, English is understood and spoken, and it is taught in school from primary age. Among older Cypriots, those who had left the island from the 1950s onwards, had mostly gone to English-speaking countries: England (mainly London) and ex-British colonies in Africa. The English also constituted the bulk of the two and a half million tourists that visit the island annually, so most people involved in the tourist industry in whatever capacity, could speak English. Most of my interviews then, were conducted in English with both Cypriots and ex-pat British.

In the village, and in the work I did at a local herb garden (see Chapter Five), a few miles from the village, I became associated with the Environmental Studies Centre in the minds of the villagers, in fact, and by assumption. Most people who had anything to do with it were more English than anything else. The herb garden was administered via the Centre, being a project emanating from the same source, the Laona Project, which will be described in Chapter Four. Nearly all visitors to the garden were British, apart from one or two locals and a Sri Lankan woman who was a carer in the village. The villagers assumed that I was a teacher, despite my efforts to describe my reasons for being there being about research. Being an anthropologist meant little, and being a gardener even less. My neighbour visibly relaxed when both my partner, Struan, and I started to do something we could call 'work', *dhouleia*. I was maintaining and running the herb garden and Struan became involved in environmental survey work on a consultancy basis. There is no doubt that we were somewhat anomalous, but we came to be accepted as British blow-ins, and my closest neighbour 'adopted' me as a surrogate daughter, and she took seriously my desire to learn from her, and was a good teacher. Our relationship was very close, and there was a strong mutual fondness. The constant frustration for me was the language, although she was endlessly patient with me, and took great pains to understand what I was trying to say or find out, and over time, she became more and more curious about the way I, or my mother did things with food, or in the house for example. On reflection, it became clear that there was more to the barrier than language alone. There was a fairly inchoate boundary that excluded me from certain areas of their life, which became clearer as time went on and I observed how relations between villagers, and villagers and other incomers functioned.

Thinking fieldwork

A study of rootedness: placement, displacement and connections between, happily suggests a more fragmentary approach to doing fieldwork, and what I hope is that the discursive and disparate nature of the relationships, and sites of those relationships, within the field will be reflected in this thesis. It is clearly misguided anyway to suppose that there is any such thing as a 'single bounded site'. And here I take up

Clifford's description of Karen McCarthy Brown's fieldwork about a Haitian voodoo priestess in Brooklyn.

Hers is not a neighbourhood (urban village) study...Diasporic "Haiti," in this ethnography is situated less by a discrete place, a field she enters and inhabits for a time, than by an interpersonal relationship – a mixture of observation, dialogue, apprenticeship, and friendship (Clifford 1997:56).

It might seem odd to describe fieldwork that was based on a relationship, when this is in part a study of place and landscape. But, as already intimated, the key to my research is that the location of the fieldwork is practice, and the movement of practices through space and time – my own, as well as those I encountered. This theme is particularly taken up in Chapter Six). The sensitivity that Rorty proposes becomes part of the process of the ethnography, and Brown's method matched my own attitude and approach to fieldwork. The success of fieldwork is largely dependent on the relationships one forges. Relationships speak of the dynamics between people and/or objects, and/or events. They are not to do with the essence of the person, object or event itself.

Rapport (1997:64-5) builds on the observation of Bateson (1951:173) that the human brain thinks in terms of relationships, and that events and things are secondary epiphenomena, and that movement is the starting point or crux of the meaning of such relationships.

To conceive relationships (and so create things) is to move or cause to move things relative to the point of perception (the brain) or relative to other things within the field of perception. Movement is fundamental to the setting up and the changing of relations by which things gain and maintain and continue to accrue thingness (1997:65)

Knowledge therefore is created from and through movement, and the world is an 'ontic dump' of the results of these traces of relationships. Anthropology is perhaps the closest mimesis of this mental process. It is founded upon the formalisation of relationships – between the fieldworker and the field, and field and the academe. The fieldnotes could be said to represent the epistemic process, and the writing up and interpretation, the ontic one. Whilst it goes without saying that anthropology focuses on the particular and the dissonant that is found in the field, and seeks to undermine

the cultural cliché, Rapport places the anthropologist within the same frame as the individuals 'studied'. We create a coherent narrative for our own folk community. He discusses the 'presence' of fieldnotes, of their inherent duality and ambiguity. On our return we 'organise' them, or ignore them altogether in favour of the coherent narrative that has settled out. By doing this we distance ourselves from the very practice and engagement of fieldwork (and our collection of entangled notes):

fieldnotes, whose conventional qualities of ellipsis and minimal contextualisation might be seen to place them in a relationship to monographs comparable to that between poetry and prose. That is, there are deliberate gaps to be filled in between fieldnotes and the sense made of them, for their sense is only partially imparted to the textual statement. (Rapport 1997:104)

A thesis is a narrative, and it seeks to make sense of the fragmented stories, the cacophony of voices and the minutiae of observations and experiences that bombard the fieldworker. It is a project to examine difference and to make all the disparate elements cohere. The fieldnotes are the raw material, a somewhat chaotic mish mash in different forms. Rapport argues that fieldnotes have a duality, 'a dual conventionality, local as well as academic' (1997:96) that can, back in the academy, 'appear the artefacts of a dream – residues which evidence some perverted reality' (ibid). He advocates that there is the possibility of incorporating their dream-like, or dual nature into the academic text. Ideas can cohere and coalesce, if differently, whilst remaining faithful to the fragmentary nature of the ethnography and fieldwork experience.

Thinking self-consciousness

Self-consciousness is obviously part of the 'being' and 'doing' of elsewhere, and an integral part of 'being' anywhere. But, an overly reflexive attitude to fieldwork renders the anthropology secondary (see Okely 1992) and the self is in danger of becoming the objectified 'other'. Okely discusses the real value of reflexive anthropology, which isn't of the 'Great White Male' variety, but is more attuned to other cultures' genres of expression. She highlights that anthropology has provided that very critique of the Great White Male tradition, and that the tradition is a cultural

phenomenon of an individualistic competitiveness which is not universal. Such ability to self-undermine is at the very core of anthropology's value.

As Cohen makes clear, it is also no longer sufficient to generalise the social, to assume the cohesion of people who happen to live in the same place, once the very endeavour of the discipline of anthropology. Traditionally, the self in social anthropology was assumed to be socially determined, and therefore any aspects which were not were the concern of psychology and physiology. Cohen goes on to argue that the consequent development of reflexivity in the discipline, bringing the notion of the complex self into the forum, has resulted in a further underlining of the discipline's 'prescription to maintain the axiomatic difference between the anthropological self and the anthropologised other' (1994:4). With reflexive, post-modern anthropology, this has been demonstrated by the conclusion that we cannot know others, their consciousness, or the distinction between them and our construction of them. He goes on: 'it is plainly unacceptable to assume that anthropologist and anthropologised are alike...equally, the assumption that they are not alike is unacceptable for it seems to lead inexorably to the construction of their difference' (1994:4). This has more than something of the obvious about it, but is such a simple observation not at the heart of the anthropologist's dilemma? Are we engaged in the representation of 'others' as some sort of reflexive exercise, or is it a benign one of exposing equivalence through different manifestations?

The devil's advocate within me wishes to say that anthropology should cease trying to break away from its dubious colonial roots, and seek to accept and assimilate them, and get away from the colonisation debate altogether. This is not to say that colonialism should not be dealt with, but its place is in the contextualisation of the particularity of place. An anthropological discussion of any aspect of Cypriot life is inconceivable without consideration of colonialism's impact. Neither is it helpful to talk of a dialogue between cultures or traditions – the axiom of difference remains as solid, and skips existing political power differentials. If we take up Haraway's (1997) suggestion, the alternative to dwelling on the implosion of such dichotomies as self and other, and of a mimetic obsession to represent, then we can think in terms of 'diffraction', which 'is the production of difference patterns in the world, not just the

same reflected-displaced-elsewhere' (1997:269). In this formulation, it is far easier to visualise oneself, not as apart, but as mutually implicated in the production of knowledge. Refraction is possibly a better analogy – the change of the course of something when it passes from one medium to another, or even to say that the attempts to 'fix' representations are refractory, and that the results are indeed 'unmanageable or rebellious' (1991:451)

In diffraction, both the light and the obstacle, in combination, give rise to the completely new wave patterns. The light spreads or breaks up (in unexpected ways). The result is disturbance, but also a fragmented spreading effect. The self is obviously implicated in the project of anthropology, both that of the anthropologist, and that of each person one has contact with in the field. The idea of diffraction then is a useful one, of knowledge being the culmination of contact and disturbance rather than reflection.

The methodological problems of self for the anthropologist are not simple ones. They have to be addressed on several levels, depending on one's location - in all senses of the word. With these levels of 'self' in mind, and that is not only my 'self' and my relations with others, but with history, colonialism and practice, and the relations between others that I am privy to, we can surely hope to only concretise a few of these vague traces of connections and/or disconnections and to posit questions in contexts that they haven't been asked in before. This thesis is an attempt to resist the impulse to make too much sense of the field, and by its very form to express the dissonance of fieldwork, the partiality – in both senses – of it, and the effort to maintain something of the diffractive processes at work when different cultures, and ways of being, meet.

Taking stock

Despite bolstering myself with accounts of others doing fieldwork with children, see (Fernandez 1987; Hugh-Jones 1987; Scheper-Hughes 1987) being there as a family was a challenging experience. I had underestimated the extent to which I would feel responsible for, and sensitive to the daily happiness of my daughters, Amy, Beth and

my partner Struan throughout our stay on Cyprus. Our daughters were nine and eleven at the time, the older one missing her fairly crucial final year at primary school. Neither of them could be said to be particularly enthusiastic about going: they had no idea what they were going to, and no control over any decisions that would be made on their behalf. As Hugh-Jones says, they are 'unable to contract out of their relationships with us' (1987:32), and discomfort at my ultimate power to be responsible for their misery, is a difficult feeling with which to contend. Struan was undecided till very late on in the preparations whether he would come, but he eventually decided to come with us, and negotiated a year's unpaid leave from the Royal Botanic Gardens in Edinburgh. Suddenly I felt that I was faced with the responsibility of ensuring that he too was going to be happy with the upheaval and change. In retrospect, I would never recommend taking partners on fieldwork, unless they have a good reason to be there in their own right.... I made preliminary enquiries about work that he might get involved in, and this was a factor in the choice of village in which we finally became settled. Being so far from Paphos town meant that the only option for schooling was to be the local school, in the neighbouring village.

Why gardening?

I am aware, even talking to friends at home that my assumptions about people and their gardens are hard to extinguish, and it still surprises me that not everyone loves, or would love to garden. I cannot imagine being without one, which I realise might sound rather odd, but it is an unshakeable delusion. I recognise that I am a product of a horticultural heritage peculiar to the UK or perhaps Western Europe, by which the landscape, and consequently gardens have been almost fetishised in a particular way, at least since the Enlightenment. My language of gardening and horticulture were completely meaningless in Cyprus, and because my own gardening heritage is so bound up with the aesthetic, it was difficult to know where to start, and how to make sense of a way of gardening which has a completely different, and largely unrecorded and unarticulated specific history.

This is not to say that the aesthetic connection with gardens is limited to Western practice and representations. Indeed, one needs only to thumb through a book on Islamic or Japanese art, for example, to see how richly horticultural and plant forms are represented (see Goody 1993). The Oriental garden has its own history, far older than any Western one, and there is a wealth of evidence that there were ornamental gardens in Persia, on the Indian subcontinent, and in Asia centuries before the tradition took hold in Europe. It is considered that the model for the garden, with its layout and particular features came from these areas (see Vercelloni 1990). The garden as an actual, and potential, culture area in anthropology will be taken up in Chapter One, and whilst the main focus will be gardening practice on Cyprus, it will become clear that major themes of anthropology, such as authenticity, nationalisms and identity for example, can be viewed through the lens of gardens and gardening practice, and that these can inform and feed into other cultural debates.

Doubts about categories of garden need not be major ones; the definitions of what a garden is or is not were made evident, as they were when I carried out fieldwork on Skye. I went to Skye not even questioning that I might not recognise what was or was not a garden. However, I did not envisage categorisation to be carried out along such strong economic, class, gendered and even ethnic lines. But that, in fact, is what seemed to be going on. I was asked whether people really gardened on Skye, and I was similarly questioned regarding Cyprus. Sometimes it was the same people, who presumed to know the reason why there was no long-standing gardening tradition, that went on to explain that it was the British, and colonisation that introduced the practice.

A nice elaboration to this came on a visit to Cypriots in London when I was told that previously, there had been no need to have flower gardens, such was the abundance of wild flowers. Flower gardens were only considered and created once the English had come to Cyprus and had dug up all the wild flowers to put in their new 'colonial' gardens. There was no particular evidence for this, but of course, the simple mythology said far more about the presence and bearing of the English on Cyprus according to this man, using a metaphor that encompasses colonisation, exploitation,

uprooting and displacement as well as a profound lack of sensitivity and an imposition of an artificial aesthetic.

Gardening and horticulture have a unique breadth and ambiguity in that they encompass aspects of the home and more public space, as well as a clear connection with a nature that is 'out there', and that continues in our own naturalistic theories of the relationship between 'nature' and society (see Descola 1996; Eder 1996). What I became familiar with on Cyprus, through the Cyprus Conservation Foundation (CCF) and the Environmental Studies Centre (ESC), was the very heart of the environmentalism debate, and all the cultural trajectories leading from that. The boundary between house and garden is not a clear one, neither is the boundary between the garden and more public space, and the garden also serves to form a boundary zone between the safety of home and the danger of wild 'nature'. Gardens are in the spheres of the aesthetic and the commercial/productive, and they are not the exclusive realm of either gender. Gardens provide a compelling border zone to domestic and community activity and space, as well as to the theorising about 'nature', authenticity, boundaries themselves and the essentialising that goes on across borders.

Cyprus, and the anthropology of 'the region'

What follows is a discussion of what makes Cyprus interesting anthropologically, in the context of its geographical, historical and political position and a brief overview of where a study of the island is situated within the history of the anthropology of the Mediterranean and southern Europe. The island's current status is as an embodiment of a political 'problem'. An apparently frozen and insurmountable impasse has existed for nearly thirty years between, it could be argued, a heavily reified religious, cultural and nationalist borderland, not merely a physical one, and one that extends into the imagined nationalist space. Greek and Turkish identities are created and underscored at the 'Green Line', and the reverberations of the hardened imagery are felt far beyond the coastline of Cyprus, and are at the heart of the problem of where Europe begins and ends, with accession to the European Union crystallising the crisis in the more mundane political arena.

As this is being written, a very new and dramatic response to the failure of the latest round of reunification talks is going on. There has been a flurry of newspaper reports about the opening up of the border allowing Greek and Turkish Cypriots to travel across with certain restrictions. Ironically, EU citizens in the north are unable to go into the south because they are seen by the southern authorities as being illegal immigrants, having entered the country via illegal ports in the north. I hear from a friend in the village that many Turkish Cypriots from the north are visiting Kato Oropedhio and Pano Oropedhio, where they were born, and left thirty or forty years ago. They are recounting their early school days, and they can still speak near-perfect Greek. My friend tells me that these are 'exciting times for the island', and she also describes her anticipation at the prospect of visiting her family home in Lapithos, Kyrenia. Not all is positive however. *The Cyprus Mail* reports of an attack by Greek Cypriots on Turkish Cypriots attempting to visit their former home in Limassol, that the Greek Cypriots now lived in (cyprus-mail.com, 1/5/03). The Turkish Cypriots were apparently there only to get some plant cuttings. I was struck by an article in *The Guardian* that relayed this, as well as another, similar incident: The article opens with a description of the situation at the barbed wired crossing point:

On one side were Greek Cypriots, clutching branches of trees on their return from visiting houses they had not seen for thirty years, waving their wedding portraits fished from tops of wardrobes (*The Guardian*: 03/05/03: 22).

It goes on:

One Turkish Cypriot woman reportedly died of a heart attack when Greek Cypriots visited her house saying it was theirs. They were only there to gather plant cuttings, but she feared she would be made homeless. Two Greek Cypriots are due in court after assaulting a Turkish Cypriot family for knocking on their door for the same reason (ibid.: 22).

And the article ends with the words of Andreas Elias, 23 (born after the Turkish invasion):

He could not still his anger at crossing to view his fields of lemon trees, but not being able to have them back. Sitting in his new four-wheel drive at the border, he said: "We were rich in the North before the Turkish invasion, before I was born. I have nothing down here...we have to get back what we owned" (ibid.: 22).

The quotes refer to the attachment to the practice and process of gardening and growing, rather than fixed property. Although the fear on the part of the current occupants is that they will lose their home, when all the 'visitors' appear to want is something that represents that home. The last quote is emblematic of what I heard a number of very young people say, the grandchildren of those who were displaced. They are classed as refugees, even though they were not displaced themselves, having not even been born. They were often the most vociferous and insistent on regaining what the family lost in material terms. They were not 'his' lemon trees; they were the trees of his family. He cannot miss the trees himself; he is reporting the real sentiment of his parents or grandparents. But he is talking about actual property and wealth. It is interesting that the reporter has inserted that he is seated in his new four-wheel drive. These, and shiny big pick-ups were the main status symbols of the up and coming young Cypriots.

This generation of virtual refugees have no connection through their own memories back to former family homes; the only way of understanding the loss for them is in financial asset terms. He cannot remember the life that was tied up with the pruning, blossoming and harvesting of the lemon trees. His memory is completely bound up with his own life, but he is forced to acknowledge his inheritance of the title of 'refugee', and bound up with that is his financial inheritance over the 'Green Line'. The two: his status and the land denied to him, are inseparable. If he lets go the tag of 'refugee' he relinquishes his birthright. I heard stories of the trauma suffered and never recovered from, by parents and grandparents who were displaced after 1974. There is a matter of honour here for the younger generation, an obligation to reinstate the family in emotional and real terms to a place that preceded the trauma. Both sides know that they occupy the others' houses. It will be a logistical and legal nightmare, but, in the meantime, wedding photos, branches and cuttings are a conduit not only back to a lived past, but carry with them a vibrant and powerful continuity from any point before 1974. The continued growth of the trees and the plants over the intervening years are proof that there are no 'Dead Zones' (see Papadakis 1998), temporal or geographic.

While I was there, the anticipation of this level of contestation over domestic property was frequently cited as one of the most difficult problems that would emerge from reunification. I will return to this presently, as it has far-reaching implications for all the Greek Cypriots who have taken over Turkish Cypriot-owned houses in the south, whether they live in them as refugees or rent them as 'second homes'.

In spite of Kofi Annan's weariness and frustrated departure from the scene early in 2003, when efforts to talk about reunification once again reached stalemate, it seems that the momentum created by the demonstrations in the north in February 2003, has gathered pace. These are not the only factors, and the unsettled state of Turkish politics among wider issues, are having a significant bearing on the unfolding situation. I wish that I could be there to witness it.

The temptation here, especially given the context of Cyprus, is deliberately and very consciously to disregard a background that covers the political and historical build-up to the ambiguous status that Cyprus has had, and the peculiar stasis that this produces. It is a divided island, with the legitimate government having control of only the southern half, and the northern part being a *de facto* annex of the Turkish mainland. The reasons for this desire to disregard the political and historical 'baggage' are that nearly every article or book written on the island is prefaced with an introduction of the 'relevant' history and politics that has led to its current position as a 'problem'. There is also the issue of how history within Hellenism is virtually fetishised (see Bryant 1998), which is a subject of study in its own right. This particular way of talking about history feeds down through various strands, from official documents to museums, and to the most banal tourist literature, to the extent that a history of the island is even to be found in the leaflet supplied with a hire car.

Apart from the repetition being somewhat tedious, the practice also has the more insidious effect of enhancing the view that the current political and international impasse has an historic inevitability, and therefore so does the impasse itself. Thus

we are ironically left with a confluence of conflicting themes and factors.² The political situation in the eastern Mediterranean is fragile, and has been for a time that long precedes living memory, such that the fragility itself has had a peculiar stability; the respective apparent (national/state) identities of Turkey and Greece are at great variance with each other, and Cyprus could be said to have become the focus for this variance.

Cyprus is not an integrated and discrete place. Its initial appeal is that it is a bounded entity, defined by the sea by which it is surrounded. But its history can be read as largely the history of the various empires by which it was ruled, and it retains this incidental quality today, existing in the shadow of the political balance between Greece and Turkey. It would perhaps be apt and refreshing to focus on its virtual nature, to allow it to stand alone, and to study it for once without the heavy mantle of 'historical context' that dominates all discussion of it.

What provokes this tendency is the more specifically anthropological problem of placement and location with regard to the discipline itself. Just as 'history' has been deconstructed, so has the notion of the 'region'. Because I have no connection with Cyprus, and no particular implication in its politics, there is the strong desire to put both conventional history and politics to one side as far as possible. As will be seen, this desire cannot be sustained, although approaching this historical and literature review with that desire, it will be recognised that I attempt to minimise or telescope the 'Cyprus Problem' such that once again it does not become the main focus.

To begin, then, comes the question of where Cyprus is located in the context of regional anthropological theorising, rather than in geo-political terms. Anthropology in and of Europe and the Mediterranean has been practised and debated for many years now, and it is useful to consider some of its particular elements by way of providing some context for work that continues to be done in the area.

² For an analysis of historiography and categories of history, see de Certeau, 1988, *The Writing of History*.

Unsurprisingly, the studies of southern European societies coincided with the ever-quickenning pace of decolonisation in the 1950s. The beginnings were tentative, Europe being 'too familiar', seen as perhaps too close to home. Anthropology could be accused of skirting the edges of sociology if it got too close to industrialised Europe. However, countries bordering the northern Mediterranean were classified as largely peasant cultures and were approached as such (see Campbell 1964; Pitt-Rivers 1954), and were influenced by the structuralist-functionalist approach of Evans-Pritchard. Monographs were modelled on *The Nuer* (Stewart 1996). As the borders of 'western Europe' have expanded southwards, and become entailed with the spreading European Union, so the 'anthropological lens' has shifted. The amount of research conducted in southern Europe has mushroomed, but looks less at discrete groups and more at cultural and political phenomena, such as the anthropology of borderlands, nationalism and refugees. There was an extensive intervening period when the whole Mediterranean zone was regionalised into a single culture area, held together with particular tropes, practices and codes, notably, the 'honour and shame' complex (see Blok 1981; Peristiany 1966). Although all the theorising around the complex was compelling, in a sense it was a means of avoiding the issues that rose on the tide of post-colonialism. The Mediterranean became the very site of a debate about the orientalisng nature of anthropology, and it was deemed that the constant reiteration of the honour and shame system as a defining characteristic was both marginalising and stereotyping (see Herzfeld 1984, 1987; Said 1978). This image of the 'area' provided a mechanism, applicable to former colonies that had a sharper focus. But, despite the proximity and fuzzy edges of 'southern Europe', anthropologists from northern Europe and the United States continued to reify stereotypes to the level of analytic tools (Mitchell 1996). This 'area' image is no longer defensible. It is not argued that there are not broad similarities in ideas, cultures and customs in the Mediterranean region, but Herzfeld argues for particularistic ethnographic research that is theorised within the context of central anthropological concerns and global comparative data.

John Davis (1977), in *People of the Mediterranean*, acknowledges the Mediterranean as a geographical area that has been subject to cross-cutting cultural phenomena, religion and commerce over millennia. It can therefore be viewed and tracked

through the perspective of historical process, much of which is recorded. Studies in the region therefore require very different analytic treatment from the pre-literate African and Melanesian societies for example. This brings one back to its proximity to northern Europe, and the strategic nature of both the political processes at work, culturally and, perhaps more crucially, the political processes of the discipline of anthropology itself. The Mediterranean brought the colonial baggage of anthropology into very sharp focus, and the ensuing debates have continued to have major repercussions throughout the discipline.

Why and how do we choose to go to particular places to conduct research? And what are the implications for ourselves, those we meet and write about in the field, and for the discipline itself. As mentioned, there remain, according to such anthropologists as Abu-Lughod (1989) and Herzfeld (1984), regionalising tendencies in anthropology whereby 'regional experts' emerge. The consequent relativism is perhaps unavoidable, but the more insidious persistence of a form of orientalisation can also sometimes be detected through the reification of culture areas and particular attributes assigned to them. Cyprus, Greece and Turkey are geographically at the margins of Europe, and in many senses this is translated into political marginalisation. This is, of course, incidental: during the long lives of the Byzantine and Ottoman Empires, they were central, and the eastern Mediterranean was arguably the world's political 'centre' for centuries. But this is exactly the point. Has anthropology, through reification of tropes, helped and bolstered the impression of marginalisation? The Cypriots that I met regard themselves as unequivocally European, and more precisely as northern/western European.

Herzfeld (1987), in *Anthropology Through the Looking Glass*, has highlighted the particular case of Greece, pointing out the paradox of its position as the 'cradle of Western thought', as well as its being a predominantly peasant culture coming under the spurious umbrella of Mediterranean anthropology. In 'The Horns of the

Mediterraneanist Dilemma', he points out the dangers of developing such a 'culture area concept'³...which

gives the impression that the objective of anthropological analysis is to generalize about the cultural characteristics of particular regions, rather than to synthesize the results of a far more intensely localized form of ethnography into a globally effective portrait of humankind (1984:439).

In 'It Takes One to Know One' (1995), Herzfeld highlights the tendency that Greeks have to generalise about themselves (and others) as a means to establish, define, or redefine 'cultural intimacy' or local solidarity. It could be said that there is a very present self-conscious process of self-creation going on (under the 'gaze'). Generalising is a form of multi-stranded mimesis, that makes the issue of authenticity current and, in the case of Cyprus, urgent.

A circularity of reasoning emerges whereby aspects of symbolism are at first noted by ethnographers, looked for by later ones, leading, Herzfeld argues, to false connections being made so that the apparent equivalence of symbols appearing in different places eventually comes to define the region. The waters are further muddled when locals define themselves by the stereotypes that were 'uncovered' by anthropologists and others. The circularity therefore is not a simple anthropological construction, nor is it an historical and/or political one, working from the dominant centre outwards, but a mutually engaging one, all of us being caught up in the game.

Cyprus is also caught between the 'zones of theorising'⁴ of the Arab World and the Mediterranean/Europe, and of the larger categories of East and West, Muslim and Christian. All these dichotomies are played out on the island itself, and between itself and its neighbours, Greece and Turkey, and even more widely, in the context of the

³ It is no coincidence that as Western powers relinquished control of their colonies, anthropology began to conduct research closer to home, and it is this move that perhaps gave rise to the whole consideration of relations between 'self' and 'other', and the whole Orientalism debate. The early ethnographies of Friedl and Campbell for example are particularly interesting when read with this in mind.

⁴ See Abu-Lughod 1989

EU, and over the last decade, the Balkans. While anthropology rails against such reification within the discipline, Cyprus is a place where it is practised. How far this is constructed from above, through international and official narrative, and how much is born of lived, local experience is impossible to separate: they are, of course, mutually constituted (see Sutton 1998). But, as implied above, such processes are never clear-cut, and arbitrary lines on maps do become experienced divisions. This is the case in Cyprus, but there are many realities and fictions of the 'Green Line' being breached.⁵

So, where does Cyprus actually belong in relation to the 'zones of theorising', and in relation to the countries that surround it? Appadurai (1995) is useful to think with in the context of the region, or more specifically the local. He posits that the local is a structure of feeling (1995:206). He destabilises not only an essentialised version of a personal and intimate relationship we might have with particular place, but also the kernel of apparent anthropological truth: the presence of a local which is a ready-rationalised object of study. This is clearly a contradiction with which one has to deal: the extent to which the local is important because of its physicality, and how far is it created and merely perceived as essential to identity? This is a key question which will be taken up. Surprisingly, the physicality of the local does not seem to be that central, even though the *idea* and the ideal of the local is ever-present and frequently invoked. Pragmatism dominates the motivations of the villagers, location being incidental. I will later examine this question through the comparison of the experience of people who have left and returned to a place, with those who have been displaced, and with those who have never been away from their own locale.

Drawn into the very localization they seek to document, most ethnographic descriptions have taken locality as ground not figure,

⁵ 'Under the Stars' – '*Kato apo ta astra*', 2001, a Cypriot film about smuggling goods and refugees across the border, and another short unreleased film that I saw about two teenagers in Nicosia who meet over the internet, discovering that they live on either side of the divide, but can see each other from their windows, are just two examples.

recognizing neither its fragility nor its ethos as a property of social life. This produces an unproblematic collaboration with the sense of inertia on which locality, as a structure of feeling, centrally relies (Appadurai 1995:207).

Appadurai highlights the idea of the local and demonstrates the anthropologists' part in its making. It is about the application, of course, of much of the post-colonial angst about our construction of the other, but what his article does is part of the beginning of the process of bringing anthropology back in from the somewhat barren cold of totalising theory and global guilt of a mythic West (see Argyrou1996). The concreteness of place, the land of the Nuer or the Mbuti for example, was once applied only to those studied. But they were also portrayed, somewhat ironically, as floating free in space-time, disconnected from progress (see Fabian 1983). Societies were portrayed as only, or merely, local in a global context, the West being the metropolis. However, Appadurai suggests that all locality-building has a moment of colonisation, a moment both historic and chronotypic, when there is formal recognition that the production of neighbourhood requires deliberate, risky, even violent action in respect to the soil, the forests the animals and other human beings (ibid.208). The success of such building is to be found in the extent to which the processes are remembered and experienced as humdrum. Locality production is therefore analogous with the ethnographic project, as both have the production of locality as their governing telos (ibid: 207).

This is a different perspective on the charge that the anthropologists construct their object, which denies the profound effects and imprints made on the anthropologist while living in the field. This effect might of course have been down-played over the years by the ethnographer, in the name of that great Enlightenment goal of rationality and objectivity. A critic can confer an unrealistic power on the researcher that by their research and consequent representation, they somehow create that locale. As already expressed, the tension I wish to create is of a study of practice, in the context where the local, in terms of memory, nostalgia, politics and sentiment is continually recreated and reiterated, situated in inaccessible places (via memory, or physical and political barriers). I do not wish to minimise the iterated connection to the local, and more specifically to the village, that is ever-present in Cyprus. What I am trying to

stress is that the multitude of factors discussed above serve to reify the local in particular ways, and sometimes even in perverse ways. It is undeniably bound up with notions of identity, but I would argue that it is more apt to talk about identification than identity, and that to talk of the straightforward correlation between identity and the local denies the abstruse connection between the two. This thesis attempts to go some way to deconstructing any such simple connection.

An overview of the events that are perceived as critical in Cypriot history will at least provide one means of questioning the particular historiography, and I will give this in Chapter Three. I have already implied that history, especially in the case of Cyprus should be viewed with caution. History is now widely regarded and written about as particular products and constructs (see de Certeau 1988; Hobsbawm and Ranger 1983), used in the claims and narratives of, among others, nationalists. Yet there are undeniably events, which clearly occur. What is always interesting, but, by definition, always elusive, are the events that are left unrecorded and the interpretations of the events that do not become inscribed onto the official narratives of events (see Schneider and Rapp 1995). And that, in part at least, is part of the undertaking of this thesis.

Connecting strands, or stranded connections

Discovering the strands that link the sections of this thesis came very late in the process of writing. My starting point was to look at how people use the land they are connected to, and what is articulated through that use of the various tracts, however big or small, and whatever the level of 'ownership'. This took me to many parts of the island, and into a variety of settings; to villages near to Paphos, to Nicosia, Limassol, Larnaca, the Akamas and of course, the villages in the area around Pano Oropedhio. Fragmentation has squatted on this thesis, as it does on Cyprus.

The story of this thesis revolves around provisionality and connectedness. As I said at the outset, it is very difficult to separate the processes of research and writing-up from the processes that one becomes entangled with during fieldwork and elsewhere. Each aspect feeds, and feeds off, another. My stance is phenomenological with

regard to the world in general, and therefore also as to how I ‘do’ anthropology, with the assumption that all things are intimately, mutually and seamlessly implicated with one another.

What was fragmentary about this thesis has achieved some coherence as chapters found their place in the order of things, and a story of Cyprus has emerged through the descriptions of gardens and gardening practice, as well as through the presentation of some of the island’s peculiarities in terms of its history and geographical presence.

Chapter One introduces the garden as an anthropological location, and places it in the context of writing about gardens in anthropology. I describe some garden history, and the different traditions and politics that converge subtly on Cyprus, that lacks an explicit garden history of its own. The chapter also elaborates some of the complexities set up in the nature-culture dialectic and its deconstruction. It uses the work of Latour among others, and inserts the work of anthropologists who have rendered the debates about nature and culture into sophisticated ones – namely Strathern and Ingold. The chapter sets up my approach and arguments for what follows.

Chapter Two is far more prosaic and introduces the locality, the area where we were based, and discusses features that contrast starkly with previous ethnographies of Greece and Cyprus. Some of the vibrancy and intimacy described in those ethnographies is lacking, or is flattened by the more perverse ways that the communities I describe in the chapter are now configured. One village has a population that is predominantly over sixty years of age, while the other, a mile away, is rarely and sporadically occupied by Greek Cypriot weekenders from Nicosia, along with a smattering of refugees and incongruent permanent blow-ins. I introduce some of my neighbours, with whom I spent most of my time, and learnt so much from, and the presence of British ex-pats, tourism and colonialism appears first here, prefacing them as themes that are elaborated throughout the rest of the thesis.

Chapter Three deals with the apparently concrete aspects of Cyprus: its history and archaeology, and a discussion of nationalism as it relates to the island. The chapter is

framed by a consideration of soil, which provides a trope for the problem of fixing any history, ideology or surface. The soil of homeland is both a strong national symbol of permanence, but evidence shows that it is perpetually moved, created and re-created.

Chapter Four considers and describes in detail wider aspects of the environment and contests associated with it. These conflicts emanate from a local relationship to land, but are woven in with global environmental debates and a particular dialogue that is running continuously in Cyprus about tourism. It appears in different guises and is often worked into debates about cultural and actual aesthetics.

In Chapter Five, the themes explored so far are brought together, and concentrated into a discussion of two particular gardens, in very different cultural and geographical locations. Both are created from, and express ideologies that have nothing to do with gardens per se, but do the work of articulating those ideologies about aliens, mass tourism, purity and 'tradition'. The subtlety, provisionality and lack of explicitness of gardens are underlined as their positive features in the presence of them as a cultural medium. They are a form of articulation that can be at once both deeply personal and loudly public, but they remain non-threatening because of their inherent mutability.

The final chapter considers other, less specialised gardens in Cyprus. It takes forward the idea of a garden as a means, not only of aesthetic and personal self-expression, but also of articulating memory and memories, and of even going some way to reconciling traumatic experience. Gardens can be an outward and bold expression of status, but on a more profound level they can collapse time through the sensual experience and practice of gardening, through invocation and evocation of the experience of that practice and sensory and sensuous memory.

CHAPTER ONE

VIEWS TOWARDS AN ANTHROPOLOGY OF THE GARDEN

*'A modest garden contains, for those who know how to look and to wait, more
instruction than a library'*

Henri Frederic Amiel (1821 – 1881)

In this chapter I will make my claims for the garden as a phenomenon that is worthy of closer examination. I will consider its rather limited position in anthropological writing, and how it has been localised and located as a cultural site far from the 'centre'. From here, I will trace the history of the garden along two different tracks. The garden in northern and western Europe grew out of a specific politics of landscape that overlay an older politics that centred the garden on Edenic notions of the garden as 'Paradise' and oasis.

The notion of landscape, and its associated politics, is a relatively modern one. While gardens in Cyprus are now sometimes incorporated into landscapes in civic settings, in tourist developments, and with new housing, these are recent phenomena, and Cyprus retains the garden as an enclosed oasis, closely associated with the domestic and the private, with coolness, and shelter from the sun. In north western Europe, the legacy of the 'landscape tradition' remains, as discussed below, but in urban and suburban gardens, this recognition and creation of gardens as places of privacy and

enclosure is evident. I would argue however, that there are very different cultural imaginations and a different history of aesthetics at work in their creation and in their use than exist in Cyprus. More broadly, there is a dramatic disconnection between these two configurations: of landscape and enclosed Paradise. There is also something of a gap in the ways in which the garden has been regarded in anthropology.

This latter has a specific signification in the eastern Mediterranean basin and the ‘Middle East’, and I will describe the ideas and ideals of the Islamic garden and its precursors. Briefly and simplistically, the garden in arid areas has a very different heritage from that in north western Europe. Gardens in Cyprus demonstrate a manipulation of both, and they are part of a discourse partly about ‘tradition’ and ‘modernity’ that I will discuss in later chapters, but also about the politics of boundaries that runs through more overt markers and aspects of Cypriot life. Many of these emanate from the ‘Green Line’ and the political rhetoric that surrounds it, and this is dealt with in greater depth in Chapter Three, but there are also the boundaries between domestic space and the ‘outside’, and between insiders and outsiders, whether they be family, neighbours or foreigners. The question is, how precisely are these boundaries drawn? I dealt with this in the context of the notion of the region and the local within the discipline, and how we can barely escape the creation of our subject within bounded markers in the introduction, but here I will talk about boundaries in a more confined context with reference to earlier ethnographies from the region and in connection with my own experience and fieldwork.

This gap in anthropological research on gardens is intriguing. Why has anthropology largely excluded the gardens of suburbia, stately homes and civic parkland for example, from its discussions of culture, landscape and the intimate connections between cultivation, nature, human connectedness and landscape? This thesis begins to address this gap, taking the garden, in its broadest sense, and using Cyprus as the starting point. It attempts to place the aesthetics of the garden in the cultural foreground, although what emerges is that Cyprus demonstrates a confounded aesthetic.

The garden is not a quiet intermediate place between frenetic locations long considered as cultural sites. Neither is it necessarily and only bound symbolically as a metaphor for human fertility (see Brindley 1984; Delaney 1991; Munn 1987). The importance of gardens, cultivation and food production is explicit and implicit in much anthropological writing, not only as an economic activity, but as intimately connected with the creation of the person and the structure of kin relations (see, for example, Carsten 1997). There are other things going on. Whilst the distinctions between public and private, nature and culture and outsider and insider have been collapsed, that between inside and outside, in terms of physical space, has not been addressed so well, specifically from the point of view of gardens. A different view of the land and landscape can emerge, or rather a number of different ones, which has the garden at the centre.

The garden is usually a subordinate place, regarded as a backdrop to the unequivocally cultured arenas of social production and interaction. This seems to be true in most places, and in anthropology as a discipline: houses and bodies are discussed as sites of inscription, while the garden remains largely invisible, neither part of the landscape at large, nor part of the home. However, areas of cultivation have been given their due consideration as cultural sites, especially in the anthropology of Melanesia, and other regions to a lesser extent. But elsewhere, such areas are a given, a location, a site outside of that which normally constitutes or informs the fieldwork itself. In such a context, as areas for growing things are seen as secondary, the term we use in our work – ‘culture’, becomes faintly ironic. Or perhaps cultivation as practice is a taken for granted, sub-cultural activity, only animated by the symbols, such as fertility, that it carries or evokes (see for example Delaney 1991).

In the final section of the chapter, I will grapple with elements of the nature-culture debate. I resist the temptation to argue that the distinction has simply been collapsed, and that all is social construction. I do this through writers who use phenomenology as a starting point. Latour suggests that we need to restore the transformative potential, and significance of the objects, or cultural artefacts implicated in the symbolism, or else we fall into the created paradox whereby humans invest all

objects with their meaning and are completely free, and create and control them but also where such objects remain separate, as things to be discovered, as with science and technology (Latour 1993)

I am interested in links between our sensual, organic selves and our intellectual selves that dwell, or perhaps reflect part of the sensual self through metaphorical language – the process and interaction between being and language. The most ubiquitous example of a metaphor linking the abstract (intellectual) to the concrete (organic) is ‘rootedness’, or ‘to put down roots’ in a place, *Kano rizes*. I am interested in the linkage between such metaphors and mental abstractions, and suggest that our impulse towards them might be a linguistic relic of, or continuing need for a sensate relation to the world around us. Such a relation continues through the abstraction of language. It is not a theme I take further in this thesis, but it remains of interest. Also, and perhaps more interesting here, are the links between those selves and practices that are sub-linguistic: there can be an articulation of the self through the practice of gardening that does not require language.

My aim is to locate the garden and gardening practice in context. I choose a phenomenological approach because it is a way of dealing with the complexities of the nature-culture problem, and it accommodates my argument that gardening is a particular and peculiar practice, that can be incorporated into wider anthropological debates about the ways we live with and in our environment; about representation and aesthetics; about place-making; and about hybridity and movement. The complexities that emerge also have parallels with work done on kinship; on the problems of ‘natural facts’ (Strathern 1992), and the excesses that proliferate from the cultural critique of those ‘facts’. My ‘natural facts’ were not procreative, but were out there, outside the window, filling the garden, and maybe there is something inherently procreative about producing a garden? They were not internal, bodily facts, but the raising a growing of plants espouse the same inexorability as procreative facts: plants and people grow, and humans mediate. Strathern talks about excess in the context of the cultural critique of kinship. Gardens can also embody excess culturally: aesthetically, and in terms of status, and that is how they can be critiqued and interpreted. That is partly their reason for being. Gardens, as areas for

provisioning present a different arena of excess, of cultural critique that often incorporates procreative analogues.

The Garden and anthropology

Malinowski (1935) brought gardens into anthropology early in the twentieth century, especially with his book *'Coral Gardens and their Magic'* and there has been a continued tradition kept alive by the likes of Brindley (1984) and Munn (1987) who have stressed the gendered and kinship aspects of Trobriand gardening. The garden is associated linguistically with the woman's body, and the yam with her child (1984:95). Economic production mirrors procreation. The significance of outside (garden) space, however, is not questioned to a high degree in other cultures. It is somewhat taken for granted because if the lifestyle is 'closer to nature' then cultural production and reproduction is more likely to take place 'out there'. Malinowski recognised the great significance of the garden to the Trobrianders, but he finds nothing odd in the fact that most of the cultural 'work' is happening outside:

Half of the native's working life is spent in the garden and around it centres perhaps more than half of his interests and ambitions. In gardening the natives produce much more than they actually require.....Much more time and labour is given up to aesthetic purposes, to making the gardens tidy, clean, cleared of all debris (1935:8).

Mythological connections of origins with gardens are apparent with the Trobrianders as they are in Christianity: 'The mythological system of the Trobrianders establishes a very close connexion between the soil and human beings. The origins of humanity are in the soil' (1935:64). There are a great number of rituals associated with the yearly cycle and magical rites performed. Marianne Brindley took one aspect of Malinowski's study, that of the symbolic role of women in Trobriand gardening and concluded that while women might not be visible in the gardens 'men predominate in the magic and practical work of gardening', (1984:94), the woman's 'medium is that of metaphor' (ibid). 'Linguistically the garden plot is associated with the woman's body and the *taytu* with her child.... (and gardening) mirrors the view of the procreation of human beings both in process and product' (ibid: 95).

In *The Fame of Gawa*, Munn takes up the subject of gender and kinship, and links the crops and the growing of yams to the deeper symbolism of the earth and hidden potentiality of the soil itself and what is hidden. Children are representative of a hidden, or perhaps inscribed kinship, the garden being the symbol of the matriline. The children are supposed to take after the father in outward characteristics. The father, while not involved in the invisible production and nurturing of the growing foetus, is responsible for the social production of the child (see Strathern 1992: 55-59). The men predominate in the magic associated with Melanesian gardening and, far from being unintelligible to us, it is perhaps similarly realised in the UK for example through such elaborate rituals as the growing of prize-winning vegetables where size is paramount, or the display of perfect Chrysanthemum blooms. It is predominantly men who produce the supernatural: the inconceivably large onions and blooms, and the process is shrouded in secrecy and particular rituals and secret recipes regarding fertiliser mixes and growing methods. On a more mundane level, the Sunday grass mowing and the precise timings and ordering of annual lawn care, and especially golf courses and bowling greens for example, is tantamount to carrying out rites, and is usually the domain of men. There is a logic and rationale, but then, isn't there always. These men, however, are not evident on Cyprus, and there is no apparent mystique to growing things. Competitiveness is played out elsewhere.

From the garden and horticulture as areas of production, I now want to turn to houses, and how they have been regarded by some anthropologists, in order to consider the extent to which the garden is part of the home. Gullestad, in her study of the homes of urban Norwegians, maintains the primacy of the home as a social arena, denying that there can be degrees of 'out thereness'. She describes the home as a 'hospital' to heal the 'wounds of social fragmentation and anomie' (1993:149), which is 'predicated upon the sharp ideological division between the home and the outside' (ibid). Her focus is exclusively on the internal aspects of the home. That said, I think that many of the themes she considers can be extended to landscape, and more especially to gardens.

The doorway can be seen as both a protection of the values of the home and a barrier against the outside world...In the opposition between the home and the outside..., 'home' stands for warmth, security, cosiness, (and perhaps a little boredom). 'Out' stands for excitement but also some danger (ibid: 135).

Where does this leave the placement of the garden, both in relation to the house itself, and to the complex of 'symbolic and cosmological aspects' (ibid: 129), and 'cognitive categories' (ibid) she states are realised within the four walls? I argue that there is not a simple 'inside' - 'outside' distinction, and that 'back gardens' in particular can be part of the domestic arena. The landscape, in all its forms is a highly mutable and manipulable arena for social action and production. It can convey, publicly and privately, the altering state of relations of the people concerned with them. The boundaries that bisect and bind the landscape are unlimited imaginatively, and in practice are limited only by the extent of the view (see Bloch 1995: 65-7).

In the suburban tradition, the front garden is part of the facade of the house, or, in more recent housing developments, has no distinguishing boundaries from its neighbours': the housing scheme is made 'open-plan'. Instead of these 'gaps' being communal areas, what seems to happen, as with office, flat and tourist developments incorporating green spaces, is that they are socially dead spaces, serving merely as a function of the 'art' of the architects. They are not intended as habitat, but as a framing device. This is how gardens appear in association with hotels and civic planting schemes in Cyprus. Some, however, undoubtedly become transformed. I have noticed how on these 'open plan' estates people will appropriate the sections in front of their house, first with plants, implying a gesture towards ownership, and only later perhaps, when there has been no challenge, will a more permanent barrier be erected. In the more public but undesignated areas children often, despite notices, will move in and use such spaces as a communal play areas, or will, in Cyprus, appropriate them for extra growing space where they have only a small garden plot in the town or estate. I will return to this in Chapter Six.

There is, I think, a very basic need and desire for intimate connection with the outside. Gullestad speaks of it almost as a need for a thrill, a brush with what is

unpredictable, but to me this creates too strong a sense of an 'othering' of what is out there, when for many there is a deep association which is sometimes translated into ritualised and/or competitive action, whether in the form growing the biggest onion, through the simple expression of a window box, or planting neat rows of vegetables. These items of nature are still 'out there' however, they still require a degree of cultural manipulation to render them known and safe; the impulse for the relocation of our 'selves' within 'nature' is a strong one.

In ethnographies more local to Cyprus, Carol Delaney (1991) deals with and specifically links cultivation and fertility in the context of Turkey, and Jill Dubisch (1986) equates the female body with the house and social order in her ethnography of rural Greece. She argues that the female role involves the protection of the physical boundaries of the home and also the moral boundaries of the family. She contrasts the order and the cleanliness of the house with the dirt and immorality of the street (1986:200). Along with the fields, the street symbolises the 'wild'. The intermediate area between the house and the 'polluting' street is the courtyard. It usually opens off the kitchen, which is the:

locus of some of her most important functional and symbolic activities...an important location for the control of pollution, for the transformation of natural objects into cultural objects, and for the maintenance of the boundary between inside and outside, culture and nature, order and chaos (1986:201)¹.

The courtyard is where the wife might prepare vegetables, do the mending, where 'certain types of dirt are controlled' (ibid.), but Dubisch awards it no significance. Laundry is done here and this is where a man will wash when he has been in the fields. It is the area that connects the house to public life. At this point, Dubisch leaves the courtyard and stresses the importance of boundary maintenance to Greeks, and the kitchen as the site of cooking, the mediation of the natural into the cultural (see Lévi-Strauss 1969). She goes on to say that food 'symbolises the continuing relationship between the world of the living and the world of the dead', as offerings of food are taken to the graves of dead family members (see also Danforth 1982).

¹ See also Douglas's *Purity and Danger: an analysis of concepts of pollution and taboo*

These offerings mediate between life and death, not 'nature' and 'culture'. Dubisch's framework of Lévi-Straussian oppositions is too rigid to take full account of any significance that the courtyard or the soil, as, for example, the vessel of the ancestors might have. This is presumably why she moves on from it so quickly. It represents the 'intermediate' space, as she says, the area of the boundary itself. It cannot be classified as either house or 'wild', so her formulation cannot make proper space for it. She also places the food brought in from the fields as 'wild', even though it is cultivated, and so, perhaps, the distinction is too simplistic.

In Janowski's chapter in Carsten and Hugh-Jones (1995), for example, rice in Sarawak is far from 'wild', and is contrasted with all other food, that 'lives on its own' (1995:99). The hearth-group, or household is a rice-producing unit, with one married couple within it having the responsibility for the growing of the rice and for decision-making within the group. 'The provision of the rice meal may be seen as the practical and symbolic equivalent of the biological reproduction of the hearth-group in the form of children' (1995:97). Rice and its cultivation are pivotal to the actual and symbolic constitution of the hearth-group, and are explicitly contrasted with the other component of the meal, 'wild food'. Rice is different, because, like members of the group, it cannot grow without human help. It is not wild, but is decidedly and intimately connected with the domestic sphere, and the construction of the family.

The distinction that Dubisch implies between what is 'natural', beyond the house, and what is 'cultural', within the house, is not sustainable, even in a Greek context. The 'wild' can be mediated elsewhere, via cultivation for example, unless the cultivation of food is not considered to be particularly culturally significant which one might surmise from ethnographies of the Mediterranean. This is possible, and could be inferred from Friedl's brief reference to the most important vegetable food as cited by some of the villagers of Vasilika – 'wild greens' or *khorta*. These grow on field margins and hillsides, and are usually collected by women and young girls (1962:29). In this case, the cooking is still the mediating influence. However, I do not think that cultivation can be so easily dismissed, and feel that it is more likely that the sharp distinction between what is 'wild' and what is 'culture' is false, and that the boundaries of the house are not as fixed as Dubisch implies. The issue of the

privileging of *khorta* is an interesting one, but Friedl does not elaborate. It also suggests that strict categorisation, even between what is 'wild' and 'cultivated' (as opposed to cooked/dealt with in the kitchen) is problematic. In Cyprus, artichokes were grown on the rough boundaries between fields. People were vague as to whether these were cultivated or wild, as they did not require any work. They did have owners however. Friedl also describes the garden work in Vasilika, that it is shared and that food is grown for immediate consumption. She considers it under the heading of 'The Family: Economic Activities', and the wild/culture distinction is not problematised. Friedl is more mystified by the lack of motivation there is to store, or preserve any of the foods grown, despite government incentives to encourage canning (1962:28-9). I did not find this at all, and an enormous amount of time was put into the preparation and preservation of olives, grapes as sultanas, for example, and walnuts and citrus fruits were preserved in syrup as sweets, *glyka*. I spent many hours with my neighbour, Theonitsa, who I talk about much more in the next chapter, learning to prepare and store olives in different ways, and drying beans, and grapes to make raisins.

The garden for Friedl is fairly incidental, a very functional supplement to the more directly economic cultivation of tobacco, cotton and wheat. The wheat is used as a medium for exchange of other foodstuffs and as payment to shepherds. It is the primary crop for the household, as 'bread is still literally the staff of life, the basic food for the people of the village' (1962:22). Other crops, such as maize and fruit trees are planted in amongst the strictly commercial crops, for domestic use. I would suggest that cultivation of crops, whether for direct domestic use, or as commercial enterprise, is imbued with significance, hinted at, but not fully acknowledged by either Dubisch or Friedl. The implication is that the house and family is bounded culture, protected from wild and dangerous nature. These boundaries are not configured so neatly. Family ties are obviously very strong, and eating together reinforces these, but exclusivity – who and what is kept out, works in more complex ways, as will become clear through the thesis

Although there is discussion of land-holding, inheritance and ownership in Chapter Two, to cover that ground properly would entail another complete ethnography, and I

have only dug as deep as seemed necessary for the purposes of this one. One reason I avoided trying to track the whole issue of property relations in greater detail is the condition of provisionality that prevailed over the island. This was particularly evident regarding the status of refugees and rights to abandoned property, and the more recent accession to allow non-refugees to occupy Turkish-Cypriot property for a nominal rent. For the villagers I knew, provisionality was in the form of an uncertainty about their land and property in the future. Their children had moved away, built new houses, and had little interest in settling back in the village, or taking over the land and working it. However, during the time that we were there, a number of more or less dilapidated houses in the village were done up either as holiday houses for the family or for renting out. Lastly, hanging over the whole island were the dual, and major uncertainties: the future regarding reunification – who ‘owns’ the island, and the uncertainty over the future of tourist development, the forms it might take, and the land that might unexpectedly become desirable and therefore very valuable.

I do not wish to imply that there was any uncertainty about who owned what in any of the property situations described. If anything, the political situation has indelibly inscribed the issue of property relations onto the collective psyche. At the village level, land is increasingly valued for its development potential, but, as a measure of wealth and status, it has always been predominant. Boundaries around the village, whilst not always obvious to the outsider, are keenly observed and protected against the sly incursions of neighbours. I would not say that the provisionality of the status quo of the present in political terms has become the accepted norm for all concerned, more that villagers and refugees alike have found ways of living with it. In the case of the villagers, with the ever-present struggle of the maintenance of physical and social boundaries that is often agonistic, and which pre-dates the traumatic and forced, political and explicit provisionality visited on the island in 1974, there is a sense that the boundaries are never finally agreed upon, and always open to moving if one is smart enough. For refugees, this lack of resolution has been formalised and inscribed within the political rhetoric, and the ‘neighbours’ have been reconfigured for some as the ‘barbarians’ to the north, but I would argue that, at least in part, the rhetoric is founded upon an acceptance of provisionality.

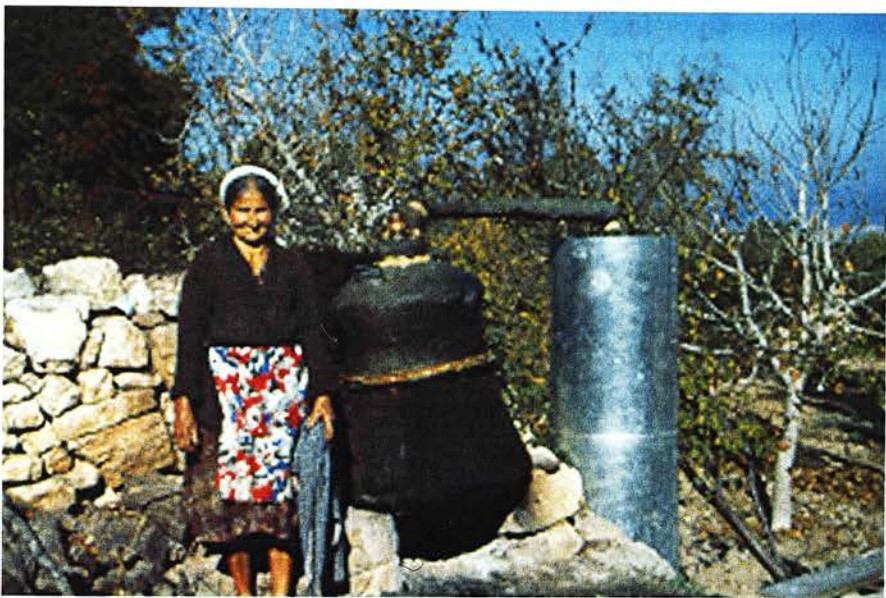
The events of 1974, and the years leading up to it violently confused and disrupted this sense of intimate attachment and proximity between land, one's neighbours and personal standing in relation to others. So, when I speak of fragmentation, I am referring to two aspects: the villagers plots are fragmented, but sharply delineated and conceived as a collection of parts, which challenges a north-western European notion of land and property as a distinctive bounded whole – a landscape. For refugees, the sense of fragmentation is an alien, forced internalisation of the disruption of those intimate village-level property relations that incorporated their sense of place in the world, their understanding of how the world is put together, and their relationship to their land, their island, and to their conception of 'neighbours'.

The above, then, is something of a disclaimer. On the occasions I asked about property: "what happens when there is a solution and the Turkish Cypriots might want their houses back?" or "Who will look after these fields once you are no longer able to?" I was answered with a large, dismissive shrug. Abandoned houses and fields had become part of the landscape. The dust raised from dramatic ruptures during the 1960s and 1970s, not to mention the mass economic migration that partly overlapped, had settled quietly back. Herds of goats and flocks of sheep occupied many of the empty villages, and the vineyards and carob and almond orchards had become less defined beneath a haze of weeds and undergrowth, and unchecked growth. And the market for both the grapes and the carob was now dismal, and villagers harvested half-heartedly. In the same way, empty houses in the village were left to fall in, the rock walls and the earth roofs blending easily back into the rocky foundations. I witnessed one spurt of energy: Theonitsa, frustrated with her situation, and the fact that her adult son was still in the house, spent a day in a very derelict house she owned in the village. It was open to the sky, and the walls were tumbling in, but she and Andreas worked for a day, attempting to make a start on clearing it for their son. I did not see them return, the house was too far gone.

Eating in the garden: mediating boundaries

Eating together, in the home, which in warm weather certainly does extend to the yard in Cyprus, is undoubtedly an activity that reinforces the boundaries of the

family, but the ease with which I was welcomed in to eat with people, whether in their homes or yards, showed the permeability of these boundaries. It is hard to say to what extent I was made 'one of the family', although my neighbour referred to me as an honorary daughter. I would always know when they were in because the door to the kitchen *cum* yard would be open. She would always keep an eye and ear open for whoever was passing, and call them in for a coffee and a gossip. People did not stay long, being on their way from or to chores in the fields that lay down the steep track that passed her house. Her closest neighbours though were not welcomed. The atmosphere around Theonitsa's group when the wife passed by, whether alone or with some of her family, was icy and stony silence. I was told that Theonitsa believed that Androulla was responsible for her son's mental illness. Theonitsa wouldn't talk about it, but just said that Androulla was a bad woman, but that her husband was good. Androulla's son explained that it was a silly feud, and that the change in Theonitsa's son had coincided with them going out for a night together drinking, that as a boy and a teenager, he had been normal, fine. There had been a fight, and apparently, he had never been the same since. All the animosity however was definitely aimed at Androulla. The suggestion of Theonitsa's foolish superstition that other villagers had put forward regarding Theonitsa's attitude to Androulla, that her son was bewitched was not borne out on another occasion. I was talking to her after I had been to see how Zivania, the local alcoholic spirit, was made by a woman in the next village. This woman had read my coffee grounds. Theonitsa threw up her arms in dismissive irritation, and said "what sort of university course do you need to do that then?!" She did not find it funny, but genuinely rejected such superstition. I was surprised at her ferocity; it could be that she thought it dangerous, but I felt it more likely, that she thought that it was really all nonsense.



Panayia with her zivania still

We were not a threat, as people much closer, such as other villagers and neighbours could be, to the ‘safety’ of the household. Our status as foreigners was often mentioned. It was joked by one family that we were okay, because we came from Scotland and not England. Knowledge of geography was sometimes sketchy, and to Theonitsa husband at least, one could say irrelevant. Scotland could be somewhere near Germany, and Australia and America were interchangeable. There was a general distaste for the English: Androulla worked in one of the hotels, and said, through her son, that they, and the Americans were often rude, loud and brash. And while we were not a threat, we were maintained as strangers, *xeni*. This was also true of the English family who had lived in the village for six or seven years. One might suppose that they would have achieved a measure of acceptance in the village as they spoke good Greek, their children attended the local school, and they worked in the village, and they too lived closely with their next door neighbours and rented their house from them. But the limits of their assimilation was most marked when Richard, who was the Director of the Environmental Studies Centre in the village, made it known that he wanted to buy a house in the village. Buying property was not a problem *per se*; there were many empty houses, and a number of foreigners owned them and used them as holiday properties. Richard was frustrated that villagers he thought were his friends were being very vague about the whole issue of available

property in the village, and whom to speak to. He knew, of course, that access depended solely on the local network, and on the good will of relations in the village having the only access to absent owners. It was not animosity that met him, but a vagueness that was linked with the more general attitude to time, appointments and arrangements: none of which were fixed. I was later told that it was deliberate, and that the villagers did not want him to buy a village house. Such closing of ranks was very understated. He was always treated by his landlord, who was also a good potential conduit to buying somewhere, with expansive warmth. And so it was with all the villagers. Over time, it became clear that he was being kept out. Boundaries are chiefly about exclusion.

Boundaries and borderlands are a huge topic in anthropology, and it is not my intention to examine or unravel all aspects. Indeed, one could argue that so much has been said about boundaries in recent years that their significance has become depleted. However, in Cyprus, the Green Line has remained, almost as an anachronism in post-Cold War Europe, which gives it an interesting status in the context of the literature. Dealing with the Green Line in any depth goes counter to my project of attempting to de-fetishise the issue, if possible, in the particular context of Cyprus. I do not want to talk about that most obvious boundary, but about those that are not so obviously located. The idea of a garden, as an enclosed and bounded, and cultivated place, provides a useful frame through which to consider boundaries, separation and colonisation, all of which still have currency in Cyprus, because the boundaries I want to discuss are not so clearly demarcated in terms of definition, nor in practice, and can be problematised quite readily. The garden fits into our notions of duality, of property, of relationship in/with nature, and a colonisation of that nature. Present in cultivated areas is the evidence of the boundaries between wild, untamed 'nature' and the *culture* and *cultivation* of home, order, the familiar and the legitimate. At the boundary is where the contestation takes place, but those boundaries are neither always especially clear, nor fixed, as I have already shown.

Whilst gardens, wherever they are, are bounded places, and usually indelibly connected to architecture, I have taken the approach of looking at growing, and the practice of horticulture more widely, and considering how the aesthetics and politics

of gardening extend beyond what is physically bounded. The project is a difficult and proliferating one, but it does allow for a more full contextualisation of cultivation as cultural inscription, taking into account how strands of one particular form of inscription impacts on or informs others, in often seemingly remotely connected spheres. Gardening in Cyprus is not a recognised 'tradition' as such, and to talk in terms of specific forms and influences is not especially relevant, the evidence on the ground being more a fusion of the various influences that have blown across the island over the centuries. This makes the garden more interesting, if more difficult to locate. But what does remain is its wavering identification with the influences of its Ottoman occupation, its persisting Hellenism, and the politics emanating from British occupation and the engagement with Europe that has always been there, but has a particular relevance in recent times with impending EU accession.

Boundaries, are far less clear-cut than either Friedl or Dubisch suggest, and I would argue that eating together does not necessarily create familiarity, in its true sense, and that feeding strangers is about hospitality and curiosity, but is also about controlling and overseeing those who come to the village. The Environment Centre was a very significant part of the village, but it was run by outsiders and therefore dangerous. It was assumed that I had come to work there to begin with, and Theonitsa possibly saw me as a useful connection through which to have influence. She would often voice grievances about the Centre, and then would ply me with walnuts or olives for example, as she did with the wife of the Centre's Director. The wife was cynical, believing that it was direct pressure to put Theonitsa's case to her husband, so such means of negotiation had little effect. But what it did achieve, was to tie us into some more general relationship of obligation. In my case, and this prevented me from becoming cynical, my attempts at fulfilling the obligation were continually refused, or rarely accepted; Theonitsa would occasionally accept a lift, or would let me get her something she needed in Paphos, or would take some of the vegetable seed we had brought over from the UK. The situation was such that the weight of obligation was always on me – I was always in debt. But that was fine. We became relaxed enough that Theonitsa could ask for things, would just come round to the house, and such that I was not permanently plagued by a feeling of indebtedness. That feeling

was unnecessary; I was indebted, and that was how it should be, because Theonitsa was higher status – somewhere between surrogate mother and teacher.

Food would sometimes mysteriously left at our door, as if the donor was making a deliberately anonymous but friendly gesture of welcome, but I would always try to find out who had left it, and there was evident gratification that I had sought the person out to thank them. I was left with a general feeling that I could never reciprocate enough, which I'm sure was the point.

Food then, is very much a means of managing relationships, and it extends to relationships with the dead through the pattern of services following the days, weeks and months after someone's death, and the presence of *koliva*, a mixture of boiled wheat, pomegranate and almonds, which is handed out and passed on after the service. However, another discrepancy in Dubisch (1986) is the food taken to the cemetery – it is outside the strict boundaries that she sets up between the house and everything outside it. The soil that holds the dead is ignored as also being the product of death and decay, which in turn, and not directly of course, provides the fertile and nutrient base for food to be grown (c.f. Bauman 1992). All aspects of *cultivation* are themselves a mediation of the 'wild' into the 'cultured', and therefore citing the kitchen as the primary site of mediation, as the symbolic entrance to the 'cultural' is questionable. Pavlides and Hesser (1986), talking about the role of women in house form and decoration in rural Greece, imply that there is the possibility that the focus on the interior might shift to the outside, to the garden and yard, as they conclude that:

In this process of continual construction, renovation, and modernization of houses, the role of women has decreased in significance...The goods produced by women – rugs, linens, curtains and embroideries, for example – were an essential part of the dowry; they complemented the men's construction work...(but) These goods have now been superseded by (bought) furniture and appliances (1986:91).

Such goods are the products of the male wage earner, so 'women have become little more than caretakers of the house,...men have become provisioners of the house in almost all respects (1986:92). Perhaps then, as women still confine themselves pretty much to the house and yard (ibid), the significance of the yard as a means of

provisioning, an area that the women can manipulate and use in order to contribute directly to the very being of the house and home, will increase accordingly. I would argue that, in the village at least, such distinctions did not exist to this great extent. Admittedly most couples were retired, but in the cases of those who were not, the women travelled the thirty or so kilometres to Paphos to work, the post office was run jointly by all the members of one family, including the young sons when they were home, and after retiring, husbands and wives would be working alongside one another, and shouting at each other, and their neighbours in the fields. It was the women though who did the routine work of planting, sowing and harvesting. An exception was the grape harvest when *any* willing and unsuspecting pair of hands was welcome, and used. It was gruelling work, in blistering September heat, done carelessly and as quickly as possible because there was little return from the big wine producers who took the grapes. Most British ex-pats had two recurring stories: of weddings, and grape-picking, and the common theme was of being initially flattered to be included and seemingly allowed into such personal and quotidian activities respectively – both seeming to denote acceptance, and then, a subsequent feeling of being duped. The grapes all went to one of the big four wineries. The returns were really low, and the winery did not even pick up the grapes and the villagers had to pay for the lorry to deliver them. The payment all depended on weight, and I was told to just throw all the grapes in, even if they were rotting. Weddings were enormous, and couples would invite literally thousands of guests, who didn't bring gifts but handed over money in an envelope, so it was in their financial interests to invite as many guests as possible. Grape picking was just an activity that other family members would avoid if at all possible because it was so gruelling, and one to be completed as quickly as possible.

Other writers on the region have not described gardens at all (Hirschon 1989), or have done so in the context of arrival at their fieldsite, and in scene-setting (du Boulay 1974:3). The tradition has largely stayed with Melanesian anthropology where the inside-outside distinction is less apparent, and where it is taken for granted that all cultural production will be 'closer to nature'. Part of the reason why there has been little European or North American anthropology of the garden is somewhat mysterious, but perhaps not surprising since the garden is a somewhat unclassifiable

area. As intimated above, to the western anthropologist, outside space, defined or otherwise, perhaps becomes part of the view, the picture and the picturesque, and not the site of cultural production. I am aware that this point needs elaboration, and I will go on to discuss the fetishisation of western landscape, the process of rendering it as art(ifice), and also as the site of moral, and therefore, political inscription, of which much has been written, especially in the sphere of cultural geography (Bender 1993; Cosgrove & Daniels 1988; Mitchell 1994; Mukerji 1997; Short 1991). Before I go to that particular aesthetic locale however, it makes sense to travel further in space and time, to where the garden emerged from the desert, from, perhaps an absence of landscape. The garden as oasis has an aesthetic and politics of its own. It might not be a denial of the desert landscape, but according to the literature, the power is contained within the architecture of the garden. In the post-Renaissance gardens of northern and western Europe, the view extends outwards from the garden; encompassing and appropriating the surrounding landscape. The following sections examine and counterpoise these two archaeologies of the garden.

Paradise on Earth

A number of books (Clark 1996; Lehrman 1980; Macdougall and Ettinghausen 1976; Ruggles 2000) discuss 'Islamic' gardens, although resist outright generalisation, and tend, in the way of landscape and garden history, to talk about the Islamic influence in specific areas. The notion of Paradise being a garden pre-dates the three monotheistic religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islam, and can be traced back to 4000 BC to Mesopotamia (Clark 1996). Wilber claims that the establishment of gardens coincided with settlement and agriculture, and that much early pottery decoration shows pools overhung by trees, or show the world as if divided into four quarters having a pool at the centre, expressed in the form of a garden. This was to become the standard form for Persian pleasure gardens. Later illustrations show a palace at the intersection of the axes (1979:3). The royal pleasure garden then was pre-Islamic, but the secular, hedonistic tradition was transmuted and absorbed into the sacred and visionary significance of the garden in Islam.

Water - particularly rain – and vegetation were direct symbols of God's Mercy. In the Qur'an the ideas of Mercy and water are in a sense inseparable. With them must be included the idea of Revelation (*tanzil*) which means literally a "sending down". The Revelation and the rain are "sent down" by the All-Merciful, and are described throughout the Qur'an as "Mercy" and both are spoken of as "life-giving" (Lings 1991 cited in Clark 1996:9).

Clark goes on to argue that in Islam, Paradise is associated with a personal search for peace and serenity, and that it is 'an ultimate blissful and eternal abode' (1996:11). 'The search for paradise in this world is, essentially, the search for peace, not just peace from the world around us but, more importantly, peace from our own soul (*nafs*), not the immortal soul, but the passionate soul – the ego and its desires;' (ibid). References in the Qur'an to gardens are not only references to the 'blissful and the eternal, but they are also a refuge, a shelter and secure retreat' (ibid). The fusion of secular and sacred can be embodied in the paradise garden, and supports the idea of 'the earth being a manifestation or a reflection of God Himself' (1996:14). One interpretation of Paradise in the Qur'an is of a garden with two aspects, one for the lower or 'horizontal' aspect of man and one for the higher or 'vertical' aspect' (ibid). The higher one is concerned with the Transcendent, and the lower with an individual's desires. Fruit trees are the most significant things besides the flowing water. Olives and date palms feature in the lower garden, fruits which have stones that cannot be eaten, and 'correspond to the kernel of individuality that still remains in the soul' (1996:15) Fig and pomegranate are found in the higher garden. These latter are 'pure fruit and is all to be eaten; the pips, representing the kernels of individuality, have been absorbed into the One Whole...in attempting to create the Gardens of Paradise on earth, the faithful have often planted these fruit trees' (ibid).

I frequently came across references to such associations, although only with the date palm. Dates were associated with the former houses of Turkish Cypriots, and the myth was propagated that it was possible to identify such a property from the presence of a palm. The story went that when a Muslim went on a pilgrimage (*hajj*) they would bring back the seed of palm to plant to attempt to create a Paradise Garden in their village. It is one of those things that are impossible to verify, the

planter of the tree being long gone. It matters little, but the notion that a piece of Paradise can be transported from Mecca to a village in Cyprus is what is significant. The material aspect contains the symbolic and sacred significance, and links an individual to the place where Muhammad received the revelations. I return to this attribute of plants to convey meaning and relatedness in later chapters. Gardens and their contents are both manifestation and representation, or even, as suggested above, concerned with revelation itself. Lehrman stresses the importance of abstract principles, order and geometry as symbolising the unity of God. All design was:

always complete, an identifiable organization with all elements related to each other...In Islam, mathematics is the language of the intellect and its abstraction reflects the Divine Order. Man and nature are both created by God; mathematics links the structure of both and helps to explain their proportions...all reflect a natural process, an inherent organization (1980:41).

What Lehrman brings out strongly is the lack of separation between the secular and the sacred, so that even to talk of fusion is misleading. 'A tenet of this religion was the unity of the diversity of experience, and this was expressed as theme that ran through Islamic art' (1980:17). Mosques were multi-functional, but it was not necessary to go to them to pray, which could be done from home. Mosques became a focus for the community and, as with most other buildings and dwellings. They were built around a courtyard, with a fountain or pool. Courtyards were also a feature of commercial life, with the large 'caravan hostels' for merchants being centred on a large courtyard. Close to bazaars too, courtyards provided a cool and quiet reprieve from the hustle and bustle. So, rather than seeing gardens as architecture, it makes more sense to think in terms of an over-arching unity, seamlessly linking the secular with the sacred. I will return to this lack of separation presently, but in a philosophical frame: that of phenomenology. I would argue that quiet elements of the ideology and archaeology of the Islamic garden remain in Cyprus, and have a bearing on the way that gardening is practised today, but that it also resonates with a more universal feature of gardening practise that recognises the spiritual within the sensual.

The two strands of gardening heritage are not mutually exclusive, and elements of the sacred are there in garden traditions in north-western Europe, but what is perhaps

most significant in how representation of land in art became so prominent, and it is this politics of representation that I am focussing on as being central to the north-western European landscape tradition. The politics of representation as expressed through the notion of the landscape has been a reflection of a wider politics of representation and colonisation.

Gardens as landscapes

Here I intend to place the 'Western view', and the impulse to enclose, in the context of the development of European landscape painting, and the impact of the ability to represent perspective. I argue that the positioning of the subject is opposed to that of the object, and is rendered as an active observer, able to judge and control. The subject assumes a superiority from outside of the 'frame', not only to everything beheld within it, but by extension, to everything outside of himself. Whilst I am not saying that Cyprus escaped the influence of pan-European artistic movements, history shows that regions on the periphery had a different experience of them, and that they were more prone to be included within the 'view'. The eighteenth-century garden, especially, expressed the resultant ambiguity and fluidity experienced in daily life: of the boundaries between the familiar and the alien, art and reality, power and subjugation, and the domesticated and wild nature (see Pugh 1988).

The stance taken by a number of writers in introducing a discussion of landscape is one that dovetails, at least in part with my deduction that both metaphors of landscape, and the presence of gardens are connected with alienation. One approach to the analysis of landscape in anthropology is to trace a textual history through written or pictorial description of the Western relationship with what is 'out there' (Hirsch 1995; Short 1991; Thomas 1995). The 'discovery' of linear perspective, of being able to represent the three-dimensional on a two-dimensional plane is seen as a key point, not only in the progress of art history, but more significantly as an indicator of a different way of seeing the world. The spectator of the scene or picture is placed outside the context, is 'transcendental' (ignoring for the moment that this same spectator is engaged on a more global level with the historical and political context which creates the picture), 'Landscape painting is thus a representation of

place which alienates land, such that it can be appropriated by a gaze which looks in from the outside' (Thomas 1995:22).

It is worth looking at some of the strands that contributed to this naturalist/pastoral impulse, because there was a major shift in the attitude to the 'natural' which probably had its roots in the Renaissance and the ability to represent three dimensions in two. If one is able to represent reality with such precision, then surely one has a measure of control over that reality. As Thomas points out, 'this technique was not regarded as artifice, but as a means of revealing truth' (1995:21). In at least an artistic sense, nature had been set apart and conquered. God was no longer the only one that could see the 'whole picture', the artist could also, and, by extension, so could Society. In the seventeenth century, Richard Marvell wrote of the desolation of 'natural' landscape, and Thomas Burnett in 1681 wrote the Sacred Theory of the Earth, which claimed that 'mountains were not a part of God's creation but a product of man's sinfulness' (Short 1991:15). It would seem that the problems of agency and landscape production were apparent then, albeit within a different paradigm. The Divine, according to Kenneth Clark, was perceived in nature before the Renaissance, but 'Natural objects, then, were first perceived individually, as pleasant in themselves and symbolical of divine qualities' (1949:6). What, he implies, was lacking, was the notion of a 'a good view'. The vastness of the totality of nature was fearsome rather than awe-inspiring. He goes on:

The next step towards landscape painting was to see them as forming some whole, which should be within the compass of the imagination and itself a symbol of perfection. This was achieved by the discovery of the garden. In a sense discovery is the wrong word, for the enchanted garden - be it Eden, or the Hesperides, or Tir-nan-Og - is one of humanity's most constant, widespread and consoling myths;.... Paradise is the Persian for 'a walled enclosure' (ibid: 8).

In other words, a contained nature, a constructed paradise, could symbolise the totality of nature, and was a safe place to be.

Paradise as a contained entity, and, as a symbol could be reproduced in the form of a cultivated garden. The vocabulary of paradise is still used in discussion of horticulture. In her article about the *Pardess*, Israeli citrus groves, Egoz introduces a

metaphorical link between place and knowledge in the citrus groves of Israel, and also stresses their importance as a national symbol. Paradise in the Western sense, is derived from the word *pardess*, and the latter, she says:

embodies not only paradisaical sensuality, but also a further layer of spirituality based on the mystic religious studies in Judaism known as *kabbalah*. *Kabbalah* mystic philosophy is unintelligible to those who have not been properly prepared in the secret wisdom (Birenbaum 1988)... The word *pardess* was interpreted as the initials for decoding clues and secrets. Thus, the common metaphor for *kabbalah* studies is 'entering the pardess (Ever-Hadani 1950 cited in Egoz 1997:183).

Although the orange groves are today a symbol of modern secular nationalist values, and an economic resource in Israel, the 'ancient symbolism of biblical landscape' (ibid.) is inherent and recognised in their modern meaning, and once again there is a close link between cultural knowledge and landscape, and more specifically, gardens.

Landscape, then, was certainly represented in art long before the nineteenth century, but the style was usually mannered, or highly symbolised, mixing Classical allusion with an idealised landscape of pastoral simplicity which had no specific location. So, as far as the attitude to landscape is concerned, it seems that there was a conceptual shift that was apparently quite radical. Religion survived, if transformed by the multiple forces of the Renaissance and Enlightenment thought, to name but two (and at risk of becoming too chronological), and the new Romanticism of the nineteenth century went hand in hand with pantheism. Contained within the totality of nature was divine force and presence. Although the reverence for 'nature in the raw' today can be completely atheistic: so-called wild land is worthy of a certain secularly sacred status by mere dint of its being so called.

Rather than being the herald of a new way of regarding space, the Romanticism of the nineteenth century was more the culmination of a long process of objectification of space (as well as of the inhabitants of 'other spaces' away from the European centre). The beginnings of the use of perspective in art was surely symptomatic of a rationalisation of space, a separation of ourselves and our technology from the 'natural world'. 'Capability' Brown, an eighteenth-century landscape gardener and designer along with his followers and counterpart in Scotland, Nasmyth, were

responsible for a great number of schemes associated with what we now term ‘Stately Homes’, on a scale not contemplated today. His work in the eighteenth century was appropriated by the Romantics in the nineteenth, and again by the Heritage industry in the twentieth. Brown’s work indicated a massive expansion of the ‘view’ and confirmed the power not only of the landowner in political terms, but in the broader terms of humankind over nature. His techniques were mechanistic, and reached far into the future in terms of planning and control in their broadest senses. The designs were intended to have the ‘simple’, pastoral charm of the painted landscapes of the Enlightenment. The irony is that, as exemplified in these landscape designs which heavily exploited the passions for naturalness, albeit in an idealised form, such creation was still a wholly human construction, in the same way as the French formal style that had preceded it. Today, the game of ‘naturalisation’, in the more insidious normative sense of the word, continues as the designs by Brown and his contemporaries, now in their full magnificent maturity have become archetypes of the English countryside, worthy of preservation and conservation in their own right.²

What I am trying to show here is how the notion of the ‘view’, that creates ‘landscapes’, art, and ‘others’, is still very much at play in Cyprus (see Chapters Four and Five). It is not only imposed by outsiders from the outside, but by local contests about what Cyprus is about culturally. This is given sharp definition by the impending entry to the EU, but also, in a more refracted way, via the tourist industry, and environmentalism on the island. I am not dealing here directly with the garden, or the aesthetic of the garden, but more the broader aesthetic, or lack of, and showing how that aesthetic remains an implicit part of the environmentalists’ project in Cyprus just as elsewhere.

To pick up again how ‘nature’ is framed, and objectified in the particular context of Cyprus, or rather our immediate locality there, the occidental ‘view’ is present as part

²See *Garden - Nature - Language* by Pugh (1988), and his detailed analysis of eighteenth-century gardens as representations of, and a validation of, power over the environment and people.

of the local formulation of the significance or otherwise of the land and the environment.

Modern environmentalism thematizes a cultural code which is linked to European cultural history. This culture is a mixture: domination of nature being the primary relationship with nature; and sensibility towards nature being its inferior counterpart (Eder 1996:163).

In essence this summarises the prevailing Enlightenment and burgeoning industrial, attitude towards nature, and the subsequent Romantic vision of it. To some extent, we continue to carry this dual disposition. It is simplistic, but it is also suitably succinct. It is presented as unproblematic, and Eder goes on to argue that ecology has usurped industrialism as a cultural model for modernisation. If this is so, then it adds an interesting layer to the political complexion of what is going on in Cyprus, particularly in the Akamas, a region of natural beauty close to where we lived, designated by the EU as a potential national park, and a site of multiple contestation. A significant factor in all matters relating to the Akamas is the presence of extensive British army shooting ranges. These were established at the time that Cyprus gained independence, in addition to the Sovereign Base Areas at Akrotiri and Episkopi that remain, in essence, part of the United Kingdom. These ranges could not be developed, for obvious political reasons, and the Director of the Environmental Studies Centre in the village where we were living, among others, regards this as a factor in the preservation of the area up till now. Cypriot feeling runs high, however, at this continuing, if low-key military occupation. The ranges are rarely used, and the only evidence of them are warning signs along the many dirt roads that cross the area. But they symbolise colonisation on two levels: residual imperialism, and the more recent environmental lobby's colonisation of ideology. Great tracts of the base areas, and shooting ranges are the closest to 'wilderness' that Cyprus has. It is doubly grating for some Cypriots that the former colonisation has allowed the latter.

The enculturation of nature and the nature of culture

Considering the etymology or the word 'culture' raises a point about the nature of the metaphors we use in everyday speech, but in its own right, the history of the word

and its use reveals how culture as practice is always prior to language. According to Williams (1983), 'culture' comes from the Latin, 'colere', which 'had a range of meanings: inhabit, cultivate, protect, honour with worship.' (1983:87). The more recent 'cultura' was to take on the main meaning of cultivation, 'the tending of natural growth' (ibid.). He states that 'Culture, in all its early uses, was a noun of process' which led to a shift to the metaphorical use from the early sixteenth century, when 'the tending of natural growth was extended to a process of human development' (ibid.). This thesis attempts to re-link these two, if obliquely, arguing that the practice of cultivation can and does incorporate cultural process. The garden is not necessarily an economic or aesthetic end-point, although in most instances, the aesthetics of a garden are not in its creation, but become present in its representation as art - as landscape painting.

As a noun, 'culture' was only commonly used from the mid-nineteenth century, and it became conceptually removed from the idea of cultivation as processual (although the notion has obviously returned in anthropology's use of the term) and culture (and cultures?) was frozen and fixed. As already suggested, there are other words that derive from what is associated with our existence in a grounded world that deal with abstract concepts and experience, such as 'roots'. We intellectually inhabit such terms, seeking to bring our existence back down to earth and many have become purloined into everyday usage. Many of them are spatial, such as 'areas of expertise', and a 'field of knowledge', or organic: 'branches of a discipline' or 'roots' in terms of belonging to a place. The question as to why this movement from the concrete to the metaphoric has happened will, to a large extent have to be left hanging, but I introduce language here to suggest a residual connection between different articulations and expressions of culture that have become dissociated from an ontological connection with specific places and activities. Much as I would have liked to dwell on this topic, it will have to remain an interest to return to.

There is too, of course, the problematic of the distinction between 'nature' and 'culture', and how far the dialectic still persists. The garden is potentially a site that could be seen to clearly delineate such a boundary. Strathern (1980) critically and successfully dismantles the structuralist assumptions of the distinction through her

discussion of the Hagen case in Papua New Guinea, and the discussion continued through the work of Descola and Palsson (1996), and Strathern's later work (1992), for example. It is easy to see the danger of imposing our own conceptual categories elsewhere, and perhaps this is most marked when, as the case of Papua New Guinea demonstrates, relationships with our environments are so strikingly variable. Strathern thoroughly problematises the whole notion, not only of 'nature' as something 'out there', but also what is deemed to be 'natural' in cultural terms, and, not least, in terms of the discipline. She argues that it is our

distinctive tradition in European thought long concerned with the opposition between things as they are and things as they might be; separation of subject from object and the constructions of ideal or alternative forms of society are part of a dialectic between participation and objectivity. The combined capacity to participate in 'otherness' and treat that otherness as an object (of study) has made anthropology. This process depends upon a central conviction that man 'makes' culture, and insofar as this is true can also stand outside his own 'nature' (1980:177).

However, Strathern cannot completely relinquish the dichotomy. As the article continues, her argument does not escape the confines of oppositions, and she argues from within them – from *mbo* (domestic) and *romi* (wild) being opposed. As a pair, it is not homologous to 'culture' and 'nature', but the fact that she places them together, and then goes on to discuss gender in the same terms undermines the more radical point she makes about our propensity to conflate and impose our own conceptual and symbolic categories. In retrospect, this is frustrating, but there are many leads to what was to follow in the on-going, post-structuralist debate.

It is interesting that the debates have tended to centre on cultures geographically remote from our own, or have become embodied in the boundaries of the body itself. A significant aspect of the same debate has focussed on the genetic aspects of the 'natural', and the status of animals as non-cultural, and the challenges to this, with the advent of new reproductive technologies, xenotransplantation and genetic manipulation for example. There is the recent argument that would classify chimpanzees as hominids, on the basis of their genetic similarity, which would thus instantly grant them a moral status, regardless of the arbitrary nature of classification. This call, in the light of the debates around the boundaries of what it is to be human,

is not surprising. Is it fear, or ethnocentric blindness that has overlooked our own gardens as interesting cultural sites, and looked instead to our bodily boundaries, or to the places that indigenous distinctions are so removed from our own?

There are, however, perhaps two debates, that sometimes overlap: what is 'natural' about being human, and what is cultural in the 'nature' we construct around us? This study flirts with both of these, but is not particularly explicit about the former, but assumes a sub-linguistic connection and bodily, instinctual interaction with an unpredictable environment, however heavily that might be manipulated. With regards to what is cultural in the 'nature' around us, a garden is a flagrantly ostentatious site where the distinction between 'nature' and 'culture' is either elided altogether, or most sharply drawn. My intention is to bring the two aspects of the debate together to some extent and to deny that a distinction exists. All is not social construction however, and a garden is a place where we play with the fact that the world as it is, and we as humans are prior to any inscription or representation.

The idea of a garden, as anyone who has and tends one will tell you, is supremely personal. It is an act of creation and intimate involvement. It is rendered into existence as a cultural artefact through the imagination and practical work. It is an assault on nature. It is also a rendition of 'nature'. It functions as a liminal place, mediating between what we experience as the cultural, the cultured – the understood, and 'nature', the 'wild', or what is outside our immediate private reference. I begin, having trained initially as a gardener, with the assumption that outside space in general, and gardens in particular, are complex matters or entities, and that they are much more than mere neutral décor, functional growing areas, or abstract miniature landscapes.

My temptation is to take a somewhat extreme position, to propose that the dualism of nature and culture persists, not as some overarching cultural grid, but on a personal, individual level. I would argue that there is a sensate self – a private world of individual, uncommunicable sensations, that is entailed in sub-linguistic practice, such as gardening. The artefact, the garden is the articulated representation, that carries the culture, but it is separate from the bodily practice that creates it. However, it is also a means of conflation, or perhaps fusion, of our personal internal 'nature',

and the 'nature' that is external to us. We struggle with a state of alienation, of being de-natured. This became a problem for anthropology, and anthropologists started to question the universality of a duality, as many cultures did not make distinctions within the framework of anthropology's (and western) assumed categories (see Strathern 1980).

Is it too obvious to make the divergence of the meanings of 'nature' (see Williams 1983) to blame for the on-going problem with the category, 'nature'? Or is it especially complex in anthropology precisely because of the psychoanalytic implications of talking about 'human nature', as well as the subject(ive) versus object(ive) debate as it is tethered to debates about ethnocentrism? Our confusion from the word 'nature' pertaining to that which is outside of ourselves and is our construction of an environment separated from our sensate selves, and also to what is innate within ourselves – our 'human nature' creates a crisis of our relation to the world, as well as an analytical conundrum. The problem with nature is, at least in part, a phenomenological problem that has been current in various forms throughout the history of anthropology. Cognitive anthropology, and Bourdieu's theory of practice has dealt with the problem by the assumption that culture is internalised into bodily practice, or *habitus*. Cognitive anthropology rests on the supposition

that cognition consists of a process of matching sensory experience to stable conceptual schemata, that much if not all of the order that people claim to perceive in the world – and especially the social world – is imposed by the mind rather than given in experience, that people are able to understand one another to the extent that their cultural orderings are founded on consensus..., and that the acquisition of such orderings involves a process of internalisation (Ingold 2000:162).

As Ingold goes on to point out, however, 'the *habitus* is not expressed in practice, it rather subsists in it' (ibid). It is not about an interior space, but an intersubjective one. It has an articulation that can be likened to language because it is representative of the cultured and cultural body.

Latour's seminal work, '*We Have Never Been Modern*' is inspired in showing how duality as an overarching frame was created, and also how it has been sustained by social scientists caught firmly within that frame. Without dismantling either the

fabric of the pre-modern or the modern as he defines them, he avoids the nihilism of post-modernism and the bind and contradiction that we become caught in when we think about what is non-human 'To become a social scientist is to realize that the inner properties of objects do not count, that they are mere receptacles for human categories' (1993:52). However, the implied total 'freedom of the human subject and society' (1993:53) is not allowed either: 'This time they use the nature of things – that is the indisputable results of the sciences – to show how it determines, informs and moulds the soft and pliable wills of the poor humans' (1993:53).

Latour does not so much give objects agency, as make them immanent in all networks of association. He restores, or creates an indivisible relationship between the two supposed poles of object and subject by thoroughly collapsing the distinction. This allows us to see gardens as 'quasi-objects'. They can be seen as 'hybrids':

much more social, much more fabricated, much more collective than the 'hard' parts of nature [the sciences and technologies], but they are in no way the arbitrary receptacles of a full-fledged society. On the other hand they are much more real, nonhuman and objective than those shapeless screens on which society – for unknown reasons – needed to be 'projected' (1993:55).

As such hybrids, gardens are freed from being either natural or cultural of course, and at the same time, our involvement with them is immanent within them and all that extends outwards from them and all that went into creating them. The threads of historical patterns and designs, the trails of kinship that connect the progeny of plants with the progeny of families that have lived with the gardens, the memories created from both of these, the skills and work that go into them, the houses or walls, or terracing that bound and geographically define them, the creation of the soil, by whatever means or movement, and their clearly unproblematically hybrid nature in the eyes of the gardener render them a quiet and unassuming 'quasi-object', waiting to be noticed.

In *Do Kamo*, Leenhardt (1979), a friend of Lévy-Bruhl, deals in more concrete terms, but with great lyricism, with the absence of separation between subject and object in

New Caledonia. He differentiates between 'person' and 'personage', the latter being an inadequate translation for *kamo*.

Kamo is a predicate indicating life, but this predicate implies neither outline nor nature. Animals, plants, and mythic beings have the same claim men have to being considered *kamo* (1979:24).

He concludes the chapter, having discussed the absence of a notion of death as meaning the annihilation of being, with the argument that the lack of such a distinction liberates us from the dialectic:

Only through this mythic reality does it become possible to give up the pairs of opposites which are the bases of our understanding: life, death; animate, inanimate; yes, no... There are no contradictions in nature, only contrasts... if there is no animate or inanimate, there can be no causal schema in the inanimate world.... The causal schema is always a living one... Lastly, where we see either continuity of life or rupture, the Melanesian sees perennity. There are no possible intersections, no end, no death, no past, no future. The Canaque remains in the present, and incorporates the mythic forms of his life into the present (1979:41-42).

This states my case far more succinctly and gracefully than I am able to. Gardens and gardening practice embody this rejection of contradictions. As I finally draw out in the final chapter, gardens are representations of memory work and place-making, that take place in a present that incorporates all memories and all places, as mythic forms, into that present.

Mythic knowledge is not narrated but "lived" in existential events whose overall pattern has not yet been grasped. This consciousness does not distance itself from events or search for overviews. It is involved in a landscape – a world known in intimate detail but never described or mapped (Clifford 1982:174).

From another point of view altogether, it is not surprising that the distinction between 'nature' and 'culture' has been collapsed as we have become 'de-natured' by the work of science and genetics and genetic manipulation. The boundaries between what is human and what is not have been removed see, for example, Nothnagel 1996; Papagaroufali 1996; Richards and Ruivenkamp 1996; Strathern 1992. Scientific research and practice is conducted in the sphere of the non-experiential – a return to the magical world of faith in what cannot be seen. Friends

who are scientists say that they work in the realm of faith and imagination as processes on the gene level or in particle physics are now at the forefront of scientific ‘progress’, and are, to all intents and purposes, invisible. In such a realm, our very ‘nature’ is taken out of ourselves, and is dictated and controlled by these invisible phenomena. As Cazeneuve points out in his exposition of Lévy-Bruhl’s work,

The characteristic of the collective representations of primitive peoples which clearly differentiates them from concepts is that they are *mystical*. This means, not that they involve a religious mysticism in the modern sense, but that they assume ‘the belief in forces, influences and actions imperceptible to the sense but nevertheless real’....In his world (primitive man) there is no line of demarcation between the natural and the supernatural (1972:5).

Does this not resonate with the current of blind faith in biotechnology, for example, despite its invisibility, and the space of faith, conjecture and imagination that the scientists themselves have to work in?

Nature becomes culture as our every sensation and attribute can be potentially mapped and genetically interpreted. This thinking is linked to the Durkheimian notion, as explicated by Ingold (2000) in his chapter on ‘Culture, Perception and Cognition’, that the object of study for sociology

must be the mind of society, not of the individual. This mind, the consciousness of the collectivity, was supposed to have emergent properties of its own, in no way reducible to the given properties of individuals as inscribed in human nature (2000:157).

Durkheim separated sensation from representation; the consciousness of the individual from that of the collectivity. The temporality of sensation is subsumed by the durability of representations – whether they be symbolic, metaphorical or tangible. This collective faith, dressed up as intricate, technological knowledge vested in scientists is deftly exposed for what it is by Latour in *‘We Have Never Been Modern’*. Latour makes a far more involved case, and draws on the work of Shapin and Schaffer (1985) in their comparison of the science of Boyle and the political theorising of Hobbes. Latour talks in terms of a ‘Constitution’ for the modern age, that was contributed to by the work of these two prime political movers. Hobbes defines political power that ‘has citizens speak with one voice through the translation

and betrayal of a sovereign, who says only what they say...human beings are the ones who construct society and freely determine their own destiny (1993:30). Boyle speaks of the natural power of things, a power 'that allows mute objects to speak through the intermediary of loyal and disciplined scientific spokespersons...it is not men who make Nature; Nature has always existed and has always already been there' (1993:30). Latour shows how, although the relative positions on 'nature' and 'culture' seem incommensurable, that they are in fact mutually and inextricably implicated in each other, one networked with the other.

these two constitutional guarantees must not be taken separately, as if the first assured the nonhumanity of Nature and the second the humanity of the social sphere. They were created together...They are nothing but the two branches of a single new government (1993:31).

As anthropologists, we tend to work with representations, and leave individual and collective consciousness to psychology. We stick with the artefacts, as concrete facts, concentrating on the object. The Boasian tradition in North America did take account of the individual psyche rather than the primacy of the collectivity, but culture was still 'out there' as either a set of materials, or as an internalised system or rules and meanings (Ingold 2000).

However, despite this *apparent* materiality, that keeps the individual consciousness and sub-linguistic sensation (and innate nature) well away from 'culture', this collective consciousness has, since the late twentieth century created its own paradox. Many 'natural' objects, cultural artefacts of science, are invisible. The artefacts of science can no longer be represented, even to the scientists, and our 'nature' has been colonised to some extent by geneticists. Potentially, everything becomes entailed in histories of aesthetics and representation. Gardens, are, of course, representations, but I would argue that the practice of gardening, whatever form it takes, and whatever its professed purpose is one way of reconciling a representation of artefacts with a fully sensate, experiential self that exists fully *in* the world, and recognises a connection with the environment that is prior to any representation. Our individual consciousness, that marks us as human has been threatened by the power and mystique of bio-technology that still calls itself hard

science, and thus the paradox becomes something of a crisis about what makes us human and individual.

There is an urge to separate 'being' from consciousness. We reside within a body that experiences sensations that we communicate through representation, but the sensations are what are prior, and felt, and do not necessarily need articulation that is a gesture towards the collective; it can remain personal. In this scenario we are simply our pre-lingual selves. There is recognition of ourselves as both subject – the consciousness that manipulates 'nature', in both its senses, and object – the product or artefact of nature. This objective existence is underlined rather than diminished by the science that manipulates the minutiae of physical essence, because all our elements are particularised, even though it has the effect of fragmenting our sense of self in the extreme, and of alienating us from a common sense idea of an integrated, sensual self. But we are in a crisis of how much of our nature we can actually control, as boundaries – bodily, ethical and conceptual are challenged and breached. As we become more adept at controlling 'nature', the need to reconcile our self with our nature, and 'nature' becomes more urgent, as the science of the invisible moves beyond our sensual imagination.

CHAPTER TWO

WORKING FROM THE VILLAGE

This was never intended as a village study. I always had it in my mind that my site was Cyprus, the island. I knew of course that I could not know it all well, and that I would necessarily come to know Pano Oropedhio better than most other places, but the fragmentary nature of this thesis, and its tendency to uncover more questions than it answers is attestation of the fact that where gardening in Cyprus is concerned, it is hard to know where to start. There is no previous work to guide you well, and the very nature of gardens in Cyprus, is that they are often a hidden aspect of the domestic, or they are a glaring stage set for a hotel for example. I looked for, and found, the variety. I was not looking for a set of rules for Cypriot gardening, and in short, this is an attempt to open up the field. The village was but one neighbourhood, one significant part of the patchwork, primarily because it was our home for a year. It has been hard to write because events during fieldwork, involving people living in the village led directly to the ending of my sixteen year long relationship with Struan, and the break up of our family. The years that have followed the fieldwork have been ones of great ambivalence towards the place and the work done there.

Later chapters contain discussions on specific aspects that relate to the village and its surroundings, such as the Environmental Studies Centre, that was both physically part of the village and yet part of the more amorphous and ongoing project of 'how to produce and reproduce locality under conditions of anxiety and entropy, social wear and flux, ecological uncertainty and cosmic volatility' (Appadurai 1995:206).

Appadurai's formulation of locality as a 'structure of feeling', and neighbourhoods as social forms, is particularly apt for Cyprus as a whole, and for the two villages that I will discuss here. In fact, it is possibly more multi-layered in the case of Cyprus than he suggests. He talks in abstract terms, but taken more literally, the identity of neighbourhoods and villages in Cyprus has, as will be discussed in Chapter Three, since British colonial rule at least, been categorised on ethno-religious lines. As will become clear, other mechanisms and impetuses have created the particular localities that exist today, and they fit well with Appadurai's abstract take. The ethno-religious demarcations remain firmly in local consciousness however, or are even more delineated by the emptiness, the decline or the re-configuring of neighbourhoods over the last thirty years. The two villages I will consider are good examples of such re-configuring, re-colonisation or entropy and inertia in the production of locality.

This chapter then, forms part of the patchwork of the fabric of this thesis, rather than a point from which the rest projects. As already discussed, the 'local' is a spurious and curious space to attempt to define, especially in Cyprus. Fissures and more mundane movements of people have frozen and shifted locales, and people have remade them or even imagined them, or occupied what can only be a space of memory for someone else – who might have been their neighbour at one time. I was not alone in my ambivalence about the place that became home, and my own locale, during fieldwork. The village was structured around ambivalence.

Landholding in Cyprus

To think of a patchwork is a useful way of thinking about Cyprus on a number of levels. This thesis reflects this, as does life on the island. I will not dwell on property relations *per se*, but it will be useful to describe some aspects of landholding in order to contextualise the various attitudes to, and experiences of land that informs the way people on Cyprus use it in practical and ideological terms.

For most of its history, that is, post-Hellenism, Cyprus has been under some form of feudal system (see Christodoulou 1959; Karouzis 1977). External powers 'owned' most of the land, and peasants farmed it on their behalf, handing over large quantities

as tithes. Under the Byzantine Empire however, there were both large estates and small-holdings that were hereditary possessions, and the villagers would have complete ownership. Heavy taxation reduced the number of these as they sold up to the bigger, more powerful landlords. The already large and wealthy monasteries, owning much land, benefited greatly from bequests and endowments, from the devout of all classes. Struggling peasants exchanged heritable rights for the charity and protection of the Church.

With the arrival of the Lusignans, another tier of ecclesiastical landowner became established – the Latin Church and Religious Orders, and feudalism became fully institutionalised, and the population clearly stratified with an increase of foreign landlords speaking a different language and belonging to the Catholic faith. During the Venetian period, there was a distinction between the feudal lords and the ‘State’, and everyone had to pay a third of their income and work two days a week for the Venetian state (Karouzis 1977:25-28).

Landholding during the Ottoman period was well-documented and complicated, and I will only highlight certain aspects here (see Karouzis 1977). Outwardly, the situation was simplified, with all land belonging in name to the Sultan. All agricultural land was ‘crown’ land, but villagers worked it as hereditary tenants. The island was a source of revenue, and tithes were collected right up until 1926. For practical purposes the peasants became the owners of the land they cultivated...Permission was given to acquire homes and land with the power of transmission to heirs.’(1977:30). The system imposed was known as the *timar* regime. A *sipahi*, or cavalryman

resided in the village that was itself his source of income, and was easily able to collect the tithe, a tax on crops, paid in kind. Thus the soldier replaced the tax farmer, and on him fell the responsibility of converting the tithe into cash...To implement the *timar* regime the state had to establish its own absolute control of the land, unimpeded by any private property rights (through an initial thorough census)...all rural agricultural land was *miri* – crown – land, belonging to the state. The peasant who worked it had the status of an hereditary tenant, and in return for his labour he enjoyed a usufructory right. The peasant’s rights passed from father to son, but he could not sell land, grant it as a gift, or transfer it without permission. The system was one of fragmented possession where the state, the *sipahi* and the peasants had simultaneous rights over the land. The *sipahi* was ‘land-owner’; but in fact what the *sipahi* received from the state was not the land itself, but the authority to collect a fixed

amount of state revenue from the people in a defined area...in order to guarantee his income (1977:30-1)

This supports my earlier observation that the main concern does not appear to be the land itself as holding any particular intrinsic worth, but the monetary value of what can be grown on it.

The feudal system was abolished in the middle of the nineteenth century and a new land code was introduced, which remained in force till 1946. Of the different categories of property, the two that are most interesting are *Arazi Memluke*, or *mulk* property: that which is in the absolute ownership of the proprietor. It included house sites within villages and towns, and areas of less than one sixth of an acre (half a donum), but also buildings, gardens and trees on *mulk* land. In addition, planted or grafted fruit trees became the property of the person who planted or grafted them (Christodoulou 1959:72). Interestingly, *mulk* property was governed by Moslem Sacred Law and not the new Land Code. The ownership of trees regardless of ownership of the land was mainly relevant to another class of property, *Arazi Mirie*, which was state land, and took account of the bulk of agricultural land, grazing ground and forest. This was held by villagers under a form of permanent leasehold from the Treasury. In effect, both categories were regarded in the same way for inheritance purposes, and the state land could even be mortgaged by the leaseholder. Restrictions were minimal, and concentrated on digging or drilling for water, and new building.

There was one other interesting category: *Arazi Mevat*, or *hali* land – ‘empty’ land. It was largely unproductive and was used for grazing, although as the population increased more and more was brought into cultivation, much of it surreptitiously (Christodoulou 1959:80).

I heard many stories about trees belonging to other people, and the problems of access for example, and with the longevity of trees, especially olive trees, it is not surprising that the *Mulk* rights are still exercised. We had our own experience of this. In our garden there was a Pomilo tree. It was an unusual tree, and the only one in the village. It produced what looked like over-sized grapefruits, but they were much sweeter. Our landlady told us that it did not usually produce much fruit. When she was initially showing us around she pleaded that we would water her fruit trees, and

added that the previous (British) tenant was only interested in cats, and had tens of them wandering in and out of the house, and she fed them all. The landlady had planted new trees and had attempted to graft two pecan trees. We enjoyed bringing the garden back into its own, there were some lovely roses in the front, and the girls enjoyed having their own areas. So, we were happy to water the trees, and this particular year, the Pomilo tree was laden with fruit, pulling the branches down to the ground, and our landlady was delighted that the tree was thriving and constantly thanked us for looking after the garden so well. We watched them ripen and looked forward to tasting them. One day, once they were ready, we came home to find nearly all of them gone. We were a little dismayed rather than indignant; we had understood that while we were there, we had use of everything to do with the property, that the fruit was ours since it was our time and effort that had gone into the garden. For our landlady, such a possibility did not even arise. These were her trees, her house, and we were there as guests, we were not buying virtual ownership rights for the year.

The British, then, inherited a complex and alien pattern of landholding, and it took them many years to come to terms with it. They attempted a number of surveys and censuses to try to get an overview of the situation. By 1946 they had established that the average holding consisted of around thirteen plots and was under seventy donums, or twenty five acres (Karouzis 1077:61). Land was subdivided equally between all the children, and very productive plots would be the most desired and therefore the most divided. In addition, with the presence of a number of owners having trees on such land, the potential for dispute grew exponentially with each generation. Christodoulou mentions one village where a quarter of the villagers own trees but no land, and another where one lot, of less than an acre, had ten owners, an apricot tree had eleven and two olive trees no fewer than forty-eight. I did not come across any such extreme examples, and the problem now seems to be dormant as so many landowners are absent, and most are not dependent on such property for their livelihoods. In Pano Oropedhio there was not much evidence of surreptitious appropriation, and agreements were reached more or less amicably with absent landowners, or villagers who did not want to work their land any more. I got nowhere when I asked about the use of Turkish Cypriot land around the village.

One woman told me wearily of an ongoing feud she had with members of her family over a small vineyard she owned that was surrounded by theirs. She suffered bullying and animosity, and there was some sense of injustice on their part because her father had left the family land to go north decades ago. They badger her, telling her that she does not know how to look after it, that she isn't from the village, and does not know how to cultivate there. She has decided that she does not want to use any pesticides on the vineyard. Her father should have been left the house, that is what the grandfather intended, but he did not put his wishes in writing. The family drew lots for the different areas when the grandfather died. Her father pulled out the lot for the house, he was accused of cheating and they repeated the process and got the little vineyard. The family erected boundaries, and between the house and the vineyard each had an area about two metres wide planted with almond trees. Her mother could never forgive the family, and neither could she, for treating her father so badly. He was a gentle, quiet man who was too dignified to fight back. She used her family as an example of what is unpleasant about the Paphians. She said they are materialistic, selfish, territorial, greedy and jealous – uncivilised. After 1974 the family gradually returned to the south, and they were not together as a family for a number of years, and in so doing, her father and his immediate family had gained refugee status and the 'benefits' that went with that. Her father found it easier to settle back in the south, having come from the area, but her mother was never reconciled to how the family treated her father. Those that had stayed in the south resented the fact that this daughter, born elsewhere, should still have claim to land when her father had seen fit to relinquish his ties with the area and his extended family.

The above story illustrates a knotted complex of inheritance and the power of land as a medium for belonging, or not in this case, somewhere, and how the movement of people disrupts a very fragile, or rather brittle, connection to the land. She was treated as an imposter, an outsider, and an illegitimate refugee because her father had been born on the land in the south anyway. She found herself in an impossible place of double exclusion. She had been forced out of her childhood home after 1974, and her father was forced to return to his in the same process, to find that the space he had left had been aggressively filled by his family. What she inherited was his

exclusion from the family. The little vineyard was kept on as a memorial to her father and grandfather, and their attachment to *their* place.

The family made a big gesture of demarcating the vineyard, out of suspicion that her father would take more than was his due. This extreme reaction came from a more general insecurity about boundary marking in Cyprus, which, as I will now show, was a structural feature of landholding.

An element that must have frustrated the British authorities was this question of boundaries. In Britain, boundaries define the land in a much more straightforward way. As Christodoulou states, 'Land in Cyprus is unenclosed and unfenced (1959:84)', and this still seems to be the case on the whole. That said, land registration is a thorough enterprise. Fences in rural Paphos are not much in evidence, and the terracing that often denotes boundaries up the steep hillsides, were built from the rocks around allowing them to blend with and become part of the 'natural' topography. I was often told when I enquired about ownership of certain areas, such as uncultivable tracts close to the roads for example, that they did not belong to anybody. I did not accept this at face value, went on to enquire further, and discovered, as explained above, the historic and complicated land classifications that mean that ownership denotation is not straightforward. High value crops, such as orange groves do tend to be fenced, but Paphos is not particularly suited to the production of citrus fruit. In the area, fencing jarred with the overarching aesthetic.

When property is fenced, it makes a big visual impact. I will go on to describe one instance, in the neighbouring village to Pano Oropedhio, but another was in a village closer to Paphos, a former Turkish Cypriot village now mainly inhabited by refugees. There was one Turkish Cypriot man who simply had never left. I went to see him a few times, but only once managed to talk to him. He had enclaved himself into a fenced compound. It was open and dusty, with chickens, goats and dogs milling about and going in and out of the house. He was small, quite elderly, and very unkempt with his clothes hanging loose and shoes flapping. We had an odd conversation through the gate in faltering Greek (mine not his), which culminated in him inviting me in, and saying he would kill a chicken for me to take home. Instinct told me not to take him up on the offer. His neighbours spoke of him as a harmless

old man, which heightened the incongruity of the high chainlink fencing. I learnt a little about him from the Mukhtar of the village, who said that Mehmet had been a foreman in the public works department. He owned a lot of land, much of which was rented out. He was apparently not liked by the Turkish Cypriots because of the extent to which he mixed with Greek Cypriots. In 1964, there was an incident in the village whereby a Turkish Cypriot had killed a young boy, which sparked off an intense period of intercommunal violence in the village. It was a Turkish Cypriot village surrounded by Greek Cypriot villages and Mehmet, along with all the other Turkish Cypriots, had to leave. Someone told me that a massacre had followed the incident, but the refugee who told me the story originally said that the villagers had moved to the Turkish Cypriot enclave in Paphos. Mehmet only went to the next village, and returned to his home twelve years later.

This story is notable because it is the only reference to events in the 1960s made to me by a Greek Cypriot. There was a further episode to my acquaintance with Mehmet; on one of three day trips I made to the north during my stay, I happened to meet his nephew. They had not seen each other for years. The nephew asked me to take a note to Mehmet. I said that I would be honoured to do so. Mehmet's reception took any solemnity out of what I regarded as poignant and symbolic. He smiled and said dismissively, "Is this all he has to say after so long – Pah!". The perceived gravity of the exchange was mainly mine, although the impression I got of life for Turkish Cypriots in the north, from others I met in the course of fieldwork, was that it was difficult, and different from the official one suggested by the Turkish authorities. There was genuine concern that they were fast becoming a minority in their own country again, because of the number of mainland Turks now living there. There was also the constant threat to those engaged in bicomunal activities (see Chapter Four). It struck me as very incongruous that I, a completely 'illegitimate' person, in terms of belonging to Cyprus, was the only means these two relatives had of communicating with one another, and that I could see, free of the heavy restrictions placed on Cypriots, any part of the island I chose.

The man who told me the story about the killing in the village was not witness to it, which might have had something to do with the fact that he told me at all, and, as a

refugee from Kyrenia, he was removed from those specific events. He gave me a mere snapshot from that time, but I got far more detail from a Turkish Cypriot I met in the north who had been living in Nicosia in the 1960s, whose memory is of constantly moving into different houses in safer areas, and of many families having to live together in a single house. He showed me some of these, now in the 'Dead Zone' in the city, around the Green Line, one overlooking the Ledra Palace Hotel that is now a UN checkpoint.

The refugee from Kyrenia recounted his experiences of the years around 1974 as more of an adventure than one of deep loss and bitter regrets. He remained enclaved in the north for two years, and his descriptions included getting the better of the Turkish authorities in the north, and a dramatic escape by motorbike. He still has it, and showed it to me. He was a well-educated and well-travelled man in his sixties, someone who had enjoyed life and had mixed with the wealthy British ex-pats who had made a life in the north of the island (see Durrell's *Bitter Lemons* 1957). He was now settled in this village near to Paphos with his Irish wife, and we talked as we went round his extensive garden. He told me a lot about grafting, about which varieties were compatible, about the multiple uses most produce was put to. He also said that the house he had taken over showed signs of a complete lack of care, and that the Turkish Cypriots had no idea about trees and did not know how to grow or care for them. There was not one olive tree in the village when he moved in 1980. He said that the Turks wanted an easy life and had not cultivated anything. The soil he had inherited had been poor and thin and he had got fifty loads of soil from near the coast at Paphos. I will come back to the practice of moving earth around in Chapter Three. Almost every gardener I spoke to had imported soil into their garden.

Relationships to certain boundaries are quite particular for those people I have mentioned here, and how they made sense of these in relation to the fact that Cyprus is an 'unenclosed' country, remains a question that I cannot begin to answer. What emerged was not a picture of effortless and friction-free living without divisive boundaries, but frequent disputes and an endemic suspicion that land is being appropriated. This was not so obvious in Pano Oropedhio, as the topography dictated boundaries to a large extent. The boundary between plots elsewhere is no more than

a low earth ridge, and it might be accentuated by the planting of artichokes for example, or the burning of weeds and grasses along it. There is no enforceable trespass law, and people will cross others' land out of necessity as the subdividing of plots would make access paths and roads impracticable. Christodoulou mentions the petty pilfering of fruit and vegetables and the appropriation of part of a neighbour's plot (1959:84-5), and most of the field entrances around the village were barricaded with wood, oil drums and branches. I asked a friend about it one day: I was asking her why all the villagers put up barricades of scrub and branches across the entrances to their small fields, surely it wasn't to stop other villagers. 'Oh yes' she said, 'they are always complaining that someone has stolen fruit, olives or vegetables'. It brought to mind the frequent admonishing from Theonitsa to be sure to lock our doors because you couldn't trust people here, they would steal your cutlery and plates. I had initially assumed that I had misunderstood, but it seemed not. These field barricades wouldn't deter anyone really, they could easily be stepped over, but without fencing, it seems that a gesture towards demarcation has some purpose. Because they are virtual, they assume great symbolic significance, and bolster the tensions that keep the community knitted together. There is an animation to the maintenance of boundaries. It is a constant and active pursuit, always provisional: dependent on the audacity, the skill of one villager and the state of the current relationship between that villager and another.

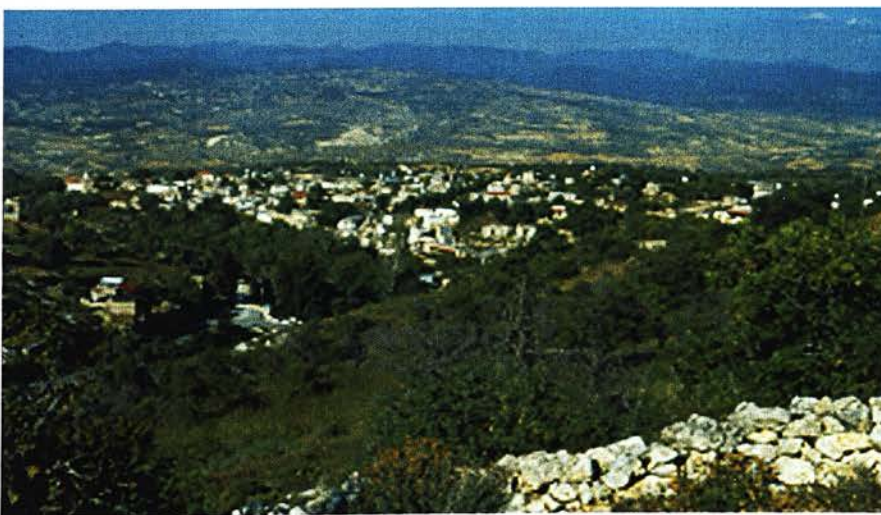
There was another common practice that was equally an urban and rural phenomenon, and explained why one could drive through a village and see the preponderance of a plant species that one might not see anywhere else. There is a striking example driving east from Polis, where at a certain time of year, every garden has a huge display of beautiful white lilies. I recounted to the same friend that I had heard stories of people taking cuttings and bits from people's gardens with or without asking, and she went on to say that yes, her mother was bad for that. One day they had both gone to visit one of the number of large wealthy monasteries on the island. Being monasteries, they had gardens. Her mother was a very keen gardener, and was wont to help herself whenever the opportunity arose, wherever she might be. Knowing this, Maria pointed out a sign saying that taking plants or cuttings was forbidden. They looked around the buildings and gardens, and Maria was glad that

her mother had resisted the temptation. On leaving she said, ‘well, there you are, you managed to leave without anything’. Her mother then proceeded to pull a few cuttings from out of her bra, laughing. How else could one obtain new and different plants before garden centres appeared?

The gesture towards the history of landholding above, and the various examples will give shape to what follows in the remainder of the chapter, that continues with description and stories concerning the villages.

I will describe both of the neighbouring villages, contrasting them as very different types of ‘community’, that exemplify some of the complex demographics and imaginings present in Cyprus, that are also locked into ideas and ideals about ‘tradition’, ‘progress’, modernity and bourgeois aspirations. These do also necessarily project into national and even nationalist imaginings, and feed into the predominant themes of this thesis. Perhaps the chief narratives, and chief themes, are of movement, and my first Cypriot locale was in London, and many encounters in the villages were with those who had been away, those who had taken something of Cyprus with them, but as was clear on their return, had assimilated much of the particular ‘elsewhere’ they had lived in. I will introduce some more of the people who were part of this place, and, offer some more snapshots.

Pano Oropedhio



Pano Oropedhio



Village house

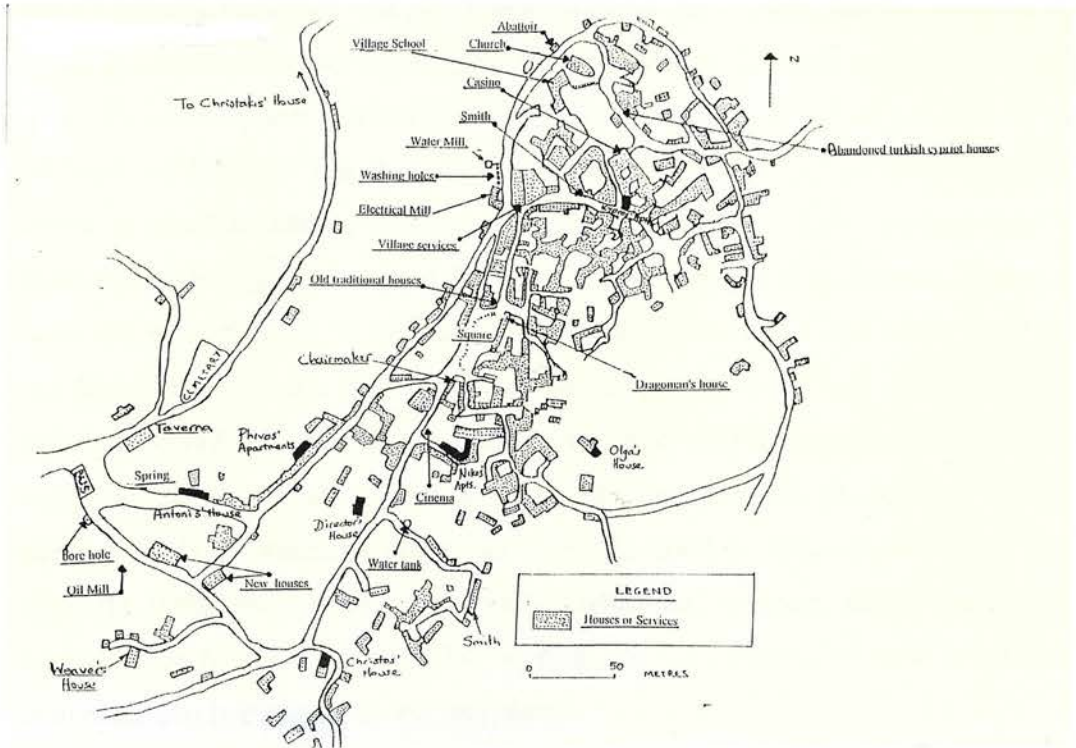
For the first couple of weeks, the quiet in the village was unnerving and the donkeys incongruous. After a few months, it was hard to imagine being elsewhere. Pano Oropedhio hugs either side of a small ridge just below the road that links Paphos and Polis. As you turn off, the road winds down to the village taverna. In the village proper, there are two shops – next door to one another, and with the same stock, so we were rigorous in spending an equal amount in both. One is also the post office where Lonias has scales more suited to weighing diamonds than parcels. He suspends them in the air squashing the DO NOT BEND A4 envelope into the tiny pan and consults the Book over his glasses for the correct postage. There is a post box secured to the wall outside, but it is rather pointless, any letters going through Lonias or his wife. They see all that comes in and goes out, putting them in a privileged position. Politics are involved in who runs what, and Lonias is a friend of the Mukhtar's. The post box was usually open and I never saw anything in it. The tiny room, about eight foot square was a meeting place and TV lounge, and the chat invariably stopped on my entrance, as I dived for the fridge hopeful for milk, and mumbled greetings in my inadequate Greek. There are also two coffee shops, run by women and used exclusively by men. Political leanings can be divined, as can the fence-sitters, from seeing who goes to which one, who to both, and who to neither.

I rarely saw my daughters Amy and Beth once school finished at one. They disappeared after wolfing down some of the local bread and halloumi, with the enormous misshapen tomatoes our neighbours plied us with. They had an idyllic time; they were away – camping in a cave in the hills, making dens in the fields near the village, or down at the beach. They learnt more about wildlife than any national curriculum could teach them, coming in with the tarantula like bird spiders, tree frogs, mantis, and all manner of other insect life. With their friends in the village, they found crabs in the nearby stream which runs on to the highest, and little-known waterfall on the island. They made structures in the woods worthy of the best of Andy Goldsworthy – tepees from an intricate network of sticks, and woven mats from the tall grasses and rushes. When asked what she liked best about being in Cyprus, Beth, aged nine, listed “Beach, no school in the afternoon, and junk to make good dens with”.

The beach is only fifteen minute’s drive away. The girls and their two English friends in the village have named it Two Palms, and somehow, I think the name will catch on. It is to be found between the fishing port of Latsi, that is fast growing into another Ayia Napa, and the Baths of Aphrodite. They spent many afternoons down there, avoiding the ‘Cyprus Safari’ convoys that trundle down daily during the summer in the early afternoon, spilling sweaty raucous tourists onto the beach to cool off in the sea, as the radio blares music from the vehicles. As soon as they leave, peace is restored and the girls and their friends would snorkel or jump in again and again from the high, jutting rocks.

The landscape in the area is both dramatic and verdant compared with much of the rest of the island, particularly the south and the east. The village is well camouflaged, because most of the houses emerge, and are built from the local creamy-white limestone, which lies very close to the surface. The Mediterranean brightness is exaggerated by the reflective whiteness of the rock, and we all got used to squinting along the many un-made roads of broken limestone. There is a smattering of new houses made of concrete, and others in various stages of being renovated, or of dereliction. From the main road, you walk down a steep and twisting road to the valley bottom where there is the only taverna in the village, a real oasis surrounded

by huge plane trees. It is also the site of the village wells or *vrises*. At the taverna, there is a junction of four roads and an old yellow bus shelter, sponsored by Keo beer. A bus leaves for Paphos sometimes, apparently, at around six in the morning, and is a vestige of the 'village bus' system that lingers on, whereby a villager owns and runs a bus down to the market and back. It is owned by Evthimis, who lives with his wife, Anthoulla, a refugee, in the next village. The road on the left of the taverna goes past the small cemetery, following the side of the valley to the neighbouring former Turkish-Cypriot village of Kato Oropedhio. There is an alternative route along the valley bottom, and it takes only about fifteen minutes to walk there.



Map of village

The road rising steeply from the junction, to the right of the taverna wends its way up and along towards the 'square', past one of the coffee shops in the shade of a mulberry tree to the left, and, on the right, the site of the open air cinema, now merely a small, enclosed and overgrown, unused area. Next to this, and opposite the coffee shop is the chair-maker's workshop, which in busier times was also a coffee shop. The road past opens onto the 'square', which serves more as a car park for the weekend family visitors and for the long-dead tractors and Landrovers. A few years ago, however, it was landscaped and roses, lavender and oleander were planted

around its perimeter. These are competing with weeds and wild grasses, and the intended impact is lost, hidden by them, and the derelict machinery. Struan was once commissioned to tidy up the area, and he weeded and pruned it, and was paid a small amount by the Mukhtar from village funds. He was later to become something of the village handyman, doing small decorating, building and manual work for the village as well as individual villagers. Countless narrow lanes and streets run from the square: some are dead ends, culminating in sets of substantial, two to three metre high and wide metal or wooden doors that conceal villagers' yards and homes. Others lead through to other roads, or into narrower donkey tracks, quickly leaving the huddles of buildings and part derelict houses and leading steeply down to the fields and terraces below the ridge of the village. Two concrete roads lead steeply down from the square, barely wide enough for a car to pass, and very shaded by the houses on either side. The strata of the limestone, upon which, and from which, the houses are built are clearly visible as they form the foundations, and protrude into the road, barely distinguishable from the hand-hewn stonework of the houses. These two lanes run parallel, down to the other coffee shop and the two shops which stand in a row facing you. It is this area, rather than the square that is the 'hub' of the village, if one at all could be said to exist. Whereas the other coffee shop closes long before nightfall, this one often stays open quite late, and the men sit together, talking, playing cards or watching television. There is another, long-closed coffee shop opposite. Inside there were still the chairs, tables and cabinets, and on the covered terrace there remained an old table football; all very dusty, but now it has been converted into two small holiday apartments.

The coffee shops are male domains, although both are run by women: one by the policeman's wife, and the other by the daughter of the very elderly and eccentric lady with glistening, vacant eyes who will invariably accost anyone she comes upon as she wanders harmlessly and pointlessly around the village, bedecked, like all the other very elderly women, completely in black. She has the air of faint purpose about her, but is by no means agitated, seemingly happy to be moving about the village.



Olives drying outside the coffee shop, Pano Oropedhio

A few times I accepted the invitation of the Mukhtar to join him in a coffee, but it was a very awkward experience. The other men inside, curious but uncomfortable themselves at the foreign and female intrusion became quiet, until they gradually resumed their conversation and ignored the fact that I was there. I never stayed long. It was not female territory, and although the invitations marked that I was an exception, being a foreigner, it was clear that had I been a Cypriot woman, I would lose the fragile position of acceptance I held with the women in the village, were I to become a regular at the coffee shop, and particularly if I were to accept an alcoholic drink such as the local spirit, *zivania* from a man. I was told that so doing would be tantamount to a sexual 'come-on'. I was always very aware that we were the exception, and were afforded great toleration in most things. We were odd, but we were foreign, and we did not really matter very much in the scheme of things. I was also something of an oddity being a mother with two young children in the village. There was only one other family with a child still at school, and he had been something of a late mistake; he was seven and his elder siblings had long left school.

I was introduced to another social anthropologist whilst I was there, who had conducted all of his fieldwork in coffee shops with the help of a male English

interpreter. I envied him the narrowness of his research focus: Kolokassi, a vegetable, common in the east and south-east Asia, and Cyprus and parts of Greece, but few other places. The latter said that he had learned most of his Greek through frequenting the coffee shops. For a time, I envied their easy access to what appeared to be the centres of political activity and gossip, but it goes without saying that appearance is all it was. Of course power has no single location in the village. The coffee shop in Pano Oropedhio had a tired, desultory air about it. Rarely was there impassioned debate: most of these men were retired, remote from the burgeoning centres of trade and tourism that their children were involved with and living in. Conflict arose, as I will go on to describe, but these were somehow emasculated, petty squabbles over resources that would become redundant once the ageing villagers died.

The description above, like the coffee shops, has, I realise, a desultory air about it, especially when contrasted with Loizos's animated analysis of the dynamics of a vibrant Cypriot community (1975), and the heat of local politics in the late 1960s. What I describe reflects a very different dynamic, of a community in terminal decline. There are no young people in the village, no families, and, as I said, the only Cypriot child that goes to the local school was a 'mistake', born to a woman with three grown up sons. There are half-hearted attempts to encourage younger people back, if they come to work at the Environmental Studies Centre for example, they are expected to live in the village, but few stay for long.

There was no nostalgia on the part of the villagers for how the village had been in the past. When I asked if they were not sad that their children would not be continuing to work in the fields, looking after the olive and citrus trees and the vines, the response was a shrug and a toss of the head. It did not seem to compute; the hard daily work and care that the villagers took of the trees, of the investment they made, with the careless response. Admittedly, some had left off doing regular work, and were enjoying retirement, only harvesting the olives and almonds for their own use. The generation that had moved away, or had been educated away from the village – these people's children – professed to having scant or no interest in returning. They came up to the village out of a sense of duty to their parents, to help with the harvesting,

but, almost without exception they had no intention of maintaining the vineyards and orchards that were their inheritance. There was no sense of letting their parents down, nor, on the side of the villagers, was there any anguish over the inevitable fate of their fields. When I asked them about it, they merely shrugged, not with any particular sorrow, more with indifference. Most of these older people, especially the women, had worked all of their lives in the scattered small fields on the precarious terraces on impossible slopes surrounding the village, producing a piecemeal selection of subsistence and market crops. It was easily let go of however, not only by the children that had been educated away from it, but by the very people who had invested all of that labour.

Invitations in to someone's house for coffee were very frequent, and were made if I was passing by, or if I met one of the women on their return from the shop, or the fields. The only men who would invite me were our closest neighbours. In the case of Andreas and Theonitsa, either one would usher us in solicitously into their kitchen-cum-yard: it was walled on three sides, with main double doors onto the street in one wall, steps and a door up into a dark little kitchen where they would sit round the fire in the winter. The 'missing' wall gave access to a small enclosed yard 'roofed' with a dessert vine, and also the outside staircase up to the 'bedrooms'. The larger of these doubled as a living room with straight-backed chairs and the television. I was often taken up there, and it was the room where Theonitsa stored much of her dried food such as beans and nuts. It surprised me that this 'bedroom' was not private space, and once she took me up there when Andreas was ill in bed, and we carried on as if he was not there. This was not so for other women in the village, at whose houses I was shown into a sitting room or kitchen that more closely resembled a layout that was familiar to me. In fact, very little that Theonitsa did or said could be generalised to other villagers! I came to realise that she held something of a special place in the village, but her idiosyncrasies were indulged by most.

Loizos's description of friendships, how they are formed, and the close connection with kin relationships (1975:89-90) resonate strongly with our experience there. He states that there is not the 'implied gradualism of north European friendships (1975:90)'. I was initially confused by the ferocity of arguments that were followed a

few days later by hearty greetings, and also by the fact that Theonitsa instantly took me under her wing and was very direct with me from the start. We were also on good terms with our landlady and her family, in spite of the bad start that I described in the Introduction, and they would come and visit whenever they were in the village. However, on a subsequent visit, when someone else had taken on the house, she seemed convinced that Struan had sold the large dining table that the new tenant had not wanted in the house. They had put it in the empty house behind our own – part of an extended network of houses nestled together that reflected the family relationships, but the table had subsequently disappeared. Their repeated asking about it made it clear that they did not wholly believe that we had not sold it. We had known them over the year, done a lot of work in reclaiming the plot behind the house as a garden, to their constant and effusive delight, and Struan had done a lot of work for the landlady's sister in her garden down at Coral Bay. Our 'garden' had been another house belonging to the family. It was a complicated family, all sisters or half sisters, but all very close. I was distressed at the accusation, but could do nothing about it. There was no aggression, and I suspect that they were also aware that any of the neighbours was equally likely to have taken the table. She was also very critical of the former tenants, and expressed anger and distress at the state the house had been left in. The couple had taken in all the stray cats – approaching twenty – that roamed the village, and had not looked after the garden. Our landlady was presenting us with something between a plea and a challenge. After the bad start, and our unwittingly getting caught up in the English ex-pat feud that was played out through our renting of the house, we attempted to be model tenants. Theonitsa said how impressed the landlady had been at how clean I had left the house. By our collusion in her indignation at the former tenants, we were promising to be 'better' than them. However, as the incident with the table showed, tension was inherent to the relationship, and having strangers in her house was clearly not easy for our landlady. Distrust was, as Loizos also suggests in the case of 'Kalo', part of the structure of relations within the village (see also Campbell 1964; Herzfeld 1985; 1991).

Village houses – old and ‘new’

Village life had apparently been poor and hard until relatively recently in this part of Cyprus. To be sure, there were still scant signs of modern convenience or luxury. All but a handful of families live in the old-fashioned stone and concrete houses, or *makrinari*, a simple house style that is a long and narrow single-storey ‘box’— a standard nine-foot width. As the family grows, more rooms are added along the length, or are built at right angles to the first room. Each addition has its own door to the yard, and a hole can be knocked through internally so that one room leads to another, but the only independent access to each is from the outside, there being no internal halls or landings. If upper storeys are added, they too have staircases built from the yard to a narrow balcony that gives access to the upstairs rooms. They do not have internal staircases. The development of a house then is quite easy to discern from the first single room to what might become a house surrounding three sides of a yard. The back wall of a neighbour’s house often comprises the fourth wall of the yard, and there would only rarely be a window in this wall, and if there was, it would be small and high up, maintaining privacy in a situation of crowded housing and narrow, labyrinthine paths and lanes. Flooring was traditionally of a local marble, *marmara*, cut into small flags, which has become desirable again as people are starting to refurbish old houses, but in Pano Oropedhio, floors were of concrete, that was finished such that it was shiny, as if highly polished.

These houses, with their thick stone walls and small windows were cool and dark in the unbearable heat of high summer. Unfortunately we were in a more modern house that was badly designed and built, such that we cooked in summer and froze in the winter! On a number of occasions water flooded through the bedroom ceilings and continued to do so despite several attempts to concrete over the perceived problem area on the roof. No-one compared it unfavourably with the more traditional housing, except by implication. Over the time that we were there, I met four female architects, three of whom were heavily concerned with Cyprus’ architectural heritage and its conservation. We watched as a thoroughly modern concrete house was built in the ‘traditional style’ with tonnes and tonnes of concrete and kilometres of reinforcing

rods disappearing into it; but by the end, it looked the part of a traditional *makrinari*, complete with details such as the small alcoves in the walls for water jugs, and traditional fire places and an external staircase and balcony.

Concrete

I never quite got used to the amount of concrete that was poured over Cyprus whilst we were there. It is hard to know where to place a discussion of concrete within the thesis; it could fit with Chapter Three, as it truly seems to be a 'shifting surface' on the island, but it was also a growing feature of village life, as yards were filled with it, tracks were made into concrete roads, and as it was integral to new 'traditional' village houses. Tonnes are poured into making new hotels, new houses, to retain terracing or banks for new houses trying to secure the best sea-view. It could also be considered as a metaphor for cultural accretion. Concrete equals the new, modern, progressive and technological Cyprus. It is poured on thickly but it also conceals and obliterates. It can obliterate a past. It is very versatile, allowing unlimited scope for the architecture of new houses. Whilst, as discussed in Chapter Six, these new houses are a particular statement of new wealth, and status that is a new configuration, different but connected to the expression of the same values of the village, they are also very directly expressing a liberation from the strictures of the 'traditional' house structure that is so defined. Are people concreting over the cracks of an 'old' Cyprus, or one that cannot be fixed? Or are they articulating a complex desire to obscure a personal past stuck in a backward village, as well creating a concrete future that looks forward, that is about individualism and individuality? This could be a personal and/or a collective desire, one of a number of ways of getting on with the business of being Cypriot regardless of how politics defines the way it should be done. With concrete, at least the surface can look solid.

New houses are built by developers in huge estates expressly for ex-pat British – all the hoardings shout in English to holiday-makers to have a permanent holiday in Cyprus. They are also built as a family project, just as houses have always been built, for daughters. They can be slow in going up, and it is common to see the concrete shells on rough plots on the outskirts of villages, being built piecemeal. They still

belong to the daughters, and it remains an expectation that a daughter will get a house built, although it is less straightforward than it was, and in the towns particularly, the lines of ownership were less clear with those I spoke to about it. Couples built family homes for themselves in the towns. I did not learn about land-holding in the towns, but I was aware that, through complicated networks of relations, that some villagers owned property in Paphos town for example. Migration, and events before and after 1974 unsettled property issues. Many 'strangers' came to the towns, and made the towns. Distant relatives appeared and were not always welcomed with open arms, but sometimes with suspicion and animosity. A Cypriot in London told me how he had gone looking for his grandmother's home, but was not welcomed by his family because they thought that he had come to lay claim to some property that they had enjoyed *de facto* ownership of. Fault lines of rupture and fragmentation are exaggerated by events leading up to 1974 and its aftermath, but conversations during fieldwork demonstrated that these lines merely obscure the shifts and disconnections that have always been current to some extent. The attitude in the village contrasted markedly to that of the refugees, whose former land was so strongly invoked and imagined.

As mentioned above, I was privileged to watch the creation of a *faux* 'makrinari' in the small plot opposite our house, that literally concretised some of what I posit above. It *looked* like a traditional house, but was chiefly built from concrete and steel. Was modernity being obscured or historical process that embodies and displays change and new technologies? The family of our landlady owned the plot, and her niece, an architect who lived in Nicosia, decided to design and build a house on family land. We did not meet her till the latter stages, when the finishing features were being added. It was a large house, fitting into a small plot, and disputes soon surfaced about it encroaching onto the road, making access difficult, and also onto Turkish Cypriot land to the back, where two tumble-down houses sat. The new house meant that there was no longer access to these properties, and they could not be seen – they had been all but obliterated.

Of the five architects I met, four were women. Houses are the concern of women. The one man was more concerned with civic projects, small and large. The women

were primarily concerned with, and interested in 'traditional' domestic architecture, and were part ethnologists, part conservators and part architects. But their interest centred on the village and domestic spaces, rather than being concerned with large, modern development projects.

Kato Oropedhio

Kato Oropedhio was about a mile away from Pano Oropedhio, heading north, down towards the coast. The most direct way of getting there was along an old path that widened to a track that started down below the church in Pano Oropedhio. There was also a road that ran along the valley side that met up with a network of roads that met in the centre of Kato Oropedhio, close to the ornate village wells. Kato Oropedhio was of a comparable size to Pano Oropedhio, but felt very different. It was lower, not on a ridge, and was more verdant, and the houses were more spread out and seemed to be larger. There was also more variety in the style of the houses, although with the recent renovations, it was hard to see the remains of the original houses in some instances.

Kato Oropedhio had been an exclusively Turkish Cypriot village until it emptied in the early 1960s. I never found out where the villagers went. Nobody talked about that decade, except Turkish Cypriots that I met, or, after a few meetings, one refugee in another village spoke about living through the period up to and after the invasion. He was scathing about how the Turkish Cypriots looked after their surroundings, but at least one of the said that they were better builders and used more stone and less wood than Greek Cypriot builders and used tiled roofs rather than the flat roof that was piled with earth. The lime content in the soil meant that the rain created a cement-like layer, and salt was added to prevent plant growth. Latterly, concrete proper replaced the earth, although some unused houses in Pano Oropedhio have the earth roofs.

The wall of silence hung around the village forty years on. When I first visited it, it was one of the strangest experiences I had had. It was a ghostly place. It was before I had found out about what was happening there. There had been two refugee families

living there since the 1970s, occupying Turkish Cypriot houses. The husband in one family was actually from Pano Oropedhio, but had married Anthoulla in 1977, during the war, who was from Trikomo in the north. Evthimis felt that Pano Oropedhio was home, but he was not there because of the breakdown of his relationship with his father, who had sold all the family land and squandered the money. Despite the proximity of Kato Oropedhio, he said that it felt like ‘a very different place’. He said that they had come there because they had no money and no work, and that it was easy to get a house there. Most refugees gravitated towards the towns, rather than rural areas, and there has been little movement to the villages since 1974. Evithimis and Anthoulla really thought that the border would soon open up and that their stay would be a short one, and a temporary solution. However, in the early 1980s, they started investing in life there, buying farm machinery, and later the buses. He said:

We have put down roots here, doing things to the house, the children were born and have grown up here, and we’ve invested so much money in the place – no-one can repay that. I could move the machines somewhere else, but not the fields. And I’ve put so much work into improving them. If we left we would lose all that. But, it doesn’t feel like home; it’s not my place and it’s not where we belong.

For Anthoulla, her former house is literally the home of all her memories. It was an old stone house, and she has heard reports that it is now nearly derelict. “The Turkish Cypriots only wanted the new houses. I miss the extended family being close by, we would often get together, and my father loved having his family near to him”. She longed to be able to go back to see her home. Her acute sense of isolation from her family was greatly exacerbated by their situation. For many years they had lived in a large empty village with one other family with whom they had had a long-standing feud. There was no communication between the two families. Evthimis and Anthoulla worked very hard: they had converted some of the buildings into holiday houses and ran a seasonal taverna, but without her extended family close by, and an empty village as home, there was work and the lives of her children, who, as refugees like her, had a provisional sense of belonging anywhere. For her it was visceral, for them, official.

It is hard to describe how very odd it was walking through the village. It was a very lonely place. Most of the houses had been, or were in the process of being renovated. Evthimis, who was the Mukhtar of the village, could not understand why the government had waited twenty-five years to change the law to allow non-refugees to take on the houses. He was suspicious. He said that all the houses had been photographed to record their condition before they could be taken on. Non-refugees had no title to the properties, nor had the refugee families, and they were nearly all second homes for people living in Nicosia. Grants are available, but Turkish Cypriot authorities in Paphos insist that time limits be placed on doing up the properties; failure to do so would mean that the tenancy would be revoked.

I met the man who claimed himself to be the unofficial Mukhtar, because he had been the first non-refugee tenant there, and basically had surrounded himself with all his friends there. It was clear that a lot of money had been invested in the houses. The 'tenants' paid a nominal rent that was administered by the government on behalf of the Turkish Cypriot owners, based on rent levels in 1974. The village came alive at weekends, but again, with an odd air – akin to a camp site. Evthimis, the official Mukhtar, was disappointed that there were not more people who had decided to set up permanent residence there, which would make the place more of a community – one or two people had moved in recent years, but it did not eliminate the very provisional and fragmentary nature of the place.

The village is emblematic of many of the currents in Cyprus, and especially exemplifies and strongly iterates the all-encompassing provisionality of the island. Kato Oropedhio is full of virtual people, virtual refugees, ghosts of Turkish Cypriot landlords, who don't even know that they are such. The children of the families that are permanent residents, have lived there all their lives, but are still classed as refugees. There is one woman there, whose partner is a refugee. She works at the Study Centre in Pano Oropedhio, and her partner often works abroad. He has a son from a former relationship, who lives with his mother in Limassol mostly, but visits at weekends. She has a house in Limassol too, and had a business there, but she was brought up in Yorkshire. Another woman there, an Irish woman, remained in Kato Oropedhio when her relationship with her partner, who had worked at the Study

Centre, also a refugee, broke down. She was there unofficially, the house being in his name, and she kept herself to herself. Uncertainty is inherent to having anything to do with the village, and its tendrils reach into the lives as well as the houses there. Most had a clear concern about security, and had constructed high fences around the houses, which was an odd sight in Cyprus. Is the security fencing a response to this, or the more pragmatic and normal suspicion of one's neighbours? What was their concern; was it a response to the general air of deep uncertainty, or was it the more pragmatic response to the threat of theft? One of the architects made much of the design of houses being about security: courtyards were enclosed originally to keep the animals secure at night, and windows were kept to a minimum and very small to prevent intrusion. It is hard to know how much was her interpretation, but a number of Greek Cypriots explained the enclosure and privacy of houses as a defence against Ottoman Janissaries and Sipahi cavalry. The picture was painted of crowds of them periodically and unpredictably descending on villages on horseback, rampaging and pillaging. I wondered whether the architect's stress on security was a rendition of this common nationalist perspective.

There is then, a move back to the land, an idea of a rural idyll, free from the constraints of the family's attachment and all the attendant complications of family land. They move into vacant space, vacant in the obvious sense, but also in the sense that the abandoned homes all over Cyprus are such stark and poignant reminders of the vacant political space. There is no solution in the offing, and these houses were crumbling, unlike the fortress-like static ideology of the thirty-year long, essentially unchanging politics. They could not be allowed to do so. The possibility of return has to be kept alive – both a return home for the refugees, and a return to the 1974 status of an apparently united island. How ironic then, that those who undertake the work of rebuilding the houses are also those who are investing in a solution not coming about.

The one building that the government maintained was the mosque; a marked political response to the widely reported desecration of Orthodox churches by the Turks in the north. The government sends a clear message that it regards Turkish Cypriots as equal citizens, as it has always done. History demonstrates otherwise, but most Greek

Cypriots would make a point of saying how they had lived happily with their Turkish Cypriot neighbours, and grown up with them (see Loizos 1981: 39-46). I never disbelieved this on the personal level it was told to me. There was a 'line' I was given by any I asked that 'we all got on with our Turkish neighbours. Only on one occasion, when I asked Theonitsa, my neighbour, if her next door neighbours, who had been Turkish Cypriots, were her friends. She threw her head back contemptuously and said "pah, Turks, friends?". A Cypriot in London described a simple scenario that fills some of the gap and the disconnection between history and this insistence on living happily together. He said that it was not all instant, brutal evacuation in 1974, but that many left over the next two years or so. Friends, who were Turkish Cypriot police would come and warn families if the situation was going to get worse for them, and that it would be better to leave, being able to take their belongings, rather than being forced out without warning. He did point out the paradox that at the same time as helping the families, the police were also helping the Turkish authorities to dispel Greek Cypriots.

It is neither here nor there whether the upkeep of the mosque in Kato Oropedhio is an empty rhetorical gesture: in a sense it is a virtual statement in a virtual place. No-one is fooled, and no-one in the village particularly cares. They do care, but do not dwell on, whether the investment they have made in the houses there is secure if there is a solution to the 'Cyprus Problem'. They have no answer, but they shrug, and get on with creating their second homes. They are allowed to use the gardens, but they are forbidden from growing any crops at all for profit, and from cultivating any of the fields around the village. The anomaly of well-kept houses and overgrown surroundings adds to the whole picture of it being a decidedly strange 'community'.

I visited a number of other deserted villages in the area. The locations were idyllic, and the relics of life there, of part-built houses – ultra-modern in the early 1960s, were very poignant. I spent some time with an Australian archaeologist doing her thesis on a comparison of Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot architecture. We visited the villages together, and were mutually inspired by our different but very related interests. She pointed out the features of the Turkish Cypriot houses, many of which had been abandoned during building. She argued that these were evidence of a

modernising state, that their reference was to the ideology of Ataturk. The design was unlike Greek Cypriot trends. The aesthetic was clearly different, and even thirty years on, there were the remains of horticultural features in communal areas, and around houses that were not evident in Greek Cypriot villages. Plant holders were built into the wrought iron staircases leading up to houses; concrete plant troughs were outside what had been the taverna, and many houses were decorated in some way with stylised flowers, or the 'tree of life'; in the ironwork of doorways, or on lintels. There were also the remains of gardens, with little surviving except the ubiquitous rose, important to both communities for the production of rose water, used as a flavouring and perfume. On the whole, the villages appeared to be laid out very differently from Greek Cypriot villages, with far more space between the houses. I do not feel confident in pressing this point however, because there are many other villages, not so remote, where it would be impossible to tell the difference between one that was Turkish and one that was Greek, apart from the presence of a minaret for example; although many mosques did not have one. It is likely that the layout has more to do with the topography than with a different aesthetic. These villages arouse fascination, and not a little sadness. Most are testament to a hopefulness for the future, judging by the building that was going on at the time. A few had what would have been new schools, that could hardly have been used. As I have said elsewhere, the goats and sheep have moved in; the shepherds using the buildings as shelter for their stock. It is only the mosques that are secured and closed up.



Abandoned Turkish Cypriot 'modernist' house under construction in 1960s-70s



Taverna in abandoned village with in-built raised bed

The villages do give the impression of waiting for the inhabitants to come back and complete the houses, to start again where they left off. The response of the shepherds and the Greek Cypriots making second homes however, speak of a different expectation; that there will not be a solution that will bring the owners back; or that they, despite the loaded rhetoric of return coming from the government, are getting on with the pragmatic present.

Tourists and tourism litter this thesis to a greater extent than was intended. In a sense they are the most virtual of inhabitants in Cyprus. The Greek Cypriots in Kato Oropedhio qualify as a particular category of tourist. They are not the generation that were brought up in the villages and were keen to get away. They are constructing this piece of Cyprus in a particular way, according to a different aesthetic from foreign visitors. They are also working from a different perspective from those first generation migrants. These latter still belong to their village rather than the town they live in. Time and time again, when I asked someone in their forties or fifties where they were from, they would cite the village they grew up in rather than the town or city they lived and worked in now. The tenants in Kato Oropedhio are repopulating the countryside because it is an escape, an idyll without a history that they are intimately connected with. This brings them closer to foreign visitors to the villages, they occupy a space that is between insider and outsider.

Village tourists

There is an Environmental Studies Centre in Pano Oropedhio, that I describe in detail in Chapter Four. It is a private, charitable resource, providing educational courses to schools on and off the island. They are also marketing short courses and trips to tourists, both to the visitors staying in the village, and to those coming out for the day from Paphos, Latsi or Limassol. Villagers who own property to rent can make good money from renting to tourists, and some advertise via the Internet. But much of the accommodation is tied up with the Centre's needs to accommodate visiting teenage students, which does supply more regular, if not so lucrative, returns.

To the villagers, there is little difference between tourists and students except that for the students they are paid only five pounds a night per student, they only stay two or three nights and they leave a horrible mess. The villagers do not organise the accommodation, the Environmental Studies Centre does the allocation and pays the owner later. The owners have no control over their income, nor their property, in effect, and the system relies on a level of trust that is alien. I was employed on a casual basis as a cleaner for one of the houses, and I went in after each set of students. Although I never met the owner, the family came to stay in the village over the summer. It was Olga's house; she frequently made distressed phone calls to the Study Centre to complain about damage to the property such as shutters and beds being broken. I did witness a general lack of respect, but not wilful damage. I overheard many telephone conversations during which the director attempted to appease Olga, who lived in Limassol, but on at least two occasions he was told that the house would no longer be available.

The complete lack of understanding on both sides was firmly entrenched. The director of the Centre did not fully understand the relationship between house and owner, or chose to ignore it, nor the complete lack of control the owner had, and how hard it was to relinquish responsibility to the Centre. The system was decidedly divisive, and villagers who made their houses available fought amongst themselves if they sensed that they were not getting as much business as another. It was a system that maintained houses in the village that might have otherwise been abandoned, and

it also maintained links between people who had grown up together in the village but who had new lives far away from each other and from the village, in one or other of the major towns. When they were back in the village however, it was as if they had never been away, and the dual existence they lived was unremarkable. They were still firmly 'of' the village. If a villager was co-ordinating the letting, the problems and acrimony would be there. It would be a thankless job for anyone, and the Director was probably afforded more latitude because he was a foreigner, at the same time as being a useful (again, foreign) vessel for collective dissatisfaction.

This is in contrast to those who had repaired houses in the neighbouring former Turkish village. They had no historical links to the place or the properties, and those families that lived there created their own relationships anew. There was a distinctively bohemian feel to Kato Oropedhio; it did not have the somewhat oppressive, competitive and agonistic atmosphere that suffused Pano Oropedhio. I will not dwell here on the differences in such close geographical proximity, but the definition of 'tourist', though apparently simple, is not that straightforward. Are these ex-pat villagers local, maintaining sentimental and economic links to the village, or are they capitalising on an asset? And the incomers who have taken over property in the next village: are they 'holiday-home owners', or are they a new brand of local? There are also the students, and the 'real' tourists who rent the houses or apartments for a foreign holiday. The difference between these last two have become less distinct as the Environmental Studies Centre has recently offered treks, ecology days and conservation days to visitors, as a means of generating more income for the Environmental Studies Centre, making them students of Cyprus' culture and ecology (which is an interesting fusion in itself). There are also a small number of foreigners who own houses in the village and visit once or twice a year. In this limited landscape there is a confusion of who is the tourist, and who is the local, and what is to be done about those who are neither, such as foreigners who settle there, and Cypriots with holiday homes?

Overall, the Environmental Studies Centre takes on the role of overseeing, in literal and metaphoric terms. It is based in the former village school, built close to the Church. The school at one time was an extension of the Church and a focal point for

the village, and the ESC retains something of this focus, even though it is, of course, secular in the extreme. The director tends to control the visitors that come to stay in the village, being fully aware of the accommodation available at any time. Certain properties are often used for his friends and visiting family. He negotiates the weekly rates, being in the privileged position of being virtually bilingual, and therefore the only potential middleman. Indeed, it was through him that we came to be renting the property we stayed in during our time in the village.

Tourist views

The tourist who ventures to the villages, and they are predominantly British, are looking for the 'picturesque' and the authentic. As Jasen says:

the idea of the picturesque, a particularly English aesthetic category ... referred to a distinctly different and less spectacular quality of landscape, one that was visually pleasing, but lacked the emotional impact of the sublime (1995:9).

As discussed in Chapter One, this incorporates a particular relationship to 'views' and 'nature', and is linked to colonial aspects of a western relationship with environment as the 'other' as discussed more fully in the next chapter. This colonisation that constitutes the 'view', is set against the local relationship to land, and produces a seemingly irreconcilable conflict. The local relationship to land, has more to do with a close-up view; a 'privacy' of land. This privacy does not necessitate an omnipotent view over one's territory, nor is it strictly about 'private property' in the way I might use the term. It is about a direct connection to the piece of ground one is on, and/or what has been put in it in terms of trees particularly, but also crops in general on that particular piece of ground. Archaeology in Cyprus constitutes land-use in broad terms, and, ironically, is implicated in the ongoing construction of Cyprus. It is under public ownership, and what the world (of tourists) sees is controlled by interpretation and some omission (there is little intellectual interest or scholarship in Medieval remains, for example). It is related to the presentation of 'traditional heritage and culture', and these are the most visible arena of contestation over what Cyprus is. I will go on to discuss this in more detail in Chapter Five.

I would argue that the local significance of land is not about the imagination of vast tracts, disappearing beyond real or created horizons, as was the Enlightenment vogue in landscape design in northern Europe, but is about the productive piecemeal terraced patches around the village. My neighbours owned or rented small fields and terraces defined by the crops grown on them, and the availability of water and irrigation. It was the trees that defined the areas. Citrus orchards, *Perivolia* were the prestige holdings, and all of these were down in the valley bottom, on the fertile flood plain, two or three miles from the village, although Theonitsa was experimenting with a variety of citrus trees in her fields nearer home. Except in the case of orchards, where the trees were planted as a crop, leaving no room for anything else once they were mature, trees were underplanted with a random mixture of vegetables and potatoes on a loose crop rotation. Theonitsa referred to them merely as the fields, *chorafia*, and they were either near *konda*, or far, *makria*, in relation to their house. None of them were contiguous.

From the village, the views were breathtaking, but the horizon was out at sea, to the north and west, sometimes the hazy mountains of Turkey coming into view, or the Paphos forest to the east, a beautiful mountainous region where only native pines would grow on the impossibly sheer, red and rocky slopes. As outlined above, tradition and inheritance practices dictate that land owned is not visible as a whole, and cannot be imagined or visualised as such. Holdings are piecemeal, small, and scattered. Children inherit equally from both parents. The fields, *chorafia*, are talked about, but they exist in every direction from someone's house. The orange trees, *portokalties*, as I have said, are down in the valley, the vines, *ambelia*, are high on the rocky chalk terraces, and the walnut trees *karidhiai* are in the deep, damp and shaded ravines. Closer to home, in the walled and high-gated yards, *avli*, are the private gardens, enclosed and hidden, and not indicated because in most cases they constitute part of the home, and the women will do most of the tasks in the summer outside under the shade of the trained dessert vine, or the mulberry tree. As well as the vine there will always be a lemon tree. These examples do provide an aesthetic aspect to these private yards, but it is their utility that is foremost. They provide shade, greater privacy, and are productive. The many mulberry trees were grown as a source of food for the silk worm larvae that fed a booming silk industry, well into the

twentieth century, and the lemon trees have a culinary and a cleansing function as frequently displayed by my neighbour, who used lemons in everything edible, from cleaning meat to soaking olives and in all vegetable and bean dishes.

The yards can be socially productive also: the proud sister of the Mukhtar took me into hers. As with many yards, there was a hotch-potch of trees and containers, some raised beds in areas where there was no depth of soil on the underlying limestone. It was very ornamental, and she pointed out the various arches and raised stone beds that her husband, now dead, had built for her. She then took me into a separate, parlour-like room off the yard, cluttered and full of bright, if faded, fabrics, vases of plastic flowers and showed me the photographs of her husband, and of them both when they were younger. One area was a continuation of the other in terms of self-presentation. I had thought that the whole scene had a shrine-like quality, with the constant reference to her husband, but as I got to know more about her, and once saw her glide, quite magnificently, into church in her fur coat, head held high, where all the other women remained in their unassuming black, I realised that the garden too was a demonstration of status. She was actually expressing her own status via the concrete features her husband had left. She would entertain visitors in the 'parlour', although her friends would be found in the kitchen when they visited.

There is certainly status to be gained in owning more land, and the value of it is solely and directly related to the wealth that can be gained from it. It is not the land in and of itself that has the intrinsic value, but the trees on it especially, and particularly the olive, walnut and citrus trees, and to a lesser extent the almonds. So, as with the Mukhtar's sister, status was gained through what was growing, or what was concrete, such as the additions that her husband had created for her, rather than the house which was an unremarkable village house. Trees constitute a particular type of property, as outlined above, which is hard to grasp. However, when one considers how alienation in terms of ownership from the land has been institutionalised on the island for centuries it is unsurprising, but no less interesting that what land is and what it holds, supports, contains or whatever is more important than the land itself. The (value of) land is rendered virtual, of unreliable value, or at least, at risk of being appropriated by a 'state', the EU, a neighbour, or a family

member. This theme of the value of and attitude to land came up, from the perspective of historical material, in an interview with a Cypriot environmental activist that I describe in detail in the Chapter Four.

The indifference is a reaction, an alienation of a kind in which the *idea* of the land is not important. The 'heritage' that the older villagers have passed on to their children is one of the attainment of knowledge and education so that the need for the land is not essential. It has become merely a transactable commodity, which is further supported by the vast areas of abandoned land that is either rented or bought up from absentee owners. The strong family links with particular places and areas are there in the archaeology of memory and people do have a clear idea of what belongs to whom. However, in addition, the ghosts of the other absentee owners, the Turkish Cypriot neighbours are still around. Everyone knows which is Turkish land, and which houses in the village were Turkish. So there have been a number of strands of migration from the land, the younger people being educated away from it, and the far more violent and concentrated one in the early 1960s, and then again in and after 1974.

Land then, does not seem fetishised to any great extent in the village, and is seen in very material, pragmatic terms. As you get closer to the Green Line however, whether in actual or in conceptual terms, the land becomes quite intensely fetishised as a valuable resource for family and memory, ideology and politics.

I wondered how this distinct lack of sentiment was reconciled with the ubiquitous reference back to a village when I asked anyone where they were from. If they had lived in Paphos, Limassol or Nicosia for all of their adult life, they would name the village from which they originated, with a pride and fondness. The fact of displacement, whether enforced or voluntary, appears to 'switch on' a personal discourse of attachment to a place. One is removed into a self-conscious place of difference, of problematic association. For many of those who have left the villages, become educated or trained, there is no sentimentality about their childhood home, which was the opposite of children of refugees. Some of the most extreme responses to the current situation came from young 'refugees' born long after 1974. There is no image of a lost rural idyll. Life in the village is still very present, and in contrast to

what is available and affordable today, it was a hard, and uncomfortable life. Electricity only appeared in this area of the Paphos region in the 1970s. I was astounded to discover that the one woman in the village still to have a school-age child in the village had only moved from her mother's stone house a few years ago, that house had only rudimentary wiring, no hot water, and stone floors. The family of five had lived in a three-room *makrinari*. She now lives in a large modern house on the outskirts of the village, built on family land, and she has two other houses rented out to staff who work at the Environment Centre, or for the use of the students.

Around her new home, Erini had chosen to have a lawn; the only one in the village. When asked about it, she laughed and said that grass was the only thing that would grow on the ground there, the soil was so thin. She had put trees in when she first moved in, but these had sat and hardly grown. However, this was one of the houses that stood out in the village for its modern style, as did Erini, for her relative youth. Modern houses were not enclosed and concealed by the walls of adjoining family houses and high gates. Her new house was exposed, and open to view. Her garden, at least close to the house, was also open and unfenced. Where the concrete came to an end though, so did any pretence of display: the house was built on what had been a field, and the rest of the field was still there, with a defunct Mini where the dog lived and to which it was chained. It was messy and had the common feature of the steel reinforcing rods sticking up from the roof. I heard various reasons for this, one being that you paid less tax on an unfinished building, although this was denied by an architect. She said that it was just bad building and was done to supposedly allow for another storey to be put on when money allowed, or more children demanded. It was unwise practice because the presence of the rods allowed for water to get in that would eventually affect the structure of the building. The visual effect of the practice was to make whole townscapes seem very provisional and non-committal. However, this tendency was a continuation of a trend to build in potential expansion, as was the case with the *makrinari*.

Some villagers

On first appearances, it would seem that there was only one generation left in the village: the very old. But after a while, it became clear that there were in fact two generations – the old and the very old. The ‘old’ were those who ran the businesses in the village, such as the Co-op, and the post-office. Mikhalis who ran the co-op, or *Synarghatiko*, also ran the one existing grain mill in the village. People would bring wheat that they had bought, rather than grown, for him to grind. I knew of only one person, the husband of a refugee, who lived in Kato Oropedhio but was from Pano Oropedhio, who still grew wheat. It was not a common crop on that part of the island. There had been a number of water mills in the area, but they had long since fallen into disuse, due I was told, to the change in the water table following the severe earthquake in the 1950s. This one was diesel powered. It was housed in a building down below the coffee shop, close to the small concrete Mukhtar’s office, and the adjoining public toilet. Takis, the Mukhtar, could sometimes be found in the office, but it wasn’t particularly salubrious, and more often, he was sitting outside or in the coffee shop, quite impassive and unsmiling. His face was unfathomable and set, and it was impossible to tell what he was thinking. He did not show any strong reaction to anything, although he was quite inquisitive with me. I was told that he understood much more English than he gave away, but, unusually as far as other Cypriots were concerned, he never used any with me. He had never married, and had three sisters in the village, all very different and not without some influence.

There was a bit of a flurry when word got around that we had arrived, and there was an initial rush by the women to have me over for coffee. I thought that it was innocent curiosity and hospitality, but I suspect now that it was at least as much to do with the social hierarchy in the village. To begin with, Theonitsa would never come into our house. She would leave food for us, as others did when we weren’t there, but she would never accept anything in return. A friend later explained that it was indeed about status. To accept an invitation is to show that you are lower in the social hierarchy of the village. Food left and invitations to visit denoted higher status as the recipient was put in the position of gratitude, and, by extension, deference and

obligation. This obligation was sometimes specified obliquely when a favour was wanted, and being loaded with nuts or fruit might be offered as a tacit understanding that a minor conflict might be resolved – working a bit like a bribe or emotional blackmail.

After some time, however, when my presence at Theonitsa's caused no particular rush to entertain, she would happily come and sit in my kitchen and was clearly fascinated by how I did things, just as I was with her, or she would show me how to cook something that she had brought me. She was particularly interested in my Christmas cake, and was clearly pleased to see that I was using her raisins and almonds in it. She insisted that I decorate the top with our initials using blanched almonds, and she made a big thing of making sure that Struan's was done first and was the most prominent.

The giving was something of an insurance policy – you give produce as a matter of course, when returning from the fields, with the understanding that the onus is now on the recipient to maintain good relations. The anonymous plates of *palouzé*, a kind of thick very sweet blancmange made from grape juice and flour, were a mystery. They would appear, but somehow, within a couple of days, I would get to know who had left it, and was able to thank the person.

Theonitsa and Andreas

This couple were our next door neighbours. She along with others welcomed us to the village with eggs, vegetables, *palouzé* and grapes, but of all the village women, it was to Theonitsa that I became closest, and learnt most from. Her age is not reliably known, but I think that she is in her 70s, and that she is older than Andreas who was a builder to trade but is now retired. One of her sisters lives next door, and she has another in the village who has never been married. In any event, Panayia has no children, but has a donkey and a perpetual glint in her eye. Theonitsa and Andreas have three children, Nikolas, Katarina, and Stavros. Nikolas and his wife have two children and live in Limassol, and he is in the army. Katarina lives with her husband in Geroskipou, near Paphos. He works at the airport and Katarina works part-time. They have three children, the eldest Fanny is studying business in Nicosia, but she is

the only one in the family who speaks any English. The youngest son, Stavros, lived at home. He had been 'normal' up to the time that he did national service, but then he had 'turned strange', and one explanation is given in Chapter One.

I was warned by various villagers about him, and there was initially something menacing about him, but caution was soon dispelled. He had picked up a bit of English with work at hotels, and he was keen to talk and asked many questions, especially about life in Britain. It was highly unusual for a man in his 30s still to be in the village, let alone living at home. It was assumed that he suffered from schizophrenia. He was on medication but he wouldn't always take it. In the spring, when we had been there for about six months, I noticed him becoming more and more withdrawn, he stopped speaking, would sit for hours in his car, he avoided people, ceased making conversation or even eye contact with me.

We would often hear terrible screaming and shouting coming from their house, of him arguing with his parents, and sometimes other family members. These rows got worse and culminated in him eventually attacking both his parents - both needed stitches in their heads, and Stavros was taken away by the police. It transpired that he was taken to hospital in Nicosia, but only for a couple of days, Theonitsa soon went to get him. He was heavily sedated and was in bed for at least a week. He gradually improved. Andreas showed me his wound, I asked if it had been Andreas, but he wouldn't be drawn by me. Anyway, he knew that I knew. On another two occasions, he was at our house and he broke down and cried, completely unable to contain his evident despair. Theonitsa, on the other hand, was the one who took charge, taking him to the hospital for appointments when he was well, although she never once made any reference to Andreas's illness, and was always evasive. Theonitsa never mentioned the incident to me, but it was clear that the family was very much involved in how it was dealt with: particularly her sister, Panayia.

I did not get to understand or to learn much of the intimate details of life in the village, such as the facts and feelings about relationships and feuds. I had to accept that I was an outsider, and an English one to boot. The mistrust wasn't personal, and it suffused many relationships in this tiny community of fewer than a hundred people, many of whom were in some way related. They were all 'cousins'! The

English have a particular and peculiar status in Cyprus. As a recent colonial power, and with a burgeoning number of retired and semi-retired ex-pats, not to mention the two million or so tourists, this is hardly surprising. The English continue to influence much in Cyprus; not so much in Nicosia and Limassol, the larger cities, but certainly in Paphos and the rural areas. They seem to seep in, buying up village houses, coming for a few months or weeks and then disappearing again, until they finally settle. The defences were there, long before we arrived, as was the category under which we would be filed. But as I say, the mistrust wasn't merely about outsiders. Theonitsa would frequently admonish me for not locking the doors, and confide solicitously, grabbing my arm in her huge powerful hand and drawing me closer, that there were people in the village that would steal from us, that had stolen from her.

Andreas, Theonitsa's husband, did not present the picture of the straight-backed 'macho' and moustachioed Mediterranean male. He was a very slight man, shorter than Theonitsa, very thin, slightly stooped, and clean-shaven. He didn't drink and he didn't go to either of the coffee shops. He would occasionally be found in the post office with the men there, and the couple who kept the post office. That is not to say that Andreas was hen-pecked. They had their mutually assigned roles, and it was soon very clear that they really did work as a team. There were clear labour divisions: Theonitsa was solely involved with everything to do with preparing food. She always made the coffee, gutted and cleaned the chickens and rabbits. Andreas looked after the rabbits, chickens and the donkey. But in the fields the work was evenly shared. Andreas had sole charge of the 'tractui' the small, versatile piece of machinery that served as transport, plough and rotavator. Theonitsa and I were only necessary when it was being started up. We would have to hold it down while Andreas would wind the length of cord painstakingly around the front, which did the same thing as a starting handle. The process could be quite labour- and time-intensive and there was usually much swearing and shouting. While Andreas ran behind it down the very, very steep lane to the fields, Theonitsa and I would follow leading the donkey that was loaded up with all the necessary tools, food and water for the day.



Theonitsa

Our garden and learning from Theonitsa

We were in the fortunate position of having a piece of fairly derelict land behind the house we were renting. Bit by bit, we cleared it – there had been a house there, belonging to the family of whom we were tenants. We were given chunks of geraniums to put in, where antirrhinums had self-seeded on the way to the village square, we pulled off seed-heads and sowed them. We quickly got the ground ready so we could put vegetables in, using some really well-rotted donkey manure from the next-door ruin, where a donkey had been stabled. Andreas and Theonitsa took an interest in the garden and gave us some seedlings of the giant cabbage that they grow and in another bit of ground, Andreas gave us some of his seed potato and helped Struan to plant them. We also gave them seed that we had brought with us. Theonitsa

had been impressed by the much bigger pods of the broad beans we were growing. After some persuasion and explanation about eating them whole, she also asked for some sugar-snap and mange-tout peas. In their orchards they were also growing new varieties of olive that had been developed at the Agricultural Research Stations, and were grafting new citrus varieties too. So, while I have painted a picture of a somewhat drab, dying village, there were pockets of innovation and investment, and in some small way, Theonitsa contradicted both the intellectual ‘heritage’ purveyors – collecting and privileging the ‘old ways and traditions’, and also those Cypriots who said that such villagers as Theonitsa were stuck in their ways, and not prepared to modernise.



Working with Andreas in our garden

I was struck by the complete absence of any shades of any ritual involved in the processes of growing, although very early on I realised that I was in a place whose pace and timetable were completely dictated by the various processes connected with growing and harvesting. There was a very direct and immediate connection between what was harvested and what was eaten: it was picked and then immediately prepared, eaten, cooked or preserved. Growing was all very insouciantly done. It would make sense to draw parallels with work done by Rebecca Bryant on education in Cyprus, regarding the reluctance to let me help, or to teach me even. She notes that the relationship between teacher and pupil is one in which the pupil has to wrestle the

knowledge from the teacher, that it is a valuable commodity that shouldn't be given away easily. However, this does not match my other experiences of learning from Theonitsa. I suspect that she wanted to get the job done quickly, and she and Andreas were so used to working together that I would be a hindrance.

She was more than happy to show me how to cook and to prepare food. We spent a lot of time 'mediating' things that came in from the fields. She showed me some of the ways that different kinds of olives were prepared, giving me my own bucket – load to nurture at home, we would sit for hours sorting through them, removing leaves, twigs and bad ones in the huge patterned sieves, and did the same with black-eye beans and the raisins she had dried on an old iron bedstead for weeks and weeks, and I was up and down to her roof where batches of olives were laid out in the sun. She worked in the fields with amazing speed and power. I sat and watched in frustration, feeling like a child that couldn't be trusted to do it right even if shown. Or, as I say, they worked as an efficient team, the consistently unreliable tractui notwithstanding, and had clearly done so for years, and I didn't fit into that particular relationship.

Sometimes I was allowed to help with the planting or sowing, but rarely, and I would sit, being told to eat, on the sidelines, watching them work. If there was anything that needed harvesting, I was put onto that, whether it was vegetables, salads or olives. I was treated as though I was completely ignorant of horticulture. Saying that I was a gardener was meaningless, and was ignored. In the context of most things being foreign, planting and harvesting calendars being completely different, and cultural techniques being, to my eye, careless, this makes sense.

The exception to my exclusion from being of any significant help was with the grape harvest. Feeling privileged, like most unsuspecting newcomers, to be allowed to help, at the end of the day I was glad to get home. Most of the grapes are cultivated on bushes rather than trained on vines, so picking them is both labour-intensive and back-breaking, and done in truly sweltering heat. With the growing of the crops for their domestic use, spacing and order were simply not issues. I sat one day, watching them plant potatoes – with Andreas ploughing, and Theonitsa following behind putting in the seed potatoes. I, despite being dressed to work, was continually told to

sit down and that I would get my boots dirty. Eventually she relented and allowed me to cut some spinach and pull up some beetroot.

When I went down a few weeks later, there was no sign of the potatoes. Theonitsa told me that they had taken them all out because a fire had spread from the terrace below, and burnt the tops off. So, they put broad beans in instead. There was no great tragedy, not even annoyance apparently.

Landslides and rock-falls are also common, and the net result of the combination of these factors, and the loose, chalky, white limestone creates a landscape that is of sharp, angular and near-white steep slopes, carved into with man-made terracing. In the west of the island, where we were, and where the rainfall is slightly higher, the slopes have a better coverage of maquis, scrub and trees. These areas, though, are under constant attack from herds of goats, and the constant threat of fire. The surface can change very suddenly and dramatically, and that is the norm – with fire, with rainfall, with the sudden greening as soon as rain has fallen.

These factors don't induce a sense of crisis. There was no sense of indignation on the part of Theonitsa at the neighbour letting a fire get out of control, and as I say, they quickly replanted. It was a small field, but the work is intensive. They worked together, but seemingly quite haphazardly: one day at one field, the next at another on the other side of the village and any task was dealt with in a day. The field was cleared after a crop, either by burning off the weeds, although this was usually done around the field boundaries, or by the rotovator. Fields were not left ploughed over winter before sowing, but planted up as soon as the ground was prepared. They would often work in silence, although I often discovered which field they were in by overhearing them shouting at one another or with or at a neighbour, usually about water, which I will come on to. When I would ask them about how they did things they would often disagree: as to whether they used to grow wheat, for example, and even whether they sold their walnuts.



Terracing blending with the natural topography

However, responding to features changing on the surface is not a big deal. It is too simple to say that there existed a slow ponderous way of life, unchanged for decades, because the work practices away from the house were not planned long in advance. I witnessed many changes of plan at the last minute, thinking I would find them in one place, or would be going down to the orchard when we would end up staying at the house, or going to another field completely. Decisions about what would be done might be dictated by when one of the children could come up to the village to help, and their plans did not seem to be that fixed either, or plans would alter merely because of a simple change of mind.

My experience in the village did not match the view that life there was slow, inert or unchanging in the least. Tourists passing through, and indeed, Cypriots who had moved out of the villages remarked on the quaintness of unaltered practices, in the former case, and the lack of dynamism in the latter case. There was conservatism, but this disguised the fact that these same, elderly people were the same ones that encouraged and educated their children out of the village into modernity and the professions and business world. And whilst old disputes between families and factions in the village remained in force, the animated, and often heated discussions in the coffee shops, were witness to an energy that did not merely indulge in nostalgia. But with a lack of any younger generation, there was a clear sense that these disputes would be truncated and ended as the villagers slowly but surely died.

It was striking that while the villagers worked extremely hard, and were always busy, it was with a great sense of freedom. They told me in response to my asking whether they ever went on holiday that ‘every day is a holiday, we choose what we do every day’. Andreas was retired, and his work pattern would have been different when he worked on the roads, but even those things one would imagine to be part of a routine, such as the shop and coffee shop opening hours, were subject to alteration. I can only speak of the village as it is, that is, full of retired people, so the air of *laissez faire* is probably far from general, but the industry was definitely secondary to the socialising.

The work was done hurriedly, things grew quickly, and died quickly: the fields were constantly changing. I am not saying that this had an effect on anyone’s psyche but my own. However, the rapid change of surfaces must impact on one’s relationship to those surfaces. How we react to what is on the surface is dictated by what is culturally invested in the significance of those things. Material culture, in a discussion on the nexus between what is organic or geological, and the narratives that emerge, is an all-embracing concept. Artefacts and aesthetics are inseparable from both the ground and the psyche.

Argyrou argues, in relation to the attitude to litter on the island, that a distinction is made between man-made litter – paper, plastic and tin cans for example, and organic litter – excrement, weeds, things that rot and can produce pathogens. This is an inversion of a British idea of what is ‘bad’ litter, litter that spoils the aesthetics of public space. When he spoke to a hunter about discarding empty cigarette packets and shotgun cartridges and their boxes, the hunter responded angrily, asking how much damage can they do, that ‘with the first rains, these things become soil’ (1997:166). It is the natural things that rot that constitute dirt, things that attract flies, rats and cockroaches, but also weeds because they hide snakes and are therefore a threat to personal health and safety. My experience was much the same. Around the village all manner of household detritus was tipped down any slope, from fridges to old baskets, oil drums and furniture. In the fields tin cans and paper were just left on the ground. My neighbour did say that the metal was good for the trees once it rusted, which is a variation on the theme of litter becoming soil. The cans were often

left around the bases of trees, or on the pile of dung *copri* that was rotting in the corner of the field. This waste was ‘clean’ waste then, not a moral or any other threat, in an environment that was seen as quite harsh and unforgiving. I am not convinced by Argyrou’s stark distinction between the different vision of the physical world being dictated by ‘the division between manual and mental labor’ (1997:162), as it implies that there is no possible intermediate response or experience, but his arguments about the imposed moral significance of litter in a discourse on the aesthetics of public space are compelling. There is no necessity for a relationship with the physical world to be conducive to, or bound up with such aesthetics. Indeed, if, as he suggests, the relationship is more visceral and confrontational (that one struggles against the environment, but is at the same time threatened by things that rot) it is easy to argue that it is more direct and implicated. One is more ontologically connected to that physicality by dint of the close, if dangerous, organic connection.

This connection included a relationship to animals. There is no sentimentality, and most self-respecting Cypriot males between twenty and fifty would don fatigues on a Sunday and Wednesday and go hunting with guns for birds, hares – anything that moved. None of the village men I knew did so. Having said that, I knew a number of men in that age group that were not hunters. Hunting was *macho*, an exclusively male occupation. Andreas had never been a hunter, but he was concerned with the animals they had.

As I said, at Theonitsa and Andreas’s house, I was as the daughter, copying the mother, as he went about completely unrelated jobs, such as the care of the rabbits for eating, or the donkey, which was a particularly time-consuming occupation, but one done fondly. I heard many ex-pat Britons say how badly Cypriots treated animals, but this did not account for all that I witnessed. I did see a number of stray dogs, having proved useless for hunting purposes, wandering, starved, along roadsides or loose in the fields. And they were often kept in small cages on the back of vehicles in the searing heat. There were also many stray cats, because Cypriots would keep them as pets, but not neuter them. They were not really pets in the same way as Britons regard them (see Strathern 1992), and no anthropomorphising went on. The ex-pat response was to open animal rescue centres – and most charity shops

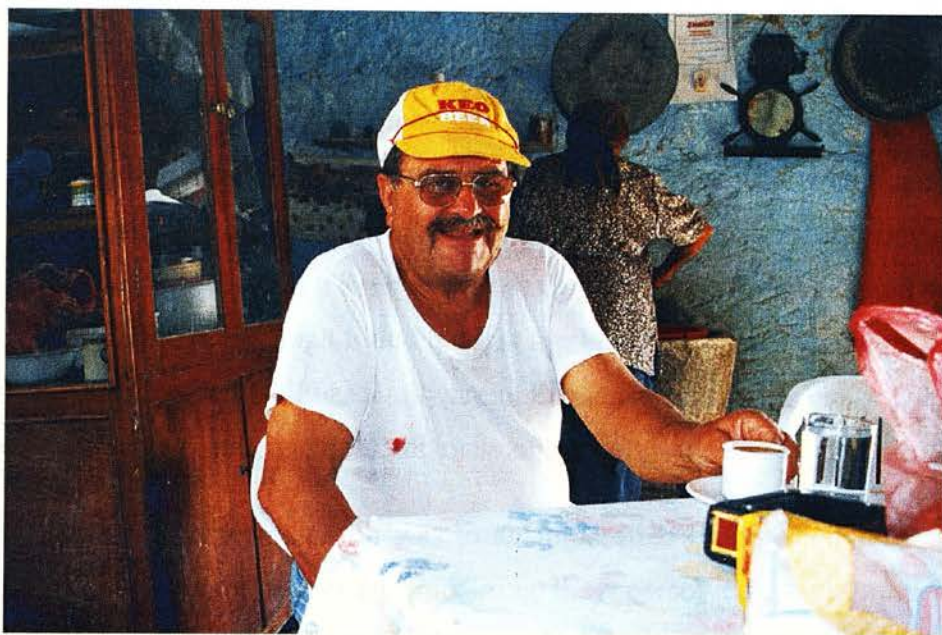
on the island were set up to support these or to take on an enormous number of strays themselves.

Our neighbours adopted a cat, gave it scraps and named it after one of my daughters. Another neighbour, John, had rescued an injured race horse and given it a home, and had a dog called 'Two Fifty', named after the amount he had paid for her. I went in one day to see the dog, a very young goat and a hen penned up together. It was an odd trio, and John explained that the kid was lonely and that Two Fifty had become attached to it. A few days later he came past in his pick-up, distraught, and said that all three had gone missing. He drove around the village and beyond looking for them, asking people to keep an eye out for them. Two days later he had all but given up hope of finding them, when someone from a village some five miles away had seen them, all still together in one of the fields. He was delighted, and went to retrieve them.

John/Diogenis

John/Diogenis was a neighbour who had returned from forty years in England to his family home, and he had become a self-styled local arbiter, and commentator in the village. He had enjoyed an upper middle-class life in the south of England as a hotel owner, and his status in the village, and his home, were fascinating. He had been away for a long time, longer than he had lived in Cyprus, and had gone to work for an uncle in London initially, so his familial ties had already been exported to some degree. He wasn't a pioneer in the sense of forging a path through a strange and foreign cultural undergrowth, he was a post-colonial migrant who assumed the quintessence of minor English 'gentry', which is, I would argue, an attribute, even a culture, quite peculiar to the Home Counties. It can also be bourgeois, nouveau-riche, and self-satisfied (I speak as a product of the area), but somehow it also affects a gravity absent elsewhere in the UK, perhaps because of the proximity to London, to the centre. Such association seems to afford the mantle of the default standard, the social status equivalent to received pronunciation. This, in any case, is what emanated from Diogenis when he spoke about his time in England, and how I saw him conduct himself in the village – as an insider with the knowing vision of an

outsider, an elder statesman who knew the psyche of the ‘village peasant’, because he had come from the village himself.



John/Diogenis in Theonitsa's house

When we first met him, he described his hotel as serving the type of client that enjoys grouse-shooting, or playing golf. He said that he did not play, and had no intention of starting, although Nick Faldo had got married at the hotel, and had promised to build a course for him, but never had found the time. He revealed this from a golf buggy that he started driving around the village. It had emerged from one of a number of containers he had brought over with him. They were full of an eclectic mix of useful, interesting, or just odd bits of England. He had two vintage cars that were in bond – a kind of car quarantine. He had reached an impasse with the authorities over how much he should be charged to get them out. Because of their age, it should not cost much, but on the other hand, they were ‘worth a packet’. He was allowed to take them out occasionally, and brought one up to the village once in a while. He was a complete hoarder and collector of everything. Struan was given the job of trying to organise some of it. Out of one of the containers came: the golf buggy, a road sweeper, loads of wood, stainless steel drums, and a big copper amphora.

He had come back to the house that he had been born and brought up in, and was a cousin of our landlady. It was clear that he, and more obviously his wife, had experienced very mixed feelings about being back. They had a restaurant in Paphos, and she stayed down there more often than not, living in the small flat above. She had it decorated just like in England, she said. She had moved from Lefkara to London when she was ten, and said wryly that she had never recovered – she found English impossible, coming to it so late, and empathised with Amy and Beth trying to learn Greek. She said that the move back to Cyprus had confused her, and that she still prefers England, although found her last trip back in February difficult because of the cold and the dark. All her family are in England, she is not in contact with any from Paphos, or Lefkara, and does not know of any.

She struck me as a woman who was in an impossible limbo: their hotel life in England was about constructing something they perceived as quintessentially English, and they loved doing it. It was a product they created and developed very successfully, but her life in London was real enough as a reference point. For John/Diogenis, it was more of a game, a job that he was good at and enjoyed to the full, and it seems that his reference point was always Pano Oropedhio. I asked him why he had come back, and he laughed loudly saying “I didn’t want to die on the job. This is where I was born, this is home, of course”.

His house was like no other in the village – or anywhere for that matter. He had named it, which was not normal in Cyprus. He called it ‘The Grange’, which seemed very apt – ‘a country house with farm buildings’¹. He is an excellent chef and loved growing food here, and entertaining, and we would often be fed by him. Although they had had gardens in England, they did not grow much produce for the hotel after one year they had grown so many potatoes as the only crop, and could not use them fast enough, and storage was always a problem. His place is a very eclectic mix of styles. The house is L-shaped, and furnished with mainly dark heavy English furniture that overwhelms the small rooms. Along both sides of the L he has built a verandah. The yard is partly paved and he had just put in a swimming pool. He has

¹ Collins English Dictionary definition

some very old fancy wrought iron gates that he has put up, leading down from his verandah, and quite a number of the old style street lights which apparently were used in the hotel grounds. He has built a viewing platform, with a tiled roof, open sides and raised high above the yard on a brick base. The views eastwards from his house are breath-taking, and probably the best in the village. It is bricked using the very small red bricks you see on Elizabethan buildings in the UK, laid in similar herringbone designs. He has a water feature, with a cast iron section of a little footbridge, that had been used in the hotel grounds, below a rock affair from which the water tumbles down into a pool after going under the bridge. This is in the middle of a bed which has plants in at the moment but that he says he will grass. It is a tiny area, and he laughed when he confessed to having ‘one of these fancy sit on mowers’. He did not see it as necessary. He laughed at himself, having brought over many such items, either as ‘bits of England’, or in case they came in useful.



Additions to John/Diogenis' house

He lived next door to Theonitsa and Andreas, and the different expression of themselves through their homes was fascinating and amusing. ‘The Grange’ attempted a hopeful and nostalgic gesture towards an English country house, that against all the odds, the surroundings and the extant house for example, almost achieved its aim. John and ‘The Grange’ were indivisible. But it was his childhood home; he kept chickens as his parents had done, and much of the garden was given

over to vegetables and fruit trees that they would have had. Theonitsa had given him the tomato seed, and in a small field next to the house, he had planted young olive trees for his cousin.

He told me that he was also descended from the most famous Dragoman in Cypriot history, Hadjigeorgakis Kornessios, who had come from the village. His life has parallels with the Dragoman's – becoming powerful amongst the respective colonial powers, coming from the village, and having the advantage of being bilingual. I first met him when I was struggling to ask my neighbour something, and she went to fetch Diogenis from next door: a massive man in his sixties, in shorts (unheard of in the village), a tee-shirt, and a baseball cap. Immediately, as the only conduit for conversation, he as interpreter, became the focus of attention. This was also the reason that the Dragomen were so powerful. Hunt underlines this fact. He was:

the man through whom all official business between the administration and the Greek Cypriots was conducted (and) was a Greek appointed by the Archbishop. At the beginning of the 19th century the Dragoman Hadjigeorgakis Kornessios was described as the most powerful and the wealthiest person in Cyprus (1990:242-3)

Diogenis could not claim this position, but for that early meeting between the anthropologist and Theonitsa, he was indispensable. For weeks my neighbour and I talked at cross purposes about this man, as he had introduced himself to me as John, but they knew him only by his Cypriot name! Every time I talked about 'John', Theonitsa would look at me in complete incomprehension. He became set up, or set himself up, as the insider who knew the ways of the world. He wasn't implicated in the feuds that had grumbled on through his absence, but knew of them all. He would never make it being elected as the Mukhtar, precisely because of that lack of implication, but also because of his long absence. Was he really an insider? Most of the villagers had not left the village, nor their land, and it was unusual for those who returned to come back to live in the village, preferring the comfort of new villas closer to Paphos.

John/Diogenis returned to the rural way of life, having taken his love and knowledge of cultivation to England, where it had become transmuted, complemented by, or had developed into, brilliance as a chef. He brought it all back and the whole lot was

integrated into his garden, his home and his lifestyle. He didn't seem to do a lot of work, although he had much technology, he had had staff, and this set him apart from the villagers who had never left. John/Diogenis embodied the ambiguity of identity through everything he did in the village and in his home.

John/Diogenis had taken on the difficult role of administering the water in the village. Water is stored in a large round open tank in the village that is refilled daily, outside of the hours between 11am and 3pm, when John says, the government need the electricity required for the pumps, to run their air-conditioning! Water is allotted according to time slots for each villager in different areas. A whole series of wide-bore pipes lead to most of the fields and valves along these are opened by the landowner at the allotted time so that water floods over their plot. He took it on because he said that there are two main factions in the village, and he got on with everyone so thought that he could mediate any problems. I asked why it caused more problems than anything else in the village and he said that it was simply because it was so necessary. But it also relied on a level of trust, that has already been shown not to be the default position in the village (and beyond). People complained that there was not enough water in the pipe, so they were not getting their share, or that people will simply leave their taps open after having shouted to the neighbour that it is their turn. My last story in this chapter concerns water, trees and my neighbours, the problems of ownership, and leads on to some of the other concerns of this thesis, and especially the presence of the Environmental Studies Centre, and themes relating to Cyprus and its land in broader and external terms, which I consider in Chapter Four.

Exposed roots

As I have said, one of the major causes of trouble in the village was water. There was an ongoing conflict when we were in the village, and it involved Theonitsa and Andreas, the Environment Centre, and, latterly, the police. There was only one stream flowing near the village. You came to it about a mile and a half down a steep winding track into the valley to the east of the village. Further down the valley was a beautiful area with a waterfall and the ruins of a water mill. The valley was a gorge

at this point and I often used to walk down to it. The Environment Centre ran courses from a half day for the local primary schools, conducted in Greek, to week long field-study trips for English speaking schools in Cyprus and throughout the Middle East – especially the private schools in the oil-producing countries.

The Centre had a series of set days and activities to complement various syllabuses; for GCSE and 'A' level for example, as well as a university group that regularly came from Derby. The subjects covered were Geography, Biology and Ecology. One of these activities entailed taking the groups of students, moaning and unfit, down to the stream to survey the fauna and habitat. As you leave the track, you have to take a narrow path into the trees, through the giant reeds, past another ruined water mill, over the stream and along another path and down to a small area where the stream widens slightly and has some accessible bank.

Immediately above this stretch of stream, Theonitsa has quite a number of walnut trees, from young saplings to huge mature trees. Walnuts are the most valuable crop. They also need a lot of water, and often need irrigating, making them an expensive crop to produce. Like olives, they are also labour intensive. The outer case has to be removed before they are sold, and at harvesting time, the women's hands become stained dark brown-black for days from removing the fleshy husks. I was often stopped from doing the job because of this. Theonitsa has walnut trees closer to the village that do need irrigating, and I went with her and one of her sisters one day, down past the church to where they were growing.

We sat down in the shade by one of the large bore irrigation pipes (3-4") and waited till 3.30 when Yiorgos turned it on. Another couple came to join us and it was obviously a regular meeting - their watering time followed Theonitsa's. They sat round for a chat for a bit until it was their turn. Theonitsa had her *tsapa*, that was hidden in the undergrowth. It is the most common tool used in the fields, looking like something between a pick and a spade, and cleared the main channel, hacking at the ground so that the water could flow freely. After the water had been flowing for a bit, her sister took it and went off to see to her trees.

Theonitsa gets water on this section for half an hour at the same time every Saturday. She motioned for me to follow her down this steep path, the limestone roughly stepped, onto the terrace where her trees were. She turned on another valve allowing the water to gush out. Immediately she set to with another *tsapa* that she left in a shallow cave in the wall of the terrace, clearing leaves and twigs out of the channels, working her way methodically along with me following picking up fallen walnuts or her handing them to me - she had handed me her special apron which had a huge pocket in front made for the purpose. When I wasn't close, she just put them down her black Calvin Klein tee shirt. She worked along, opening up or damming channels until all the trees were surrounded by a circle of water, the sides of the circle built up with earth to retain the water around the tree. The other two, joined by Panayia, sat and chatted at the end. As Theonitsa was finishing, Kypros got ready at the valve on the lower terrace to follow on immediately from her. I was to find out that this was a very amenable watering session: the others are around to ensure that the person preceding them in the watering timetable doesn't go over their time, and to ensure that the valves are all turned on and off properly. Later I came to realise that the frequent shouting, down at the fields were over just such issues. There was the assumption that everyone would try to somehow get the better of the system by not turning their valves off properly, or by emptying the village water tank. The shouting, initially alarming, was often accompanied by the waving of the huge taps at one another, that they carried around in order to open and close the valves.

Water was a strange commodity in the village. There was little angst over the national water shortage, and Theonitsa washed up all the time under her running single cold tap, and my memory is of her always sloshing lots about, sending daily streams running down the steep concrete road from her door. Water, small yellow boxes of soap powder and lemons were features in her constant flow of cleaning. Traditionally, the village was thought of as having plenty water, and there were a number of water mills within a couple of miles, but this hadn't been the case for about fifty years when a severe earthquake drastically shifted the water table. Suddenly, much of the surface flowing water went underground. Luckily for the village, this loss of the village wells, still extant next to the taverna, coincided with the British supplying piped water to various points in the streets around all the

villages. These are still all over Cyprus, but no longer connected, and consist of a simple concrete construction with a single tap and a shallow sink, a bit like a drinking fountain. For some reason, they decided to engrave the year of installation on each one. It must have been an enormous operation, and one that was rendered redundant within ten years, when water was piped to all houses.

However, to return to the walnut story. Theonitsa's walnuts down by the stream were special because they didn't need any extra irrigation. As the ground sloped steeply, some of the roots of the lower trees were exposed. She and Andreas became increasingly upset at the students having to walk through the trees and over the roots to get to the stream and claimed to Richard, the Centre's Director, that they were doing a lot of damage. Initially, Richard tried to placate her, taking the students a slightly different route. She was not happy, and would complain to me, and would talk to Richard's wife, plying her with fruit and nuts in order that she would use her influence to stop Richard taking the students down there. It became clear that Theonitsa didn't want them anywhere near the orchard at all. I later found out that a similar orchard, that I had noticed was oddly fenced off, with a padlocked gate, down closer to the waterfall, had been a site of a similar dispute some time earlier. Richard became frustrated and told her and Andreas that walking on the surface roots did no harm anyway.

I was very embarrassed one day, and felt treacherous, having gone down with the group of students and teachers to see what they did. I saw the full force of the conflict at first hand, as Andreas got increasingly upset and angry with Richard, and eventually threatened to get the police involved. Richard became more intransigent as the dispute became more entrenched, and he was triumphant when, having got the Mukhtar involved, he found out that the land didn't even belong to Theonitsa, it belonged to the Mukhtar, her cousin. The stream didn't belong to anybody, so Richard should feel free in continuing to take students there. The trees however, were Theonitsa's, and whatever Richard said, or the Mukhtar for that matter, she continued to stand her ground. The dispute goes on, and Richard told the other teachers to take the mobile phone with them and not to hesitate to call the police, now that it was clear that right was on their side. This was duly done, but the teachers

became increasingly uncomfortable, both with the threatening behaviour of Theonitsa and Andreas, and also with the antagonistic 'resolution'. They eventually decided that they would not take students there, whatever Richard said, and that they should clear an area further down stream and away from Theonitsa's trees.

There is an official dread of malaria returning, and there has been a long-standing policy, a hang-over from the British occupation, to spray all standing water with insecticide every few months to kill off the mosquito larvae. The date of spraying is marked on the nearest tree, or boulder or, if it is a trough, on the concrete. The efficiency of the policy is quite astounding; you can be in the most remote area, and come across the smallest puddle of fetid water, and become aware that the sprayer has been there a few days before. Richard had negotiated with the authorities that the area of stream should not be sprayed, because the insecticide was not specific and killed absolutely everything in the water. Unfortunately, last year, the message hadn't got through, and the area surrounding the stream was sprayed, killing everything, and making it useless for teaching purposes.

Concluding thoughts

In this chapter, in sharp contrast to Chapter One, I have come down to the earth of Cyprus. There is some historical background to landholding to give context to attitudes and experiences associated with land that I came across. I have also introduced the discussion on authenticity, with regard to houses, and more specifically a question of whether association with a particular piece of land actually has, in lived experience, anything to do with a sense of belonging. This is also a current running through the whole thesis, and I realise that here, it has been suggested through the stories of villagers and others, rather than any direct pronouncements. Land, and a particular piece of it, might be invoked in claims of belonging, but for the people that I met, histories and experiences were as piecemeal and disrupted as the landholding pattern itself is on Cyprus, and in fact, although sadness and loss might be verbally expressed at being 'away from home(s)', wherever that, or they might be, people can adapt, recreate, accrete, and express a sense of themselves through various concrete forms. Sometimes these are

unremarkable, and part of a undisturbed relationship with a place, but for others, such as John/Diogenes, his expression incorporated all his experience, and all the places he has dwelt in. I continue this theme, that links self-expression to gardens, in Chapters Five and Six.

CHAPTER THREE

SHIFTING SURFACES

This chapter deals with the permanence and impermanence of history, or rather the visibility and invisibility of it. I approach it not from documentation, but in its concreteness as it appears on the island. It is about surfaces, aesthetics, and to a degree, burial. The implicit connections between political discourse and the facts and artefacts of what is literally on and in the ground of Cyprus will, hopefully, be rendered explicit. And as is already clear, the language of historical process/existence is similar in many cases to the language of political and historical rhetoric: history is buried both literally and politically, as are bodies and the stories they told, but history also has concrete manifestations and shifting surfaces.

I approach it all from the point of view of shifting surfaces. It is an apt image for what I found to be the predominant attitude of the Cypriots I met: a pragmatic approach that lived with impermanence and change as unremarkable.¹ There is a sense of carelessness about surfaces, an acceptance that nothing is fixed. It appears to run contrary to the image of an island in a state of political limbo, that fixes its history as beginning and ending with Hellenism. But the experience of the island is of flux, of invasion, and counter-invasion being the norm. The flow in and out of islands is their normal historical experience. They are stopping-off points, strategic

¹ This observation does not apply to refugees nor to the discourse pertaining to refugees in Cyprus, that is highlighted throughout the thesis. I seek here to flag up the default position of Cypriot attitudes I encountered.

out-posts, peripheral and in-between places. Cyprus seems to have taken this status to heart. The provisionality of Cyprus is masked by both the political impasse of the past thirty years, but also by the mantle of quaint folk-ways peddled by the tourism machine, via villages they advertise as nostalgic places ‘where time has stood still’, as unchanged and unchanging. In his article on folklore, Papadakis discusses how folklorists in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries decided what to ‘preserve and what would count as authentic national culture’ (1998: 704), and that folklore study ‘became a primarily archaeological enterprise into oral culture....following the same underlying logic which led to an emphasis on the discovery and preservation of ancient Greek monuments as aspects of material culture’ (ibid.:705). The oral culture and customs were equivalent to the plenitude of material archaeological remains, and the idea of culture as being ‘material’ persists today (see also Chapter Five). The national narrative was displaced to Greece by the strong Hellenist movement of that period, during the time of the *Megali Idea* (Great Idea), the dream of the Greek state of ‘bringing all “traditional” Greek lands (meaning the Byzantine Empire) under its control’ (ibid.: 704). However, a gap appeared for Cyprus: Britain took control during the same period and undermined the potential for the ‘big idea’ to take root in Cyprus. The legacy has added to the very particular provisionality that the island experiences now, that has also been fuelled by other factors such as the distance from Greece, its proximity to the ‘Middle East’, being an island, and being divided. Part of what follows discusses this provisionality, this continual ‘putting off’ of the creation of a concept of a singular, rhetorical Cypriotness, or rather the experience of nation-ness in terms of this absence of a master narrative, personal to Cyprus. There is a constant struggle between the forcefulness of these factors and the physicality of it being a bounded island, but this latter fact serves mainly to make the whole picture *more* provisional, and Cyprus appears very poignantly isolated. It could be an island with its own positive identity and discrete presence. It could be a national idea, a Greek place, or a European place. What actually frames it is the *absence* of all of these attributes, even though there are gestures towards them all.

One is aware of the tensions created by these layers of possibility, history and absence. Attempts are made by some (see the discussion in Chapter Four about the

seminar organised for visiting German anthropology students) to tie the provisionality down to the solid attributes of 'history' and 'traditions'. If attachment and a sense of what it feels to be a Cypriot is not to what is visible on the surface, then what constitutes attachment and Cypriotness? Kaul-Seidman (1999) argues that the rhetoric of attachment does not produce a convergent response, but that Jewish settlers in the West Bank can live with, and indeed choose, a dissonance regarding their 'concrete' responses: their houses shout their foreign-ness, their attitude their pioneering spirit; but there is the overarching claim of 'returning' to an 'inalienable ancestral inheritance' that 'they have always 'known'' (1999:98).

I use soil and its particular significance as a cultural medium and metaphor by way of introducing Cyprus in terms of its nation-ness. I argue that ideas about the 'nation' and what feeds them are layered: they are in the soil, in mundane everyday practices, and the barely noticeable moral minutiae of civic expectation, as well as overarching ideology. I consider whether it in fact constitutes a nation, and whether nationalism is a useful category in an analysis of how Cyprus appears. I take up some of the themes from Chapters One and Two such as the virtual versus the concrete, the aesthetics of place-making and the problems of talking about boundaries. This also feeds into what follows, and points to some of the preoccupations that I take up later in the thesis. This groundwork is supplemented by some conventional historical detail and by giving some theoretical consideration to the specificities of Cyprus. Memory is seeded by actual events; all is not so free-floating as post-modernism sometimes would have us believe (see Evans 1997:191-223). Soil is not an event, but a medium, as history is a medium, for current processes to be contextualised by concrete events.

Soil in the garden

In the context of gardens, soil is the starting point, the surface, the blank canvas. When creating a garden, the first consideration is soil type. We can manipulate, alter, and move the soil in a way that we cannot change the altitude, climate or underlying geology for example. A garden is fairly unique in that it is generally a small enough space where engineering in one form or another is taken for granted. It is very actively managed. But on larger tracts of land, for cultivation, there is more of an

assumption that one has to work with what is extant, and that the soil along with the other factors such as climate, altitude and water availability, dictate the crop to a certain extent. In this instance, soil is assumed to be bound to the rock beneath. I would argue that this unique dual aspect of soil, that appears in the context of gardens: of its mobility as well as its assumed fixity, creates a sort of 'blindness', a conflation of contradictions that has not been problematised academically or culturally in explicit terms. Soil is often used as a cultural symbol but is primarily treated as a dynamic biological medium. This latter fact, I would argue, also makes soil a dynamic cultural medium.

Gardens are dramatic spaces, stage sets for 'natural' activity. But everything is mutable and manageable, including the soil. However, they also become part of a landscape that *appears* to be immovable. To what extent is a garden a surface, a superficial phenomenon and to what extent does its significance become embedded? I mean this in both senses, both cultural and physical. The parallel question that this chapter asks is to what extent history, and ideas of what the nation of Cyprus might be, slides over, is actually mutable, or is embedded culturally and physically in and on the island. How are history and nation-ness fixed into the landscapes, as trees, or archaeology are, for example; if indeed they are?

Mutability was obvious on Cyprus, both in the quotidian practices in the garden and on the land, but also as it was built into the historical and nationalist rhetoric. There is no surprise here, that history is managed and moved, and is contingent. But what I intend to explore are the metaphoric and lived connections between the physical surface, the underlying strata, and the experienced manifestations of these connections as well as the nature of soil (surface) in its dual ability to appear both as the fixed vessel for rootedness, for territorial attachment, and as a dynamic medium connected with movement and re-covering, and the very organic cycles that soil is associated with. It is simultaneously vessel, mantle, and medium.

Instability is/was the bedrock of post-modernity. We are/were not to conclude that anything is/was as it seems/seemed, including the one thing we experience as unchanging – the Earth – such is the discrepancy between our own experience of time, and geological time, and our difficulties in conceiving of the extent of the

latter. We are told that it is dynamic, but we rarely perceive it as such, save for significant volcanic and earthquake activity. Provisionality goes deep, and is not only connected with cultural fluidity, but with the fixed surfaces with which we dwell. Nothing, not even geology, is fixed.

Maps continue to portray land masses as static and unchanging. Our world coheres and is understood through such immutable representations. The effects of the earthquakes and volcanoes that are part of the whole mobility of the earth's crust are not a preoccupation outside of the areas they occur, except in aid terms, and they are invariably then reported and experienced very much as local phenomena, and in terms of cultural effect, of damage done, lives lost, and not in topographical or geological terms, as part of the dynamic morphology of the earth as a whole.

Soil as a medium for growth

Here, I am going to discuss the material in both literal and metaphoric terms. The two are not mutually exclusive of course, as metaphor is used all the time to amplify the literal, as concrete metaphors ground many abstract concepts we use. What I want to convey is the prosaic, the banal in physical expression, because to a large extent the relationship to the physical surface is experienced in those terms. I did not get a sense in Cyprus that the relationship with the ground is one of perpetual struggle against the environment and the elemental forces of nature, but this could be because few people, even the old villagers who have pensions from employment elsewhere, were not dependent on the land for a living any longer. nor particularly did I find that the ground represents an idea of territory as an ideological concept, but is, rather, a guarded piece of personal property.

Soil, the surface layer of fertile material above the geology of a place, is the very basis of any garden, and its fertility is obviously crucial. Soil is 'built up' with manure and nutrients, and it has 'body', and is alive. Often it is moved wholesale from one site to another, it can be made clean, sterilised, by burning, ready to receive the next lot of seed. In Cyprus, with decades of a determined campaign by the Department of Agriculture, annual dressings of fertiliser (*lipasma*) and weedkillers

(*farmaka* – ‘medicine’) are applied. These do nothing for the long-term quality and structure of the soil, but they ensure a heavier and ‘healthier’ crop in the short term. Manure from the rabbits, chickens and donkeys (*copri*) is still used, being allowed to rot down before being applied. Good soil is created over time, but still, it is a fairly fluid surface layer – an unstable vessel that, with its association with the more solid rock beneath, implies a permanence that is invoked rather than real. The improvement of the soil, through the work of the Agricultural Research Institute, is built into the modernising rhetoric in Cyprus that has vestigial British colonial undercurrents of order, organisation and administration. I visited two of its sites and talked at length with scientific bureaucrats; or bureaucratic scientists – I’m not sure which, about their work, the history of the ARI, and the ongoing development of the horticultural industry. There is continual work going on to develop improved varieties of olive and citrus for example. Trials are also carried out on pesticides and new crops. At one of sites they were experimenting with herb production, regarding it as a possibility for growers wanting to diversify. I was told that the citrus research was a post 1974 phenomenon. The areas traditionally known for growing citrus were around Famagusta and Morphou, both now in the occupied north. Refugees took their skills south, and there are a number now who have extensive orchards.

There is a steadily growing cut flower industry, and this is occurring along with an ever-growing demand for cut flowers (see Chapter Six). The officer with responsibility for the sector, Elena, told me that the growers involved are very different from other growers. They are more highly educated, usually abroad, and she described them as being ‘more delicate’ as if they matched qualities of the crop they were growing. She regarded the shift from the tendency to give food and sweets as gifts, to giving flowers and pot plants as being linked to more ‘modern ideas of healthy living’, and that there was an association between something living, a plant or flowers, and health. This link, explicitly made, between health and well-being and plants came up again in a conversation with another gardener that I relate in Chapter Six. Cut flower production was the sector of the horticulture industry that was the most technologically advanced, with a lot of work being put into intensive cultivation. The crop requires careful regulation of light and nutrients to control and

manipulate flowering times. Most growers used hydroponic systems, which regulate the nutrients available to the plants, and also conserve water.

What was particularly interesting, in the light of what was becoming apparent in the village, and also what was very evident elsewhere (see Chapter Six) was that growers – even these highly-trained ones – did most of their learning through trial and error, and Elena said that there were no specific breeding programmes going on, and that most created new varieties from experimenting, and ‘trial and error’. These growers were, according to Elena, in a different class from other, land-based ones. Quite literally, because of the degree of technology involved, and a soil-less growing environment, they did not get their hands dirty. In their cultivation, cut flowers were a commodity, resembling a factory-produced product. In the outside world, soil was also becoming commodified. Another agricultural officer, who made gardens for people in his spare time, told me how he had ordered a specific mix of clay, sand, loam and compost from a supplier outside Nicosia. He had spent £3000 on bringing soil in. Most gardeners were not so particular, but new soil was believed to bring new goodness to what was already there.

Whereas many gardeners I spoke to were fairly vague about where ‘good soil’ came from, and distinguished only between ‘red’ and ‘white’ soils, the agriculturists could identify the specific areas where the most fertile soils were from.

Soil is created faster in hot climates, some of the deepest soils being found near to the equator. But the impression on Cyprus, away from the forest and the coast, is of thin, poor soils, barely there, and the predominance of white or red rock. Good soil is red soil in Cyprus, with a high clay content and the white chalky soil is regarded as less fertile. People told me this in different areas of the island, and if people could get hold of a load of red soil for their garden, they would. Clay soils are more water retentive, but the limestone provides the underground seams that provide most of the drinking water to the villages via deep bore-holes, as well as supporting the extensive vineyards. Vines are deep-rooted, and do not require irrigation. In the traditional wine-growing areas an increasing number of growers are investing in machinery and modern technology and opening small independent wineries, exploiting the fact that vines require no additional water, as well as bringing abandoned vineyards back into

production. This trend is a fusion of the technological advances that are aided by the ARI and the strong entrepreneurial spirit that was evident everywhere I went.

Far from being inert, soil carries all that is necessary for growth, as well as a history and narrative of its own that travels with it. It is a function of what is beneath it, where it has come from, what is buried in it, and what is left or put on its surface. There is no necessary connection between land and soil, however odd that might sound, and there is also a distinction on Cyprus between land and what it holds. Soil is something of an intermediary that confers something akin to identity with, or onto that land. In almost every conversation about gardens, I was told, often just as an aside, that the soil for this or that area came from somewhere else. Associated with this was the frequent telling that houses were built, unsurprisingly, on former family fields. For one woman in particular, there was an expression of poignancy that their extensive, and very concrete new home, still being built, but which was to have all the 'mod cons', and bore no resemblance to the 'traditional' style of house, was on the very fields that she remembers her elderly father-in-law cultivating. But they too were shipping in lorry loads of soil from a road-building scheme nearby, doing even more to cover up the father's legacy of work on the land. That said, the fact that their new house was on family land, and that all the memories were around the house was very important to the couple. Getting 'new' soil was just something that one did.

Almost all of those I spoke to about their gardens, that is, those who had areas within or close to their yards that were not concreted, told me that they had brought in soil from elsewhere. There was no testing of what was extant, but there was an assumption that bringing in new soil would improve what was there. Specialist firms dealt with the demand from Nicosia. Topsoil is scraped from development sites and disposed of through such companies. In other words, there is no nostalgia attached to the soil. New soil is a new layer to cover up the old one, and because it is new, it will be better, bringing new fertility to the area. One keen gardener in Nicosia told me though that he had come to realise that the soil that was underneath was actually better, and that he had been too hasty in importing soil from elsewhere.

There is an interesting triangulation between the land, what is on the land and the notion of time. Trees are separable from the land, but intimately connected obviously

by their roots, but also to the land's perceived fertility where they are. What people told me of was the age of the trees, especially the olive trees which were very long-lived, not how long the land had been in their family. The implication was that it was the trees that were the significant markers. In a conversation with the Chair of the Committee for Refugees, he told me that it had been the policy of the Committee to plant olive trees in front of refugee houses, and to make civic landscaping a community project, soon after the refugee housing was built. It was noticed that these olive trees that the Committee were planting were being vandalised and pulled up. It became clear that youngsters were involved, and he asked them why they were doing it. They apparently said "we don't want these trees to make roots. We were uprooted." The children identify themselves with the trees as property, recognising that they have a similar association to the trees, as the trees do with the territory. Trees are also often planted in pavements in urban settings, and they belong to the house they are in front of. I often found that the feelings of the young did not concur with those of the older people, who were more circumspect, and carried deep sadness around rather than the militant and combative response of the younger 'refugees'. However, one man told me of his father who had refused to take on Turkish land because it was not his. His roots remained elsewhere.

The refugee families I talked to did not invoke ancestral rights and histories of their land. Equivalence is not drawn so much between themselves and the land, but rather to what takes root there. They talked of the trees they had and the crops they grew, and the significance of time was bound up in their memory of the place and the point of rupture in 1974. I bring time into it because it could be regarded as surprising, in the light of nationalist rhetoric that long, even ancient, connections are *not* invoked. In a conversation about land consolidation – the attempt by the British to rationalise the piecemeal landholdings – with John/Diogenis, it was not so much the reluctance to lose long-held family land that was at the centre of the resistance to the scheme in the village, but the fear that the newly-assigned consolidated land would be of poorer quality, and wouldn't be known. Implicit in these fears are the distrust and suspicion that neighbours would end up better off than they, depending on relationships with the village authorities or the Mukhtar. The fact of knowing the land, and of being connected to it was an important factor, but it did not reach back much beyond a

generation. The importance of this though cannot be over-stressed. In a number of personal accounts, the anguish of parents who were forced to move after 1974 deeply affected their now grown-up children. There was a loose pattern of generational responses: the grandparents who had lost their holdings mourned their lost relationship with their trees and orchards, their involvement with a very particular place and the work, activities and events associated with that place; their children, now in the forties and fifties, talked primarily of the effect of the invasion on their parents and how they had watched the change and sadness and air of defeat descend while growing up. They lived the sadness of their parents vicariously, and mourned a childhood disrupted, and changed by the effects of 1974 on their family. The grandchildren were removed from any experience related directly to 1974, and they had a received sense of fierce injustice and experienced loss that had nothing to do with memory or experience, but with a loss of an abstract inheritance. Every school exercise book that Cypriot school children receive has a photograph of a scene from the occupied north on its cover, and the phrase *den xechno*, 'I don't forget'.

An agricultural officer based at the local research station outside Paphos started recounting a story similar to ones I heard throughout my fieldwork. The story was prompted by my asking how he had come to work at the station. He was taken on in 1976 after being employed as a refugee welfare officer for two years or so after the invasion. He was from a village near Kyrenia, and was working in Nicosia after training at an 'agricultural high school' for six years. He remembers that it was a Monday, the 14th August, and all his fellow villagers, on seeing the Turkish naval ship, and hearing the planes, moved out of the village in the morning. He took a circuitous route via Nicosia, Famagusta, and then on to Larnaca where he had friends. Literally being unable to go to work because he could no longer reach his office in Nicosia, it now being in the occupied area, he was redeployed as the welfare officer, looking after the immediate needs of refugees, ensuring that they had food, shelter and clothing.

He confirmed, when I was reminded by something he said, of a photograph and description of a refugee settlement I had seen, that 'everywhere people were growing things – small patches of egg plants, tomatoes, flowers'. He spoke many times of

rootedness, using the word, of an attachment to the soil, *kano rizes*; it must be one of the most ubiquitous metaphors of belonging (see Lakoff and Johnson 1980; Lovell 1998; Schwartz 1997; Tuan 1980). 'When I saw people growing things it was a sign that those particular people were going to be okay, that they would survive.' He got visibly upset when I asked about his parents, and how they had settled. 'They died young, of course. You can't remove people from their land because it is part of them, and they are part of it. They should have died knowing that their trees were being cared for'. The experience had been like a death sentence for his parents. He works privately as a gardener, like the other agricultural officer I met in Nicosia, because, he said, he needed to in order to feel 'rooted' – Paphos isn't Kyrenia but it has echoes, and his investment in his birthplace wasn't the same as his father's. He was brought up into farming, and while he was not required to, he did practical work on the research station, such as pruning all the trial citrus plantations. It was as if the plantations and his private gardening work provided a surrogate inheritance. His children were born and brought up in Paphos, and he has lived there for most of his adult life. Still, he had a scruffy and faded picture of Kyrenia on the wall facing his desk, and all his childhood and youthful memories clearly resided somewhere behind that photograph.

His work involved him in farm visits and giving advice to anyone who was growing crops, which, traditionally would have been the whole population outside Nicosia. The service is very accessible, and I know that my neighbours made use of it, ready to take advice and to try new varieties of olive for example. He made a connection between the older generation of refugees and the young in the distinction between commercial and 'old-fashioned' subsistence farming, stating that there was a nostalgia for the old ways with both the refugees and the younger generation who were interested in farming. This is an interesting divide, and was not evident in the village, between the younger generation who were indifferent on the whole to growing, having urban lives punctuated by weekend duty visits, and the older generation, their parents, who were keen to know about innovations in farming techniques, new products and varieties. Evident here are modes of attachment to growing and land that cross-cut one another in complex ways. The younger generation, such as the wine-growing entrepreneurs and flower growers near

Limassol he talked of were actively interested in reconnecting, or re-making a place. For some, nostalgia was entailed in it, adding further impetus, but new ideas injected the necessary energy required for new commercial enterprise. The older generation were still immersed in the government drives to modernise agriculture that had been going on since the 1950s and 1960s. As discussed above, ideas and technologies, such as large-scale citrus growing, moved south after 1974, and also came in from elsewhere as young people were trained abroad, so changing the agricultural surface of the island.

It would be tempting to integrate soil, its movement, and the flow of ideas, plants, technologies and memory into an elaborate metaphoric model of kinship, incorporation of new blood, and cosmology, providing echoes to the work of Delaney (1991) in Turkey, and of Feely-Harnik's rereading of Morgan (1999). I do not have the data, nor space here to fully consider what is going on and how it links with ideas about kinship in Cyprus, and at this stage it will have to remain as a suggestion of possible further work. I would say, however, that plants, and their cultivation, especially non-food plants, can carry different cultural information from food and crops, that creates a sensual aesthetic for memory, especially through smell, touch and vision. One day I was in a very smoky taxi office surrounded by big, surly Cypriot taxi drivers, when one came in and gave the man behind the desk a gardenia flower, which he immediately smelt. This seemed an incongruous act, and I did not catch the story that went with it, but it made me think how plants and flowers travel – as living mementoes, or as simple gestures of connection.

There was little evidence of soil around the houses of the Pano Oropedhio at all. This can be explained in part by the geology of the village, perched as it was on a rough limestone ridge. Many of the bases of the walls of the houses are a precarious fashioning of concrete around the protruding rock, again with the two being indistinguishable. The blocks of the houses are limestone too, so there was the appearance of an almost organic, or symbiotic attachment. It is often hard to pick out villages from a distance, the bright red roofs being a fairly recent innovation, the flat concrete roof, the same colour as the limestone, preceded by the earth roof are far more common. The architecture of the village comprises more than the houses, the

church, the taverna. It is integral to and integrated into the landscape. It is quite literally part of the topography. Why doesn't new building, of modern design, cohere and coalesce with the landscape in the same way? I suggest that it is linked with the very different moral aesthetic that Argyrou discusses (see below), the absence of the notion of what constitutes a 'good view', as discussed at length in Chapter One, and a pragmatic management of space that has little to do with land per se, but more to do with what is on it, in it or what moves across the surface – be it soil, fire, concrete or people. These things can move fast, and invariably change the surface of the landscape quickly and dramatically. The new houses are not a statement about any affinity with a landscape (see also Kaul-Seidman 1999) and belonging in a simple way that renders one unobtrusive, they are more a statement about mobility, and especially social mobility. I will discuss this particular perspective of social dynamism in Chapter Six.

The 'traditional' village had, then, an explicit attachment to the stuff of the place, and appeared as an extension of the rock. Concrete however, was used very differently. It was applied, an uncertain fusion with the rock. Ironically, this uncertainty was, as I discussed in the last chapter, exaggerated by the hundreds of metres of reinforcing rod that were embedded in the process of building. The road building programme was impressive and the changes they made in the short time we were there were phenomenal. Rough tracks were first concreted over, awarding them with a permanence that the tracks didn't have, and later, or not, they might be properly tarred. It was strange to witness the impact of this fast transformation of roads. It happened on one I used twice a week when I went to the herb garden, and on another leading from the village to Ayia Katerina, an old church a few kilometres away, that was the local tourist attraction. In the space of a few months, both went from unmade limestone road to wide tarred routes. Instantly, areas are opened up to traffic that had been so quiet. Surfaces move and change at a phenomenal rate in Cyprus today, and this is exaggerated when set against the drag of aspects of the over-stated official narratives that also play on the archaeologies of memory. Surfaces shift and are transformed remarkably quickly.

What follows now seems to be a dramatic change of direction, a move away from soil. But the discussion will be seen to work back to it. I have introduced the idea of the dynamism of surface layers, and while I trace a thread of connected political events, it will be seen that the politics of a nation are not straightforward, and are tied in with the mundane, the play of metaphor, the concrete, as well as the conceptual and ideological.

Surfaces of a nation

‘Where is it you’re going again – Corfu or Crete isn’t it?’ Variations on the theme of this question were put to me with before I went to carry out fieldwork. ‘Cyprus’ I reply. ‘Aah’, they say, their expression asking if there is much of a difference. Cyprus seems to be easily confused with these Greek islands. It is, after all, in the Mediterranean, and regarded primarily as a tourist destination. The innocence of their mistake however, belies the fact that Cyprus is, despite being an island not much larger than Wales, the location of great political and historical complexity. Its boundaries, though as clear as any island’s, are actually blurred by the island’s three thousand year old affinity with Greece, with the more recent political interests of Turkey; and Britain’s strategic interests could be said to have had enormous impact on the polarisation of what was an island stratified previously, if anything by class rather than (constructed) ethnic lines (see Pollis 1996), although it was told to me that the two often converged.

I will examine here the deceptively simple and deliberately naïve question of whether Cyprus is or could be a nation. There will not be an attempt to answer the question as such, but Cyprus is a place where it is possible to unravel some of the issues of the nation, such as territoriality, attachment, and concrete experience as opposed to or in connection with ideology. I will posit that the boundaries of a nation are contingent on many highly insecure factors and depend very largely on individuals’ responses to different events and experiences. There is the inherent tension, nowhere more pervasive than in nationalism, between what is assumed to be objectively real and experienced, and what is social artefact. As discussed in chapter one, Latour (1993) effectively dismantles the ‘natural’ essence of anything, and

collapses the distinctions on which nationalism, as well as the other dialectics of the 'modern' such as subject and object, nature and culture, are founded. He leaves us with a 'Parliament of Things', a hybrid collectivity of 'Natures' and 'Societies'.

There is no denial that the idea of 'nation' is a powerful and deeply felt one, but this can lead to the conclusion that, rather than a reified object – a common trap of the topic, a nation is a phenomenon that is slippery. In Walker Connor's words, 'a nation can be reduced to a shadowy and elusive.....psychological bond' between people, and that it is self- rather than other-defined (1994 in Billig 1995). This somewhat vague definition, or rather refusal to define, perhaps best marks the point we are at in the rapidly shifting 'world of nations' (see Billig 1995).

Cyprus is a place where there is a sense in which its history, and its sense of itself, is in suspended animation. For the past thirty years or so, the status of Cyprus as a place has been politically subsumed by its status as a 'problem'. Before going further, I think it necessary to provide an historical context for these and the above observations. This will lead into a discussion using secondary and ethnographic sources which illustrate the difficulty involved in fixing any ideal of a Cypriot nation, (and perhaps any nation).

Whilst history itself is a construct, an invention (see Hobsbawm and Ranger, 1983), used in the claims and narratives of nationalists, there are events which clearly occur. What is always interesting, but, by definition, always elusive, are the events that are left unrecorded and the interpretations of the events, which do not become inscribed onto the official narratives of events. (see Evans 1997; Schneider and Rapp 1995). So, with those qualifications, I will provide some background.

Cyprus is at the north-east end of the Mediterranean, south of Turkey and close to the shores of Syria, Lebanon, Israel and Egypt, making it appear geographically closer to the Middle East than Europe, whereas the majority of the island's inhabitants speak Greek as their first language and have strong links with Greek culture dating from settlement by Achaean and Mycenaean Greeks three to four thousand years ago. Claims to an Hellenic past (and therefore present and future) are rendered powerful in a primordialist frame. A Greek ethnicity stretches back to

almost pre-historical, or rather, pre-recorded times. It has been witness to a multitude of influences that have traversed the Mediterranean in many directions over many centuries (see Hunt 1990; Runciman 1990; Weiss 1995), being subject to short-term and shifting forces before and between being annexed to the vast empires of Byzantium and the Ottomans. Most recently, it was a British colony, control being relinquished by the Ottoman Empire in 1878. For the purposes of this, I am going to focus on the past century or so, the period of British colonisation. This will hopefully provide an immediate context for what constitutes some of what is regarded as 'living memory' today.

From the outset, in 1878, the British had to deal with calls for *enosis*, or Union with the perceived motherland – Greece. This was obviously opposed by the British, who wanted to maintain a foothold in the region. These calls came mainly from the powerful bishops (Hunt 1990:264-5), especially the Bishop of Kition whose influence remained politically strong. Their power was a hangover from the Ottoman administration when religious leaders were allowed a high degree of autonomy in the governance of 'their' community. The calls became more insistent as time went on, and between the world wars, there were a series of anti-British demonstrations which the British dealt with by censorship and the outlawing of political parties (Hunt 1990:273). Greece became more vocal in its support of Cyprus, although the island was too strategically important to Britain for them to give it up. In the 1950s, archbishop Makarios arrived on the political scene, making yet stronger calls for *enosis*, and along with General Grivas, a Cypriot by birth who had served in the Greek army from 1916-45 (Hunt 1990:277-282), the decision to get rid of the British using violent means if necessary, was taken. The EOKA (the National Organisation of Cypriot Struggle) were dubbed as terrorists by the British, but EOKA were supported from Greece (Hillenbrand 1995:80). This led to Turkey claiming that Cyprus was really an extension of itself, and helped to promote identification among the Muslim/Turkish Cypriots with their Ottoman heritage.

There had always been fewer Turkish Cypriots, and there was genuine fear at the possibility of *enosis* succeeding. It became a policy of the British to recruit Turkish Cypriots to the 'anti-terror' squads and the police (*ibid.*). It could be argued that the

British, with their obsession for classification of people (see Anderson 1991; Mitchell 1988), were at least in part responsible for the gradual cleavage of the mixed population into two distinct ethnic communities. After World War Two, Britain continued to rule on the island, citing the opposing claims of both Greece and Turkey as justification for remaining there. This was despite the fact that Greece had been 'offered' Cyprus in 1915 in return for siding with the allies, and the Baghdad pact created a Turkish-British partnership, by which Turkish objections to Greek control could be used to preserve the British position (Patrick 1976 cited in Banos 1998:143). The Turkish Cypriots sided with the British against EOKA.

Intercommunal violence then became virtually inevitable, and civil war erupted in 1958 (Hillenbrand 1995:80). It should be remembered that during this time, the period of the Cold War, both Turkey and Greece were NATO members, and were bordered by Warsaw Pact states. The whole region was on the political divide between East and West, and Greece and Turkey were particularly vulnerable. Any political differences between right and left wing movements inside Greece, Turkey and Cyprus were exacerbated because of the wider political picture. Against this Cold War backdrop, the Zurich/London agreement was eventually signed between the three interested nations, establishing an independent Republic of Cyprus with a Greek-Cypriot presidency. The three countries – Greece, Turkey and the UK became co-guarantors agreeing that neither of the former would instigate either progress towards '*enosis*' or '*taksim*', partition of the island. Crucially, the right was reserved to act unilaterally if the provisions of the treaty were breached (Patrick 1976 cited in Banos 1998:144). When the military junta took power in Greece, the EOKA campaign was stepped up with horrific inter-communal confrontation, Communist supporters also being targeted. AKEL, the Cypriot Communist party being a player, formed an unlikely alliance with the elected president, Archbishop Makarios. He was a campaigner for '*enosis*', but proposed explicit provision for the Muslim minority. An altogether more aggressive EOKA 'B' force, directly controlled from Greece and led by Grivas came into the frame, which was opposed to President Makarios. In Turkey, there was political instability and a move towards Kemalism, which resulted in an atmosphere of external aggressiveness (see Banos 1998).

Makarios distanced himself from the junta, not wanting to be a puppet ruler under a military dictatorship, and from Grivas, who was banished from Cyprus (Hunt 1990:286-7). He, consequently, also became the enemy, as far as the junta were concerned (Hillenbrand 1995:83-4). Events reached a climax in July 1974 with an attempted coup to kill Makarios, which failed. Turkey, assuming the role of protector of its Cypriot brothers, and citing a breach of the Independence Treaty, invaded from the north. The junta collapsed as a result, and the vacuum allowed Turkey, in effect, to annexe 37% of the island, with the worst wave of violence yet and the creation of about 200,000 refugees, as Greek Cypriots were cleared from their homes. There were fierce reprisals against the Turkish Cypriots who remained in the south, and most were forced north, or fled the island (Hillenbrand 1995: 86). Huge numbers of refugees moved between the north and south, according to 'ethnic origin', for two to three years after the invasion, and there has subsequently been very little communication across the line and the situation remains very fragile, always dependent on the wider politics of the region. The 'Green line' that was drawn in 1974² remains, along with the uneasy status quo of a divided island that goes with it. The southern part of the island is the internationally recognised Republic of Cyprus and the north is only recognised by Turkey. Turkey has had a policy of resettlement of Turks from Anatolia, since the invasion, which is deeply affecting the demography of the northern 'Republic', such that now the number of settlers roughly equals the number of Turkish Cypriots

Back to boundaries

Under Ottoman rule, classification and boundary marking was not done along ethnic lines, but according to religion, and religious communities were afforded a degree of autonomy and the religious leaders continued to wield considerable influence even after the collapse of the Ottoman Empire (Pollis 1996:70). Pollis also points out that the British attempted to organise municipal councils in mixed villages on ethnic rather than religious lines - one for Turks, one for Greeks - which failed. Councils

² However, the 'Green Line' originally referred to the line drawn through the map of Nicosia in 1964 that divided the city.

comprising both Muslims and Christians however, survived until independence; a further example of the divisiveness of British policy.

The significance of Cyprus as a boundary marker along a number of axes is arguably an instrumental factor in its state of political suspended animation. It falls on a line separating the Muslim and Christian worlds, its affinity with Greece pulls it towards the European Union, while its geographical location places it more easily with Eastern Europe or even the Middle East, and the Republic's declaration of sympathy in the late 1990s with Milosevic, on the grounds of sharing the experience of a Muslim minority seem to demonstrate that it identifies with a marginalised region, and is privileging shared religious ties through Orthodox Christianity above any other, such as an empathy with the Kosovan refugees. The island's strength is in its unpredictability, its ability to put the political cat among the pigeons. Near conflict with Turkey was only averted in 1999 when it was agreed that S-300 anti-aircraft missiles from Russia would not be sited on the island, but went to Greece instead.³

In the previous chapter I described the experience of boundaries, or their invisibility and provisionality on the ground, as they affect villagers and others I knew. The Green Line highlights the disjunction between the fragmentary, provisional norm of holdings in Cyprus, where boundaries are not visible, and those boundaries that are arbitrary, official frontiers.

A consideration that I think is central to the whole issue of boundaries, and, in the case of Cyprus, particularly, is that of classification. There are at least three levels on which boundaries can be considered. Drawn boundaries, wherever they lie, or however they are imposed, are clearly arbitrary, and these imagined frontiers have superseded those natural ones such as seas, or mountain ranges that constituted one's experienced and visible horizons. As far as villagers are concerned, even these are not so important or relevant as the fragmented invisibly bounded nature of their holdings that are close to home and their nature does not necessitate the conceptual overview, the objectifying and framing view, or 'good view', that I describe in

³ See <http://www.hri.org/forum/intpol/UNFICYP/6.html>

Chapter One. I would argue that there is a gross mismatch between the abstract worlds we inhabit which accommodate our ideologies, our ideals and beliefs, and with the phenomenological world in which our vision is limited by the horizon, our garden wall or a Cypriot villager's mental map of their scattered holdings for example, and our experience with that which is tangible and experienced. The nature of the imagination required is different from that which sees the significance of a 'view'.

This horizon, and those things that we encounter daily are as much to do with a sense of what a nation is as the features of our imagination that create a largely unseen and unknown community bound by the results say, of, to use one of Anderson's (1991) example, the spread of print capitalism. A nation is a location, in at least two senses, one imagined and the other experienced as a physical place, but in the same way, whether it is horizons or vineyards, we speak of, one is still sensually experienced and in close-up, and the other is about imagining or conceiving of a uniform totality, a framed vision that is more coherent. Location also has a double pertinence to any study of nationalism, firstly because however abstract its existence, it is undoubtedly about place, about territory, and secondly, on another level, location is about the 'place' of the nationalism that constitutes a nation in various narratives. However, I would like this duality, the senses in which we experience place, to be held on to through this chapter, as it is observed that in different circumstances, and according to different perspectives, the boundaries of Cyprus shift, moving towards Greece; disappear altogether, or become a potential unifying force, and Cyprus the island sometimes has a political and an experienced integrity, as well as a physical one. The ways that Cypriots conceptualise the place resists and denies the existence of boundaries on a number of levels. This is not to say that certain things are not tied down and fixed.

Armed with this fairly lengthy background, which already suggests a haziness of demarcation of Cyprus as a nation and a level of contingency in the broadest political terms, let alone any others, I want to examine some of the ethnographic work that brings this haziness, apparent in the contradictory political aims of movements on the island, to the local and more domestic arena. The surface of Cypriot life, more than

the island itself, is inscribed by arbitrary boundaries. The forces of politics, education and the Church for example, work hard at projecting a Cypriot present that is delimited by the only apparently stable force on the island: history. The lean facts of history, which are reiterated from the classroom to the tourist brochure, are treated as indisputable. Bryant, for example, analyses the success of the Cypriot education system, overseen by the Church, which aimed at instilling a moral discipline, and producing patriots. The future was not in the progress of modernisation and technology, but in the future of being reunited with the primordial ancestor, Greece, through 'enosis', a future which was more of a rebirth into an Hellenic past:

The Greek-Cypriot notion of progress, being inevitable, was in fact static – it was not a history that could be made. One finds, then, not a control exercised over time and one's disposal of it, but a control exercised over individual experience in a history that is timeless – a minute delimitation of the boundaries of the individual in relation to society rather than a micro-control of development. History cannot change, and one's experiences must conform to it, even in the future (1998:66).

The feeling of what is national then is partly a taught thing, and more significantly for Cyprus, the focus of that feeling is located elsewhere – a mythical Greece, the Republic before 1974, or wherever. But it is not the whole story. Power works through it, but, as my daughters encountered in the local school, the children do not sit meekly absorbing this overarching morality but are constantly at odds with their teachers, challenging them on a personal level. I heard Bryant speak at a conference (2001), and she said that children are implicitly encouraged to disobey, and that education is not about being taught how to think, but is more akin to an apprenticeship to becoming a person.

Many vestiges of British occupation, in terms of the fields of administration for example, remain in Cyprus. The Civil Service and the esteemed Forestry Department have a distinctly colonial flavour. As I have said elsewhere, the British have never really left, and today, more direct economic concerns necessitate an attitude that at least to a minimal degree, keeps the British ex-pats happy. It is the British who feed the property developers and the tourist industry. Argyrou examines a mundane domestic phenomenon, that of litter, and attitudes to it both on the island and of visitors. He traces the current campaign of equating cleanliness with civilisation to

the presence of the British and their neurosis about rubbish equalling filth and disorder. Like Bryant's, his is a Foucauldian analysis:

The British came to Cyprus during the height of their empire. Being from a "polite society" (Strathern 1992:88), they had a clear vision of what constituted dirt and low tolerance of it, particularly the dirtiness of others. In short, they came with a "will to see" difference rather than to accommodate it...it was objectively inscribed in the relations between rulers and ruled, a prejudice that generated the conditions for the legitimation of these relations (1997:168).

Argyrou takes issue with a certain legacy of morality, or, more precisely, a morality of a particular aesthetics of land that confers moral attributes onto litter and disorder. He discusses the aesthetic aspects but argues that in Cyprus 'many village and working class men regard the concern with litter, and the broader concern with the aesthetics of public space, as a characteristic of "frivolous femininity" (1997:160)'. The feminising of aesthetics of space renders it as something to be dismissed by men and by those in power. Argyrou suggests such a process extends to a more general attitude towards the environment and environmentalism on the island. I will return to this in the next chapter.

It is ironic that Britons (via the tourist industry) are indirectly responsible for the litter and disorder of rampant coastal development, upsetting that very moral ideal of an aesthetics of landscape. It is debateable then, how successful the 'Keep Cyprus Clean' campaign is. From personal observation, I would say, not very. Whereas Argyrou argues that the majority of Cypriots have not had the 'space' to move from manual to mental labour because of being a colonial underclass, I would argue that the apparent absence of an aesthetics of landscape comes from a completely different attitude and relationship to land.

However, what both the above writers demonstrate is how external factors don't only become mapped onto the politics of a place in a traditional way – a mapping of a perceived historical progression, but also how other factors can blur the edges of a nation from the individual up. This is done through the internalisation of particular values, or at least an engagement with them, and it is in ways such as these that 'nation' becomes a moral phenomenon, in the way that Billig speaks of.

His formulation of 'banal nationalism' provides a refreshing reminder that nationalism is not only or necessarily the preserve of political rhetoric, but that we are all instilled with a consciousness through aspects of seemingly innocuous daily events and experiences, such as our education or the flag outside the civic building, or even notices in Cyprus saying that "A clean Cyprus means a civilised Cyprus. Let's always keep it clean". Billig allows room for ambiguity in the forms that nationalism can take, and more importantly, this ambiguity is afforded to the individual. Markers are left unnoticed or not used by individuals. His focus is the U.S., and assumes U.S. hegemony, or a desire for it, and claims that the U.S. and other western nations practise academic and ideological eurocentrism which renders 'other' nations as nationalistic whilst the West provides a natural, civilised moral standard for a 'world of nations'.

Bryant and Billig point out how elements of this world become inscribed onto us and the things around us, to the extent that they become natural, or internalised as being of moral/emotional significance. There is another current flowing in Cyprus that powerfully resists any fixing or inscription onto the individual, or rather an absence of inscription of bounded categories because provisionality is the overarching reality. It is a virtual reality, by definition, and relations are negatively defined because of a *lack* of any boundaries: conceptual, concrete or reified, as discussed and illustrated in Chapter Two. Resistance takes the form of resentment (against the British and external moralising), and a more general suspicion of others' motives.

Even the most clearly invoked boundary, that between Greek and Turk is removed (and removable). For Greek Cypriots, Turkish Cypriots are remote, based in history, close to the Ottoman Turks; the majority have grown up with only an 'image' of a Turk. The government trades on the image of the evil Turk(ey), and benignly on the Turkish Cypriot. This virtuality is framed with the poetics of the Missing in Cyprus – the 1587 who remain unaccounted for since 1974, whose remains have not been found, or those whose whereabouts remain unknown⁴. The paradox here becomes

⁴ www.missing-cy.org/, www.guardian.co.uk/cyprus/story/0,11551,989259,00.html. 'Looking for the bones'

apparent: the ideological and the experiential can converge in particular ways, and it is not surprise that the 'Missing' in Cyprus assume such significance as their virtual presence resonates with the fundamental experience of provisionality. It is, as Palmer (1998) describes, in her article on the expression of forms of banal nationalism, a 'flag of identity'. She brings Billig down from the overarching echelons of global power, taking as her cue the everyday 'flags of identity', and discusses how the body, food and landscape are used to represent, or create the nation in an almost mimetic relationship that confers familiarity between the individual and these three things such that the relationship is almost seamless: the experiential here becomes the ideological, but it is not recognised as such. In how we use our bodies, in the foods we consume and in our relationships with the landscape there is a continual reminder of who we are and what we believe in. This is why individuals do not forget their identity, they are continually aware of it in the habits and social processes that organise and maintain their lives (1998:195).

The associations of bodies and kin with formulations of the nation are well documented, and with Cyprus, we see that the island is no exception. As Yanagisako and Delaney point out, the fundamental domains in society...are crucial for people's identity – family, sexuality, race, nation, religion' (1995:1). They also succinctly make the link between kinship and nationalism by pointing out that the simple ontological question, ' "Who are we?" entails the question of origin' (ibid.:1), and that its profundity can be obscured by an over-essentialising of identity. This can happen in the analysis, as well as in the rhetoric of nationalism. The nation becomes irrelevant. Nationalism and identity do not, surprisingly, seem to be issues on Cyprus. I did not experience people struggling with a search for an identity. The Missing are icons of what? To whom are the largely female relatives who have demonstrated over the decades at the border in the 'Dead Zone' (see Papadakis 1998) appealing? Is it the UN, the 'Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus' or their own Government? They simply want to know the location of the bones, the whereabouts, or the bodies of their loved ones; those they lived with. They have been exploited during the life of the 'Problem', as emblems of what is still to be returned to the legitimate Republic.

Most theories of nationalism assume that there is a natural connection between place and feeling national, to the extent that location is not highlighted, but clearly, territory is a prerequisite for nationalism to exist. The work that has been done which highlights the importance of 'homelands' is primarily that which has been written on refugees (see Malkki 1992). Anderson (1991), however, traces the roots of nationalism to the 'creole' communities of the Americas, where the experience of a distant and remote state was irreconcilable with daily experience in a very different context. These nationalisms were born out of a sense of illegitimacy in relation to the 'motherland'. In the area of refugees, diasporas and nation-less groups such as the Kurds, whose perceived nation covers areas of Turkey, Iraq, Syria and parts of the former Soviet Union, the homeland as a territory is the focus of study. I would argue that perhaps the forced migration of people up to and during the 1960s and 1970s could in fact have highlighted a very significant and taken-for-granted attachment to physical place, as refugee narratives have the unsurprising and familiar thread of a desire to return home. As was seen in the case of the Jews and Israel, this desire took on its own mythical mantle, ironically utilising the arguments of nationalism as modern rationale for righting the ancient wrongs. I say ironic, because it was after all, a home that none of them had ever known. The homeland perhaps remains a fetishised product in such a circumstance.

On Cyprus, the experience of removal and consequent resettlement on another part of the island became even more poignant, as homes remain only a few hours' drive away, or even visible across the very arbitrary, politically inscribed line. To return to the contrast between the abstract and the physical, referred to earlier, such a line drawn in the abstract, deeply offends, I would suggest, our very human sense of the physical. Cyprus though, with the strength of external claims on it, and displaced claims from it, seems to appear, or rather disappear, as almost an inversion of the rhetoric of diaspora, such that even the territory disappears beneath the official narratives of Greece and Turkey, as well as that of its own government, in certain contexts.

As a result of this peculiarity of Cyprus, I have been drawn away from the search for the template of a theory of the nation that might fit, however uncomfortably, onto the

idea of Cyprus as a nation, or even of a problem waiting to become a nation. When I read Billig's ideas on a more hidden, quieter form of 'banal nationalism', I perceived a space in which nationalism could be studied beneath the official narratives, even though his formulation is, interestingly, primarily about a form of supra-nationalism. Just as Killoran (1998) perceives Cypriotness in the resistance movement in the north, Hadjipavlou-Trigeorgis (1998), works in very practical ways to break down the barriers erected over the last twenty five years through conflict resolution:

Conflict Resolution tries to put human beings back in the process of political participation and empowerment by stressing the importance of relationships between individuals and states in the context of continuous interaction on multiple levels – ...CR invites reflection on the human dimension and impact of a conflict. (1998:253)

Her chapter opens and contains a number of personal narratives, so although she sees the work as moving from the personal to the international level, it is primarily about placing individuals within their experienced world, their known context, and starting from there.

Cypriotness, then, already has a distinctiveness and a realisation through poetry, resistance and reconciliation for example, and if this can be collectivised north and south of the Green Line, as Hadjipavlou-Trigeorgis proposes, and works at, and if it can be internalised whether through poetry, the way food is cooked, or children are taught, then presumably the island's integrity can be lived as well as imagined. The discursive thread here has wound its way around an elusive set of practices that inform what Cyprus might be or become. I have tried to argue that it is a site of contest, not only in literal terms, but also in imaginative ones. The literal, stark political events that have apparently produced the impasse, are contrasted with the literalness of the island's physical presence as a small, unified land mass. In imaginative terms, the contest has been carried out mainly in a space outwith the island, such that its unitary, and abstract existence as a potential nation has largely been denied. But the political cleavage of the island and the uprooting of its inhabitants, who largely stayed within its physical limits, but are away from home, have forced a consciousness of Cyprus-as-a-place onto the lives of Cypriots. Now it seems that there may be some evidence, from both sides of the Line, that a Cypriot

identity might emerge. The significance and potential development of that identity however, will have to remain for now, as a question posed.

I am denying the usefulness of a study of nationalism as an analytic exercise where Cyprus is concerned. This might seem bizarre in a place where ethnic division is so deeply, and physically ingrained on the island. But, if we regard the nationalist ‘struggle’ going on elsewhere, in a mythical Greek space, and a Turkish one in 2003, in which commitment to the status quo is wavering (with Turkey wanting to join the EU), Cypriot nationalism disappears. As I demonstrated in the last chapter, most inhabitants I came across have hybrid identities and affiliations that induce no sense of crisis. People have always left, and maybe returned. External reference points are the norm, from the period when John’s/ Diogenis’ ancestor – Kornessios, travelled back and forth to mainland Turkey, to the economic migrants who went to London or Africa, the children of Cypriots who were brought up elsewhere; and, until the early 1990s when Cyprus got its university, when all the young people who had to go abroad for higher education.

Does Cyprus then emerge as a virtual national space, defined only by its rocky coastline? It is a very complicated place to call ‘home’, but people do, and it simply is. Its history, and the factors outlined, make the creation of Cyprus as a national, independent place, the process that induces crisis. It has only a handful of years as a discrete nation that it can call upon.

Soil, blood and territory

Having dismissed a full-blooded Cypriot nationalism, it cannot be denied that forms of it do exist. If one reads the accounts of Cypriot history, given in almost any tourist brochure, they recount a series of foreign conquests and colonisations lasting varying amounts of time. Cyprus has only experienced an approximation of an independent and discrete identity since 1960 when the British finally left. Even then, because of the establishment of the UK, Turkey and Greece as guarantor powers, this independence was highly contingent, complete self-reference was denied, and its definition was heavily controlled from the outside. It was not wholly defined by its

own integrity as an independent island, bounded by its coastline. Is it perhaps only now that those who help to symbolically define a nation-state (see Zygmunt Bauman 1992), the dead who are buried in its soil, are being recognised as having that power of definition (see also Sant Cassia 2001), and is this why the 'Missing' assume such significance?

Because of its long history of invasion, and its more recent experience of political and ethnic entrenchment, perhaps there is a very narrow focus of where and how the nation-state is defined in Cyprus by some. I refer to the primordialist camp whose ideas suffuse some of the education literature for children, as well as being implicit in much of the tourist literature, and tourism discourse that I will discuss further in Chapter Five. One book I was given in the course of fieldwork is of interest. It is by Severis, a self-styled archaeologist and historian. It is not a text book, but is 'the story of our Country (sic), the Island of Cyprus, as Leto Severis would have told it to her grandchildren' (1999:3). She chooses an interesting style, that of oral myth telling, but assumes the scientific authority of a factual account. It is not surprising that she chooses this mode. An intimacy is invoked that presumably aims to bring the young reader closer to the ancient bits of history, that are themselves awash with myth, that she chooses to focus on. The last five hundred years or so are given very scant attention in her account. The interesting history is, according to her, that which is buried in the ground, under the surface of the soil. Most of the pictures and photographs in the book are of archaeological remains.

Cyprus rose out of the sea, hence the limestone peaks, and the fact neatly echoes the myth of the birth of Aphrodite, the island's goddess, as she was born out of the sea spume. I will return to this image. Aphrodite is constantly utilised by the tourist industry, and popular history. In her book, Leto Severis remarks on the goddess' importance and popularity from the fourteenth century BC right up until the fifth century AD. Aphrodite

was identified with the local Great Goddess of Cyprus, the Great Mother, who was identified both with the Earth and with Fertility...there were many large sanctuaries of Aphrodite...Sacred ceremonies in her honour were held every year in spring. Worshippers came from all over Cyprus, from Greece, Asia Minor, Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Persia and other

countries. The pilgrims gathered at Pafos harbour and went on foot to the sacred garden of Aphrodite, Yeroskipou of today which is the Greek word for 'Sacred Garden' (1999:40-42).

The book is written as a dialogue between four imaginary children and an 'aunt' of one of them, in the form of a series of questions and answers, or stories. It is an interesting device to use, the chapters are 'Encounters' and one of the children is the narrator, although it is the 'aunt' who narrates the story of Cyprus and the Greek Cypriots. At one point, one of the 'children' asks, "What is 'legend' or tradition?" (1999:42). The aunt says that it was how things were related in ancient times, 'just as I am doing with you now' (ibid). The book is one of a small number of books being produced on the island for school children, that are slowly replacing the mainland Greek material. Cyprus now has its own pedagogic institute and has been training its own teachers for a few years now. Embedded in this innocent book is a very typical exposition of Cypriot history. The birth of Christ does not feature until well past the half way mark, continuing with a strong religious bias, that deals with the past five hundred years in about fourteen pages, and preceded by Greece as the focal point of history. This perspective of history, as I say, is the pervasive one, and mirrors the popular nationalistic view that the Greekness of the Cypriot is buried deep with the most ancient archaeology. All the time there is a chasm between what is the archaeology of the place, in terms of what is given as the 'real', deep history, the popularly perceived source of belonging and attachment, and what rolls across the surface now, and the trails of lived memory and significance. It is perhaps this vacuum between the two, an irreconcilable gap that challenges the idea of Cyprus as a nation.

A return to the soil

Soil is fascinating; is it a primordial fact, or is it, like a garden, a cultural product made hazy by its inseparability from our 'natural habitat? Soil, as well as being the cover for material history is the basis for any growing, and the foundation for the apparently natural. It is also the basis of territory and is a potent symbol of the homeland. It appeals to the primordial sense of belonging and attachment, or rootedness. Soil can be seen to be the static and symbolic base line of the life that has

lived and died on any particular patch of it. But this belies, as already intimated, a more complex relationship between the so-called natural and the cultural, between permanence, transition and transience. It is indelibly bound up with kinship and blood ties, not only in the burial of kin, but in a larger concept of the collectivity of people buried. Dwellers in a place *become* the soil eventually, the stuff of place. But this symbolic/real attachment complicates the notion that soil is the overlying, moveable surface. It is perhaps the place where the two meet. Bauman argues, via Barrès, that the nationalist enterprise rests in part on the facts that a person is territorially connected before birth, by both the facts of the soil and the blood:

The two constituents of *la Patrie* have one thing in common: they are not a matter of choice. They cannot be *chosen freely*. Before any choice can be as much as contemplated, one has been already born onto this soil here and now and into this succession of ancestors and their posterity. One can move places, but one cannot take one's soil with one, and one cannot make another soil one's own. One may change company, but not one's dead, the dead ancestors who are his and not of the others; nor may one transform other people's dead into one's own ancestors (1992:684).

Despite this, Bauman argues that there has to be an active recognition of these facts. One must 'embrace voluntarily the inevitable' (1992:685). Disowning '*la terre et les morts*' results in '*deracinement*', rootlessness, 'thought with no fixed point on which to stand' (ibid). He goes on to say that it is affinity rather than solidarity that unites people. He uses 'affinity' in the sense of 'a psychological determinism', but it is apt to use it also in the anthropological sense. But it is not about race. Affinity is contingent, and requires us to 'forge a formula of integration' (1992:686).

The truth of the nation must be transcendental and absolute. On the other hand, however, it must be a vulnerable truth, a truth which may come under attack and even be, at least temporarily, defeated – so that it will always need to be defended (1992:686).

Bauman makes a strong case for the congruence of territory and culture, that no longer stands as an unproblematic fact in the face of much anthropological evidence to the contrary. Kaul-Seidman highlights the complexity of attachment in the context of a Jewish settlement on the West Bank. She discusses the paradox of new settlement by Jews from elsewhere. The process of settlement is both one of

‘restoration’, but also of immigration. The rhetoric is one of return to an *ancestral* home, to

a place they have always known....One of the prime challenges of their situation, therefore, is to bridge the hiatus between their status as new immigrants and their claims to have an organic connection to the territory (1999:98).

She goes on to describe in detail how the disconnections are inscribed on to the landscape: the controversy over fencing the settlement, and so ghettoising it, the architecture and how it resembles suburban America rather than the local housing built with local stone that blends into the landscape. The houses ‘with their slanting red roofs, deliberately protrude out into the landscape’ (1999:107). The population is controlled through a rigorous screening process, involving psychological and psychometric testing, and most prospective members are relations or friends of the settlers. Affinity in, both kin and psychological terms, is assured. All who settle import much from the communities they left to make their homes comfortable and familiar, ‘leaving the gap between themselves and the biblical home that justifies their presence wide open and evident for all to see’ (1999:114). This biblical place is a Zionist ‘themed space’, and the gap between that and the pioneer/immigrant status is preserved as the provisional place of further social construction and creativity. This resonates with the process of Cypriots moving into and renovating Turkish Cypriot homes in Kato Oropedhio as described in Chapter Two. It is a move that can be seen as strident, but also fraught with a discomfiture that has security fencing as its expression.

Kaul-Seidman’s article does suggest that a certain primordialism and cultural innovation can and do co-exist without creating crisis, or indeed diminishing the power of the rhetoric that exists in the notion of ‘organic attachment’. Bauman’s theoretical argument is compelling in that he suggests the real organic connection between soil as a vessel for dead kin and their direct implication in the production of new soil. Blood is literally embedded in the territory, but he stresses how blood and soil are also embedded in the rhetoric of nationalism as inescapable precursors to attachment. In both instances there is a high degree of play between the symbolic and rhetorical significance of soil and territory, and the assumption of it as a ‘natural’

fact. Kaul-Seidman (1999) discusses an archaeology of memory, of re-making place from the evidence of that archaeology that links culture and territory. In Cyprus, there is no mythic homeland; the facticity of the island is apparent. The situation is almost the reverse, and archaeological remains locate Cypriots very firmly in Cyprus because of the ubiquity of the remains. Archaeological remains *are* the bedrock, the culture within the territory. As I go on to discuss in Chapter Five, the concrete manifestations of culture occupy the centre stage in the creation of the idea of Cyprus. This is done such that the quotidian, such as the hybridity of the Cypriots themselves and of the ways they express themselves through their gardens and houses for example, is masked: not so much buried, as rendered invisible.

The archaeology of memory is around homes, and all that homes entail rather than homelands, because on the whole, refugees remain in the homeland. I will return to a discussion of memory, and how it finds its way into the gardens of Cyprus, wherever they are, in Chapter Six

Soil and archaeology

Soil is layered, a more or less thin layer above subsoil and bedrock. History becomes imperceptibly buried beneath it over centuries, as new soil is created and deposited. All the enduring elements of that history become and remain buried. Culture buries, quite literally, its past, not in active preoccupation with burying unwanted history, although this clearly happens, but soil is deposited as buildings, tombs and monuments for example fall out of use, or lose their significance. The Roman settlement in Paphos was substantial, but all that remains are the spectacular mosaic floors that are gradually being unearthed and protected. The process of uncovering, in the practice of archaeology becomes quite a strange, and relatively recent, phenomenon. It is a digging down, and a re(-)covering of histories with present-day interpretations. Mythologies can be easily created because little, if anything can be verified by those who experienced what is buried. I spent some time with archaeologists in Cyprus, and had a strong sense of the enjoyment and creativity of conjecture, of making connections with other finds in other places, or in the case of more recent history, in linking house forms of abandoned houses with ideologies of

the time for example, as discussed in Chapter Two. Two of the archaeologists worked at extreme ends of history, and historical interpretation. The one was interested in Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot architecture, and who appeared in the last chapter, and the other worked primarily on Chalcolithic remains.

It is difficult to separate archaeology from the kind of nationalism that Severis and much political rhetoric in Cyprus deal in. In the grand theories of nationalism, binding attributes are cited as forming a national identity. These commonalities are, as Bauman states, 'always (an) artefact(s) of boundary-drawing activity' (1992:677). However, it might seem that soil is a biological fact, just as discrete land masses, such as islands, seem to be physically delineated (and therefore politico-geographic givens). Such organic rudiments are qualitatively very different from the solely cultural phenomena of language variation, 'tradition', myths of binding mentalities, and mapped boundaries for example. The fact that we render the organic into the cultural, by means of physical inscription and manipulation creates a unique tension between the natural and the cultural that is not present in the solely cultural markers of identity, but they *all* are social artefacts, fully implicated in the 'Parliament of Things', of 'quasi objects' (see Chapter One).

The Battle for Cyprus: ancient and modern

Any single development literally throws up layer after layer of artefacts of archaeological significance. I got to know an English archaeologist based on Cyprus quite well. He was frequently engaged in races against time against the developers. He was in a unique position, being afforded the power and respect of the Antiquities Department to be able to halt development in order to excavate a site. There was a procedure to be followed by developers, but sometimes the will to enforce it seemed to be lacking. He happened one day to be driving along the coast road, and noticed that an area had been fenced off and that diggers were already at work. In this case, apparently, the Archbishop of Paphos and at least one MP were the chief investors, and they, being more powerful than the Antiquities Department, - who did not know about the development, easily obtained planning permission. Having excavated nearby Duncan knew there was a strong likelihood of finding important remains, and

the area had been a designated site of antiquity for more than twenty-five years. I dug with the team, and watched as Duncan was constantly hassled, or intimidated in the nicest possible way by the developers, or site foremen, and he was in a constant state of negotiation, literally waving diggers away from particular areas. It was a race against too little time: the profit margins of the 1970s and 80s from tourist enterprise had been dramatically eroded, and penalty clauses passed the pressure on to the building firms. He did go on to discover a number of wells, finely carved into the limestone, complete with foot-holes, that dated from Neolithic times, and possibly the oldest such wells in the world. I returned to see the site, with the villas all occupied by tourists and saw how he had won concessions and the wells had been built round, and two teams were continuing to dig down. These wells were not on public display, their accommodation being a small area within and under the architecture of the villa complex. It was incongruous to see two archaeologists, muddy and deep in this well, as uninterested or bemused tourists lounged on their balconies close by.

The battle is between different configurations of what Cyprus is and how it represents itself to the world. This example of a foreign archaeologist determinedly and successfully defending his independent status, very physically places him between the two currents at work in Cyprus: the primordialist agenda of the Antiquities Department and the modernising, pragmatic agenda of the enterprising, entrepreneurial Cypriot. Their point of convergence comes in their common goal of representing what Cyprus is. The two are not just mutually exclusive. It is suggested by those who invest in tourist developments, such as MPs and Bishops that the same people are involved in both projects of representation. They uncover history, whilst covering it in concrete. The paradox that part of what draws international interest and tourists are the archaeological history, and the environment, and the fact that they also need accommodation is obvious. I talk more about this 'struggle' in the next chapter, in the context of the environment and environmentalism. But here, with archaeology, most Cypriots live quite happily with the paradox, and there is no ideological conflict between development and the significance of the archaeology on the island. Money is there to be made, more and more tourists keep on coming, and so developers will keep on doing what they have been doing; and it really doesn't

matter because everything is provisional anyway. To paraphrase the rhetorical argument, ‘we can’t really decide what Cyprus is going to be till there is a solution because we only have 63% of the place to work with, we can think about that properly later’.

The Antiquities Department was not particularly interested in the pre-history that Duncan focussed on, and its experts, unsurprisingly were chiefly interested in Hellenistic or Classical remains. The juxtaposition of archaeology and hotel development was striking to experience, and it underlined some of the contestations over ‘modern’ priorities; over which history might be relevant or worthy of preservation. These areas are fenced off and excavated, eventually to be on public display, or excavated and then built on, or ignored completely. The act of physical demarcation is inscription upon the landscape, as well as onto the social fabric of a place’s history. It is too simple to say that here are two diametrically opposed historical processes, the first being the preservation and investigation of globally important historical sites (but we must ask here who sets the agenda for what is globally significant), and the second being the economically pressing short-term need to create the next two million tourist beds. And here is the maverick Englishman, attempting to set his own, *apparently* politics-free agenda. Of course, despite his exaggerated semblance of independence, he is implicated in the politics of archaeology in Cyprus, and the wider, post-colonial politics of foreign archaeologists working in Cyprus. As we have seen, he only has the power to fence off a few square metres, and the significance of the wells locally is minimal, it would appear. Their importance will however, presumably be widely recorded and reported through archaeology journals to the international community. I should add that I am implying no judgement of the Antiquities Department, I am far from qualified to do so and I am no archaeologist. I am merely indicating an area of marked cultural contestation, describing how the way things are emplaced, hidden or enclosed can be symbolic and meaningful on a number of levels. The Department has had a long, and no doubt uneasy relationship with foreign archaeologists at least since colonial times.

Shortly before I left, I was asking Duncan if he would be working back at the Tombs of the Kings, a massive complex of underground burial chambers, some ornate and

others very rudimentary. They were used over a number of centuries, although no kings were apparently buried there, but it is assumed that there are more to be uncovered. The area has been fenced in and landscaped in recent years with a car park and pay booth, thus making it into an outdoor museum. These small additions signal clearly to tourists that this is a place they can legitimately visit. Duncan said, in an off-hand way that he probably wouldn't be doing any more digging there, after years of taking students to dig there, and that the Director had said that maybe it wasn't really appropriate for foreign archaeologists to be digging up Cyprus' dead. Why, now, do skeletons signify so much more than other artefacts? Duncan shrugged, he wasn't particularly bothered. As suggested, he fiercely protected his professional independence and had something of a mercenary and single-minded attitude to his work, not allowing politics in. This was unsurprising, because as you might expect, archaeology in Cyprus is profoundly political.

Concluding thoughts

This chapter started with soil, and has ended up back there. I have used it as a medium for talking about the layering of history, the mutability of surfaces, and as a way of thinking about nation-ness and attachment. I have again stressed the provisionality of the layers of Cypriotness and feeling and being Cypriot. Soil cannot be conflated with territory, but is used as a trope in nationalism, and I have assumed that the two are often conflated. I have attempted to dismantle this conflation, and to argue that territory is superficial whereas soil is the carrier of cultural meaning. Implicit has been the suggestion that soil is an unremarkable given, as are the quotidian elements of everyday life, and everyday notions of morality that brings a sense of being and belonging in Cyprus, as elsewhere, back to the individual as being a shifting member in the 'parliament of things'. Histories are different from memories, but both take root, and amalgamate events into narratives.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE BOUNDARIES OF CONSERVATION: THE AKAMAS, TWO HOTELS AND THE ENVIRONMENTAL STUDIES CENTRE

This chapter is about different levels of contestation over the environment in Cyprus. It focuses on the area where we were living which, as far as tourism went, was a largely undeveloped region. The levels range from the local, emanating from an environmental studies centre, to the activities of various non-governmental organisations, local and national entrepreneurs, and government departments. All these levels operate under the heavy presence of, and impending accession to the EU. Politically and geographically, the EU looms large. Overarching however, is the far more amorphous global discourse on the status and 'nature' of 'the environment'. The Environmental Studies Centre (ESC) was in Pano Oropedhio, and was instituted as a result of the Laona Project, a local enterprise whose mission was to protect Cyprus environmental and architectural heritage, which later morphed into the national organisation, the Cyprus Conservation Foundation (CCF), all of which I discuss below. The two hotels in the title are in the local area, known as the Akamas, which is the focus of this chapter, but are very dissimilar. Both, however, exploit their location in their marketing. Once again, attempts to fix things and ideas are highlighted, and shown to fail, or succeed to varying degrees as notions of legitimacy are contested, and spaces – real and figurative - are fought over.

I set out my stall in Chapter One, regarding the dialectic of nature and culture from a phenomenological stance, and chose Latour's particular perspective on our relation with 'things', including 'Nature'. From an ethnographic point of view, this also seems the most apt approach. The contestations and inter-cultural frustrations that I witnessed between locals and the 'external' conservation groups and ideologies fit with a wider political ideological struggle that this thesis deals with, but it also raises the issues of belonging, 'ownership' and legitimacy that are taken up in the remaining chapters. Cypriots, and probably all of us, 'dwell', in Heidegger's (1971) sense of the term, in the places we occupy, and that dwelling is prior to an objectified environment, and evidence for this came through the different conversations I had with some Cypriots, and how they were set against the attitudes that dismissed environmentalism as 'feminised' (see Argyrou 1997) and/or externally imposed.

However, there is an apparent paradox: the pragmatic attitude to the land and the environment is also bound up with the total disenfranchisement from the land that has been the reality with the centuries of colonisation. The land, the island, in fact, is rendered as a void by the local response to external politics and ideologies, as discussed in Chapter Three. The place to dwell for some has become the internalised 'Hellas' that saw its beginnings in the folklorist movement that was in its heyday in the nineteenth century (see Herzfeld, pp 3-23 1986; Papadakis 1998a), or, for others, in the many spaces that are present in Cyprus. The general provisionality, that I have argued is pervasive, creates these spaces, even if they are often fraught with tension. Some of the specific examples examined here are notions of legality and legitimacy. What Herzfeld describes of that period in the nineteenth century could be effortlessly inserted into current discourse on the island. Cyprus is in a relation to Europe that is reminiscent of that time, and it is also in a potential state of nation-statehood, that Greece was aiming towards. Just as Greece looked to the philhellenes then, so does Cyprus appeal to the EU.

The place of memory - a direct appeal to former glory - that is also wrapped up with folklore has a special place on Cyprus, and is complicated there by the void that has been carefully worked around over the events of the past thirty or so years. To put it crudely, Cyprus has a strong air of vacuity about it: there is the sense that there is a

space to be filled by a notion of a coherent Cypriot identity. This vacuity has a particular quality when the environment is fused, as it is here, with the political and the historical. But, as I say, the environment is mobilised as a medium to talk about notions such as legality, legitimacy, Cypriotness, colonisation, reunification and Cyprus in relation to the rest of the world, and especially Europe. This chapter presents ethnographic examples that demonstrate this mobilisation, as well as partly setting up the argument for Chapter Five, which covers the same themes, through examples of specific gardens, and continues the thread that highlights tourism as a major conduit for collective displacement, but also as a reflective basis for the construction of an (ironic) Cyprus. The usefulness of the environment as a medium for discussion here is in the problem of the definition of its limits: are its limits local or global?

I want to consider the environment and environmentalism from the perspective of the experience of colonisation in its broadest terms. Many of the dialogues about the environment in Cyprus implicitly or explicitly took place in such a context of colonisation. It was implicit in the overall discourse that constitutes the extreme end of the environmental lobby, the one that assumes the moral high ground in terms of knowledge of what is 'best for the planet'. This discourse underlies the work of the NGOs, concerned with conservation, and the EU and World Bank, in their attempts to 'educate' with scientific, proven knowledge that assumes 'nature' as the prior (see Milton 1996) and overarching frame. It is a colonialist discourse of sorts: that humans have power and control over the dominion of nature and can exploit it or nurture it with understanding and benevolence. The context of colonisation was explicit in the more direct and personal encounters between, for example, the village and the environment centre, and the developers and the village, and in the government rhetoric and ambivalence over the matter of conservation.

So what, one might ask, have levels of contestation over the environment to do with gardens and horticultural practice? There is no direct, obvious link, although, plant life, more specifically endemic species, are present in the promotion of environmental awareness by the Cyprus Tourist Organisation and the Forestry Department on the island. And in the debate over 'purity' and autochthony (see

Comaroff & Comaroff 2001) the place of gardens is relevant, and I discuss this in Chapter Five. It does not work to talk of gardens either 'in the landscape', nor even 'in the environment' in Cyprus. They exist in a space more intimately connected with the owners, and they serve as a counter to most of the land that is overlaid with crass external ideology. My interest and involvement extended away from the garden, and I became involved with the work of the environment centre in the village, and the people who worked there. I am not going to attempt to construct connections, but I would say that gardens can and do represent and symbolise those private and personal areas that resist the colonial gaze. Conservation in Cyprus has not invaded the garden as it has elsewhere, in the guise of 'wildlife gardening', and the gardens there also have the vestiges of the attributes of gardens of the eastern Mediterranean basin: the earliest gardens of Mesopotamia and Persia (see Chapter One) of enclosure, shade, privacy and water for example, incorporating ideologies that are about the intimate relationship between the worldly, the individual and the sacred, rather than the environment being an outward expression of the power of God, and 'Man' being God's representative 'keeper of Nature'. The latter attitude, pervasive in north-western European tradition, led to the objectification of nature, the notion of landscape, and pointed to the 'good view'.

I argue that the intimate and private conception of land that I have already proposed exists in Cyprus, of a close-up perspective, is, along with the historical experience of definitions of property, fundamental to contestation over land in Cyprus, and belongs with the less explicit narrative that resists and dismisses external interference (sometimes defensively) because the colonial gaze cannot conceive of a different understanding of property. The notion of the 'view' and the colonial 'gaze' by contrast is conflated to some extent with the conservation discourse in Cyprus, and the two are at odds because the two conceptions are incommensurable.

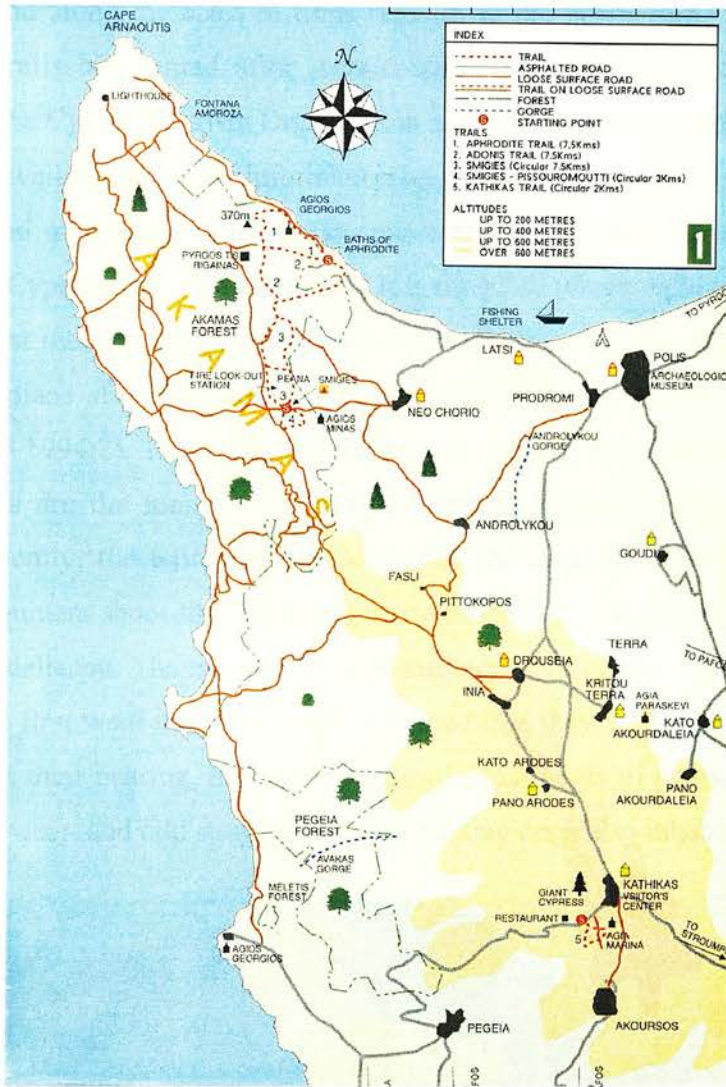
Running through this thesis is the motivation to reconcile where gardens 'fit' into the 'bigger cultural picture' generally. This chapter, then, is an investigation into that bigger picture of where gardens *per se* are overlooked by conservationists, but are locked into a very personalised and private local conception of the meaning of land.

What I hope will emerge, then, is something of gardens' context where Cyprus is concerned.

In any social science, the concept of 'environment' is extremely broad. It covers any context we find ourselves in, and is related to, and configures all that we experience. In anthropology, any analysis of cultural practice is void without context, and 'environment' is used to cover any such context. In what follows, I intend to be more specific, and I will take the environment as comprising the various biophysical factors and relations that people experience and are influenced by. Immediately, the problem of definition is inescapable, but I do not want to get bogged down by it at this stage. Suffice it to say that I take the simplistic or simplified idea of environment as a starting point for argument, because that is the idea that conservationists on the island have, and, as will become clear, it is closely tied in with how they think Cyprus should look and present itself. Cyprus has to self-consciously create itself, in much the same way as Greece did in the nineteenth century. One of my Greek teachers would often say how Cyprus was more intimately linked with ancient Greece, as evidenced by the survivals in the Cypriot dialect. He was also saying that Greece was lost to its former glorious principles and that Cyprus still had the space (the vacuum?) to create itself as the idealised, truly Greek, nation state. Others, conservationists, see the project as one of salvaging what remains environmentally uncorrupted and untainted on the island. Put like this, it is clear that there are connections between the two enterprises. Both are beset by the potential to essentialise in the pursuit of purity. As will be seen however, the environmental bicomunal work I was involved with, demonstrated that the potential negative manifestations of the pursuit of purity – racism, are challenged by the appeal to the island's environmental and physical integrity, and by invoking a Cyprus-sized version of the collective stewardship-of-the-planet discourse.¹

¹ See *Our Island – Your Island: a book by the Children of Cyprus* produced by Peace Child International

The Akamas – ‘the last truly Homeric landscape...’



Map of the Akamas

The discussion will emanate from the area known as the Akamas. The Akamas is the peninsula in the extreme north-western corner of the island that has long been identified as a region worthy of environmental protection, and in the early 1990s it became the subject of a project under the World Bank's Mediterranean Environmental Assistance Programme (METAP). The project spanned four to five years, and the eventual report concurred with the views of environmentalists on and off the island; that the area was indeed ecologically sensitive and worthy of

protection from the enormous development pressures of tourism. It is a beautiful verdant area with a four hundred metre high vantage point that is along one of a number of trails on the peninsula. This mountain affords a breathtaking view over the whole area and along the coast to Cape Arnouti to the north, and Lara Bay to the south. The trails are named after Adonis and Aphrodite, are way-marked and managed by the Cyprus Tourism Organisation and the Forestry Department. Detailed booklets are available that give information on the flora and fauna, the geology, and the history and mythology. The area is apparently named after the son of Theseus who came to Cyprus after the Trojan War. It is the place where Aphrodite bathed and where she first met her lover, Adonis while he was hunting. He stopped to take a drink at the place she was bathing and they were dazzled by the beauty of one another (CTO 1994:2). The trails, and the area in general, are popular with tourists. Other visitors are the many hunters on Wednesdays and Sundays, and, up till relatively recently, the British army, who used the area for exercises and firing ranges. The hunters shoot the many migratory birds that visit the island, which are enjoyed as a delicacy. The hunters dress in military camouflage, and are invariably male. When I first went there I wrongly assumed that they were soldiers, such was their ubiquity, their bearing, and their 'uniform'. Vast herds of goats, obvious from the bells they wear, and odd stray, abandoned hunting dogs also inhabit the place.



The Akamas

The recent history of the campaign to protect the Akamas reveals some interesting inconsistencies within the government, and demonstrates the contradictory relationships that exist at all levels. These are, at least in part, due to the size of the island and its small population: in many ways, the national is the same as the local. The distinction between the two is hazy to say the least, and personal relationships appear to suffuse national politics.

In 1992 the Cyprus Government commissioned a management plan for the area under the World Bank's METAP Programme (Mediterranean Technical Assistance Programme), partly funded by the European Commission. The study was submitted in 1995 and analysed different scenarios for the sustainable development of the peninsula, focussing on the rural communities whilst making provision for strict protection and conservation of the coastal land. The international conservation community was invited in and the work started by the report has been taken up as a main concern of the Mediterranean section of Greenpeace as well as political and charitable groups on the island itself, such as the CCF (Cyprus Conservation Foundation). Land is zoned in Cyprus according to levels of development, and the boundaries of the Akamas remain disputed. The World Bank study proposed the creation of conservation areas, but the zoning that had been mapped prior to the study remains in force, allowing for tourist development on the land bordering the area. I will go on to say a little about recent controversial development at these 'edges', but one area of coast has been protected for a number of decades, primarily for the protection of turtle nesting sites, and turtle protection is a major consideration in the METAP study.

Turtles and monk seals are among the most sensitive species, and they were once found along the whole coastline, and they are emblematic of the notions of what is ancient that belongs to Cyprus, as well as something global; they visit the island, and link in with the wider eco-system. However, with the unremitting tourist development, the beaches are no longer used by the turtles. The combination of the disturbance of the nests, turtles getting caught in fishing nets, and the hotel lighting, that mimics the moon that would lead them to the sea, but that attracts the newly hatched turtles away from the sea and on to their deaths in the swimming pools of the

coastal hotels, has seen their rapid demise. There is an undisputed link between their disappearance and coastal strip development. The only areas where they are still to be found are on the beaches that surround the peninsula. Since the mid 1970s the Fisheries Department has run a project with the support of the World Wildlife Fund and the EU to protect the remaining nesting sites along the coast, to monitor the turtle population, and to protect the eggs and hatchlings from predation. A region 10km long is under the direct management of the Department, and there are seasonal rangers posted there.

It is tempting to reproduce the information produced by the Fisheries Department in full, but space doesn't allow. It opens with defensiveness, an introduction that deflects responsibility from any action by Cypriot legislation, and shows that evidence of turtle numbers was only ever anecdotal.

Both (turtle species) were more abundant in the past. Though records are sparse, old fishermen support this, and so does the toponymy of at least one area, Cholones (the Greek for turtle).....Exploitation of turtles in the Mediterranean, from the beginning until about the middle of this century, has decimated turtle populations. Very large numbers of turtles were shipped from the Eastern Mediterranean to Europe where there was a large demand for turtle soup. (Turtles and Turtle Conservation in Cyprus, Dept. of Fisheries, Cyprus 1997:1)

It was colonial activity that was responsible for the turtles' decline, and in the next sentence, the intensive transformation of beaches for tourism is made responsible for threatening their nesting sites. Is this an innocent juxtaposition of explanation, or is the implication that tourism is merely a continuation of colonial, bourgeois exploitation of a natural, national habitat? Later in the document, the references to turtles draw on a familiar trope of Cypriot politics, that of 'important' history spanning thousands of years. Real history, when all was well with the (Greek) world, is well beyond the reach of living memory, although the reference to the anonymous 'old fishermen' conjure a mythology that is outside of, or prior to the modern, statistic-bound world.

It could be argued that there are even shades of the myth of the birth of Aphrodite, being born out of the sea foam at Petra tou Romiou on the south coast of the island, not so much in the facts but in the tone of the language used:

Turtles are an *ancient* group of reptiles that...have reversed their evolution and 'returned' to the sea....their ties to their land-adapted *ancestors* are unmistakable...Many nests perish by being covered by waves. Once the hatchlings reach the sea new enemies face them there. For *thousands of years*, however, sufficient numbers of hatchlings reached the sea and survived to keep a stable population. (ibid.:2 italics added)

The threat to the turtles was the main focus of concern that I was aware of, even though the peninsula supports many rare and sensitive endemic plant species. Soon after we arrived, I was made aware that Greenpeace had staged a major demonstration around the shores of the Akamas with its ship, Rainbow Warrior. The emotive language of the report in their newsletter mirrors the Fisheries Department's own language, but the allusion to ancient and primordial attachment is more obscure, the area is personified (and feminised?), and is described in terms of 'suffering', 'abuse' and 'rape'. The Akamas represents the 'untouched beauty' of the 'original' island. Part of the demonstration was a mini 'invasion' during which inflatable dinghies

placed flags to mark symbolic borders of the Akamas peninsula, the borders that are accepted by Greenpeace and recommended by the World Bank Report...The second banner was placed on the north shore, on Asprokemnos beach, just in front of the Olympia Hotel, built illegally on another turtle nesting site under the protection of the Bern convention (Greenpeace Mediterranean 'In Action' 1999)

Any talk of boundaries, symbolic or otherwise is heavy with irony, when the symbolic wholeness of the island is corrupted by the 'illegal' division of 1974 (see Chapters Two and Three). Talk of illegality loses some of its force in the context of the Turkish invasion and occupation.

Police say ten members of the group, including local and foreign journalists, "illegally" came ashore at the luxury hotel...Greenpeace has backed a long campaign against Thanos Hotels, which it claims broke the law by building the 352-bed hotel following building relaxations granted to the Michaelides family...the Supreme Court has since ruled that the hotel is illegal, but it is still operating... "They wanted us to leave because we were 'illegal'," said Constatiniou (from Greenpeace). "Our answer was that they were illegal." (Cyprus Mail 21/10/99).

The response of both parties, Greenpeace and Thanos Hotels demonstrates that notions of legality itself are heavily contested. Nothing could be more concrete or clearly defined than this illegitimate boundary created in 1974. In a sense, then, and unexpectedly, talk of boundaries is meaningless on the island, and the arbitrariness of this chief one that divides north and south is made all the more potent by the fact that it is named after the coloured pencil line drawn across Nicosia. The placement of the flags by Greenpeace on the symbolic boundary of the Akamas would therefore have little impact on local sensibilities, and indeed, didn't. The main focus of protest was a new development, just at or beyond, depending on one's perspective, one of these contested boundaries, the Olympia Hotel. Legality, in the end, is negotiated locally. The provisionality that pervades attitudes to land itself is also reinforced by legal provisionality in the present. The former renders the latter unremarkable on analysis, and the two are indelibly linked.

Greenpeace also highlighted the issue of licensing, of hotels and other business enterprises, as being a major infringement of the (apparent) protected status of the Akamas. As I have said, a large area of the Akamas coastline is under protection as one of the few remaining nesting sites for green and loggerhead turtles. The region is not served by any tarred roads, and is only accessible on foot, or with four-wheel drive vehicles. Every day, long convoys of packed white Landrovers take tourists along the dirt roads on 'Jeep Safaris' to see the 'undiscovered Cyprus'. The idea of Jeep Safaris was started by a conservationist English ex-pat. It was intended to be small-scale, and to allow access to ecologically sensitive areas making minimal impact. Unsurprisingly, his idea got taken up by other local entrepreneurs, and the impact in the form of deeply-rutted tracks through the Akamas, the Paphos Forest and down onto remote beaches, was very visible. They are one of the ironic and unpredictable intrusions into the area but there is no effective regulation of the practice. Licences are required for any such businesses, but they are seldom applied for, and there is little political will to enforce licensing. It is interesting to question who is responsible for this invasion of the unspoilt. Was it the ex-pat Englishman – who has since stopped doing his own 'safaris', appalled at the turn his idea has taken, or the licensing authorities, whose blind eye allows new operators to start their own; or is it the lack of general will resulting from economic drive mixed with a vague

modernising rhetoric that cannot be divorced from tourism as Cyprus' chief export? A further factor, that was later presented to me as a 'problem' for Cyprus, by non-refugee Cypriots, was that a large number of entrepreneurs were refugees, and that there was an implicit 'moral obligation' to allow refugees 'unbridled freedom'. They had lost everything thirty years ago, and there was a lot vested by the government in retaining them as refugees. There was resentment however among non-refugees that the label carried so much privilege and that it was a heritable 'title'. The children had not lost everything and were seen to exploit their position, and the tag of 'refugee'. I would argue that it is the sum of all of these. All are appropriating the space of the Akamas with their own agenda.

The view of the insider/outsider

I visited the offices of Greenpeace in Limassol, housing only two workers, and I spoke with Irini, the woman responsible for much of the literature and lobbying material leaving the office. I came away armed with papers, reports and articles, but our conversation quickly left Cyprus, and a simple question on how she came to be involved so actively with Greenpeace led her to reveal that she had been educated for six years in the US, that her degree had been in computing, followed by a Masters in Environmental Science.

She had clear ideas on the history and consequent attitudes to land 'ownership' in Cyprus. She had a dual perspective, that of an insider, but also, having spent so many years away, she easily took up the position of an honorary outsider. She had become an environmental activist during her six years in the United States, and changed her career path, to the bemusement of her friends in Cyprus, who think her a 'bit weird'. She argued that Cyprus does not have a bedrock of culture like other nations. The university is less than ten years old, and the vast majority of young people wanting to 'get on in the world' leave Cyprus to study abroad. She said that the education system on the island is poor, and that the practice of sending children abroad for higher education has persisted for a long time, and shows no signs of abating.

These young people inevitably absorb and import the mixed elements of the cultures they experience back to Cyprus. This was true beyond education. Many people I encountered had left for very varied reasons and returned after a few or many years, going to Greece, the UK, and the US or, particularly in the 1950s and 1960s, Africa. The norm is to leave, and return is far from inevitable. So there are a large number of people who take up the 'objective outsider' stance. This, in part, explains the frequent use of 'mentalities' when Cypriots I met talked about their compatriots.

Most of the post 1974 economic (and therefore cultural?) boom came, she said, from injections of money from Cypriot ex-pats, and in the form of international aid. I heard of a number of examples of this ex-pat patronage. Implicit in what she was saying was that attachment to Cyprus was difficult to identify. With no bedrock of culture, what is the attachment to? In terms of land, she was more historically specific. Under the Ottomans, she said, "the Cypriots did not own any land, it was 'rented'. The British took over and they had nothing *but* the land. The British gave them what they had been renting, but Cypriots were completely excluded from public life and top jobs. They could not vote either." She linked this to the lack of culture – "Cypriots had no involvement in culture at a higher level". It was interesting that she conflated culture with political involvement. She then went on to talk about the paucity of education and the importation of culture from abroad via the returning students. Her whole notion of the overarching discourse of the past four hundred years is that there has been a complete absence of anything resembling an inherent Cypriot culture because of a lack of ownership of land and a lack of political involvement. And more than that; right up to the present day, 'culture' has been imported by invaders and returning or absent ex-pats. Again, it is about filling a perceived vacuum. Strictly speaking, the system under the Ottomans was more complex, as described in Chapters Two and Three.

Irimi's response to what presumably is her own sense of uncertainty over what constitutes Cypriot 'culture', but a conviction that it cannot be associated with the land or politics because of a lack of ownership and then disenfranchisement, is ironically to join an international organisation that is dissociated from the particularity of land. Greenpeace has a focus that is located in the ideology of global

conservation. Habitats cannot be left to the care and stewardship of national governments. How significant that they decided to stage a mini invasion of the Akamas. The importation of ideology (and culture?) is old news to Cyprus. Those that see the possibility of significant income from land they happen to own, now greet new measures to attempt to control what they do with it with indifference or suspicion.

I also went to visit a man in Limassol whom I'd heard had been active in Friends of the Earth some years ago. Yiannis was a retired natural resources consultant, trained as an agricultural economist who had worked many years outside Cyprus. He and his wife lived in an old house, surrounded by dense and shady greenery. It was the type of house found in the countryside, but it was highly incongruous because it was now overshadowed by the high-rise blocks on the outskirts of Limassol. He said that fifty years ago it had just been them and a farm. The house was completely enclosed by trees and shrubs, isolated from the rampant urban development happening just outside the gates. He was a deeply thoughtful and intellectual man, committed to the early work of Friends of the Earth, but now somewhat distanced because of all the internal squabbles that blighted the various environmental groups. These were also alluded to by Irini at Greenpeace, although both were reluctant to go into details. We talked about the attitude to the land, and how it puzzled me. He talked about the theorising of Buber (1970), and of the shifting of relationships, from the 'you' with the 'I', to the 'I' with the 'it'. The 'it' is exploitable and gives rise to individualism, Yiannis said.

As had become common for me to hear from others by this time, he referred to the Cypriot mentality, and that this individualism is present 'in extremis' in Cyprus. As Irini had done, he quickly moved to an historical explanation. The system had been loosely feudal for so long, right up until the nineteenth century, and the 'lord of the manor' had been remote. Cyprus as a whole was the Sultan's manor, and the peasants his serfs. Cyprus had been colonised for so many centuries that its only experience was of being the 'it' to the colonisers' 'I'. The community configuration, the 'I with you' was an introspective relationship, set against the bigger one of exploitation by the coloniser of the island as a whole. This is a simplification, of

course, and the extent of the idea and experience of community on the island is left open. I found suspicion to suffuse most relationships, and the talk of ‘mentality’ of fellow islanders is a distancing and objectifying practice. Relationships are concretised and potential for connections are made impossible when the mentality is portrayed negatively as foreign and fixed, and as will be shown later, the foreign and fixed is not necessarily outside Cyprus: remarkably, locals can be regarded as alien by fellow Cypriots.

An expression of the ideals of individual freedom regarding property and economics, a denial of community and environmental concerns, and an ostensible colonisation by Cypriots (Thanos Hotels) of the Akamas was to be found with the construction of more tourist accommodation in areas where an increasing number of tourists want to go. They want exclusive accommodation, away from the crowds, and a taste of the ‘authentic’ Cyprus. Elite tourists require five star hotels. Eco-tourism might work elsewhere, but Cyprus is a place where people come for sun and the beach; if nature is out there, all well and good, but primarily they are assumed to be in search of comfort.

The ‘ideal’ tourist, the ‘ideal’ location

The Olympia is a large, extremely white and very exclusive hotel that was opened in 1998 and is owned by Thanos Hotels, a company owned by the ex-minister of Foreign Affairs. It is on a beautiful stretch of the Akamas coast. Another hotel is under construction close by, this time owned by a relative of the Minister of Justice. Thanos Hotels Ltd. was granted a permit to build, and to develop the coastal zone, with an inclusion of a swimming pool in the plans. I was told many times by indignant Cypriots that all the beach fronts appeared to be private, for the exclusive use of the hotel guests, but that they were all public and that we should feel free to make use of them. This is made practically difficult because the hotels install sun beds and beach umbrellas to fill all available space for which they make a charge. Hotel design has become more and more physically exclusive. The grounds have become much more part of the whole complex and it is often impossible to see a way down to a beach that does not seem to encroach on what is unmistakably ‘private’

property. The Olympia, achieved new heights of exclusivity in physically literal terms, in that the entrance was not at all obvious from the road. One had to take a circuitous route via the hotel guests' car park on the opposite side of the road. One might argue that the design was to reduce the visual impact of the hotel, although this hardly stands up: from any vantage point other than the road, the hotel quickly became a landmark. It is not high-rise, but it spreads, and is constructed from blinding white concrete.

This was not a hotel that welcomed casual non-residents who might want a drink in the bar. It has been marketed as an elite holiday destination: a lone hotel on the unspoilt northern coastline of Cyprus amidst the beauty of the Akamas, a naturalist's paradise. Ironically, or not, the sister of one of the teachers at the Environment Centre worked at the hotel, managing the health spa. The incongruity of this, when the Environmental Studies Centre (ESC), through the Cyprus Conservation Foundation (CCF) were strongly opposed to the hotel and further development, was never mentioned. What it highlighted though, is the reality and the inherent paradox of talking about tourism in ecologically sensitive terms. Individuals are pragmatic; people need jobs, and tourists need somewhere to stay, some seeking an exclusive experience. We ourselves were involved in a similarly incongruous exercise one day. The Centre commissioned one of the local pleasure cruisers that took tourists out from the fast-growing 'little fishing port of Latsi' in order to photograph the impact of the hotel on the coastline. We did not stop at the trip that would only take twenty minutes, but had a day's cruise around the whole peninsula, stopping in a number of coves to swim and snorkel, we sunbathed and picnicked and had a wonderful day. I even saw a turtle swim below the boat.

I heard through the owner of the boat that Thanos Hotels had argued that turtles no longer came to that section of coast, and that they had carried out their own studies. He told us that staff were expected to clear any nests that appeared on the beach, and that turtles had been found dead in the swimming pool by staff. There is an obvious paradox here: it would delight most tourists to see a turtle, or one of the elusive monk seals, but their existence has to be denied by the hotel owners in order to protect their dubious moral territory in the face of the environmental lobby that claims the

absolute illegality of the hotel, and the necessity for a 'pristine' nature reserve. The Supreme Court of Cyprus declared in 1998 that the licence given for the hotel was illegal and that all operations there should be terminated. Of course, they have not. Greenpeace literature goes on to list a number of 'illegal', that is unlicensed, activities, as already mentioned above, that go on around the coast in the light of the World Bank report's recommendations, such as restaurants, goat farms, sea tours, hunting and the Jeep safaris.

The hotel is only the latest development in the area, but also the largest. Along the coast there is a well-known and locally popular fish restaurant which has been operating for years without a licence. The large sign at the end of the track to it declares that the owner is a refugee from the Karpas peninsula, the 'pan-handle' on the eastern side of the island. He is making his own personal moral claim to the piece of land he uses. Ironically, Peace Child International, in *Our Island – Your Island*, directly compare the Karpas peninsula with the Akamas as being complementary in environmental terms, affording the Turkish 'north' of the island, and the Greek 'south' equivalence in natural beauty and ecological sensitivity.

There is a hotel in Lofos, a village close to Pano Oropedhio that contrasts starkly with the moral and political claims made by the idiosyncratic refugee, and with the apparently simple exploitation of this unspoilt region by the Olympia. The hotel in Lofos is an interesting example of a whole village acting as entrepreneur that goes some way in illustrating the siege/collective mentality over the land on the Laona plateau, that borders/overlaps the Akamas region. This is not to say though that there exists a cohesive community response to outside interference. The model is one of every individual being for him/herself, but this might extend to village level, as was demonstrated through the continual state of antagonism that existed between two of the neighbouring villages. One of the villages, through the patronage of ex-villagers, built a hotel at the highest point in the village, tens of miles from any other hotel, and nowhere near the sea. It was an unusual and brave move for the late 1980s.

This hotel has one of the most commanding positions in Cyprus. It is set high on the Laona Plateau, looking out over the mountainous Paphos Forest to the east, Chrysochou Bay to the north, and west over the Akamas. It also commands the

village of Lofos. This village would have been similar in size and demography to Pano Oropedhio twenty years ago, but the presence of the hotel has created two very different places. About fifteen years ago, there was great concern over the outflow of all the younger people from Lofos. A relatively innovative idea to build a hotel was mooted. It is not a likely position for tourist development. The roads at the time were not that good, the village was very high, and very remote, and the nearby villages of Latsi and Polis in Chrysochou Bay had seen very little in the way of tourist activity and development. Most tourists still went to Limassol on the south coast, and Paphos was just starting to become a destination with the building of the airport on the coast at Timi. The investment for the small, twelve-roomed hotel (which now has fifty-eight rooms, and some apartments in the village) came from village ex-pats who had moved away or abroad.

As already intimated, networks of connection reach back to the village – when asked where they were from, people would, without hesitation, name the village of their birth rather than the town or city they now lived in. It is impossible to know whether this general tendency to invoke the village reinforces the rhetoric of refugees, and the villages they were forced to leave, a rhetoric that passes down through the generations. The cities are a different class of place, and not invoked as home. Paphos is in transition, growing rapidly, but is still regarded as more of a town than a city. The Government rhetoric of the denial of possible return to natal villages in the north is something of a perversion, in the light of mass migration to the towns and cities, or at least an exploitation of such links (but see Introduction regarding developments in 2003). However, it is perhaps a coincidence of history that the forced migration corresponded with large-scale economic migration from the rural to the urban, and the reductiveness of political rhetoric conveniently edits out a trend that was at its height in the 1960s and 1970s. The two realities bolster one another, underscoring and concretising a notion of ‘Home’. In one instance, home is left voluntarily, and with the anticipation of a new life. In the other, the departure is forced and painful, and home becomes the nostalgia-laden ‘elsewhere’, shrouded in sadness.

The manager of the hotel was from Nicosia, but his father was from Lofos, and he talked about the village proprietorially. I was surprised to find out that he had not moved back to the village, but lived in a new suburb of Paphos. He described a village life of poverty up until about thirty or so years ago when the village got electricity, was defensive of the place, and assumed something of the role of spokesperson for the village. The hotel provided the main employment, and sustained local catering businesses, small museums and craftsmen through its attraction of more 'alternative' tourists. He was forever exploring new ways of bringing people to the hotel. There was a well-established series of evening talks, or 'cultural presentations' held every year, that were attended exclusively by local ex-pat British, where dinner at the hotel was offered. He also organised craft workshops and I attended one on basket making, taught by a woman from a village near Paphos. Again this was attended only by ex-pat British. The villagers would have been welcome, but none came. The hotel, like the Olympia, a newer hotel on the north coast, encroaching into the 'virgin' Akamas, was promoted because of its proximity to the 'riches of the pine-clad mountains and the thrills of the Akamas peninsula'. The 'guest profile' comprises: environmentalists, botanists, bird-watchers, geologists, archaeologists...culture buffs' etc. and the description in this agro-tourism brochure states that:

there is definitely something about the place that makes you feel as if time has stood still. Tradition rules the day. Indigenous architecture has been preserved, customs are still closely followed and villagers continue to produce their wares. Nobody thinks twice about it. That's the way it's always been. ('Escape to Cyprus' Libra Holidays brochure 2000 – 01).

The hotel provides an ironic counterpoint to the Olympia. While the manager believes firmly that no-one should dictate what a Cypriot can do with his land, he was making genuine efforts to encourage eco-tourists to the area. He was very successful, as many tour operators used his hotel as a base for walking groups, and special interest holidays such as bird watching and botanical tours. As an extra, he undertook tours of the village for any interested guests, and it was included as part of the course that I did there on basket making. We visited the local 'crafts people' carrying on as they had always done. He took pains to point out any family connections he had with the person, and we duly admired the handiwork. There was

a very deaf metal worker who made his patterned metal sieves and pans in a small tin shack. The reason for his deafness soon became apparent as he worked away with a heavy hammer and metal punch. In another house in the village, an elderly lady wearily let us in and gave us a weaving demonstration. There was no conflict for the manager in such exploitation of the villagers and his disgust that conservationists would wish to prevent the modernisation of the area through development when these villagers had suffered such hardship until relatively recently.

Does it matter whether the tourists took the 'show' at face value, or whether they thought they were getting a piece of authentic rural Cyprus? Here, as in Pano Oropedhio, there were no young apprentices to the chair maker, the copper smith or the weaver, and no-one seemed to mind too much. But what is going to happen to these tourist resources and selling points when these elderly artisans die? Since we left, the only remaining chair maker has died. The ESC used these people in exactly the same way as the hotel, in their educational programmes, taking students to see them at work – or rather arranging with the worker first that they would 'perform' on a particular day. It is, of course, culture as theatre. In Cyprus the environment has become completely entailed, not only as the backdrop, but as part of the action, dialogue and set for these different and competing players. All are writing 'plays' on a theme: Greenpeace, the CCF/ESC, hotels, developers, environmental activists, and those represented at a seminar I attended, and that I will come to presently. The Akamas itself disappears beneath the layered narratives, and meanwhile the herds of goats amble through, munching endemic species nonchalantly.

The manager embodied the ongoing dual dialogue. He said to me that of course the villagers should have the freedom to sell their land along the coast, development is progress, social progress, and a response to recent memories of poverty. He wanted to encourage all those who fitted the 'guest profile' above, but his defensiveness about development was not at all contradictory in his mind. Nor did he see any conflict between his ideas on social progress through economic development, however it was realised, and the quote above. It appears that there is deemed to be plenty of 'environment' – wildlife, flowers and scenery, and that further development will not threaten it significantly. Conservationists would talk of the short sightedness

of their compatriots. Although they were talking figuratively, maybe it really is the case, and their fellow Cypriots do not take the long view over land. This fits into the argument I have been building up to so far. The overall attitude to the land is particular, not holistic: the relationship is provisional, and land is a class of property that is not linked directly with a notion of territory, in national, environmental, or global terms.

As the Akamas becomes more developed, both the hotels lose their marketing advantage: of edenic seclusion and 'indigenous local colour'. No-one directly involved, except the westerners who run the ESC seems particularly bothered. It seems that there is a clear understanding that progress happens, everything moves on and changes, and that the heritage industry is recognised precisely as an 'industry' by those that are most intimately involved in it, such as the villagers themselves and the hotel manager. It is a marketing strategy that works at the moment, and that is fine.

'There is nothing so temporary as the (apparently) permanent', *'dhen iparchei tipota to prosorino oso to ipotithemena monimo'*, I was told, a saying that perhaps sums up the main thread of this thesis. Any earnest concern about the environment is seen to be equally misplaced by many; the environment in Cyprus is notoriously unpredictable, at the whim of international interference on one hand, and to a lesser but real extent, the threat of major earthquake, or forest fire on the other. In the 1950s, a serious earthquake affected Pano Oropedhio. The village was known for its abundant natural surface water supply such that it had half a dozen water powered mills, but the earthquake changed the water table to the extent that only one surface stream was left flowing. More than half of the Kyrenia forest was wiped out by fire in 1995, and numerous smaller fires started by villagers burning weeds along field boundaries get out of control every year, decimating vast areas all over the island.

As a response to the perceived growing threat to 'natural' Cyprus from rampant tourist development that was heading towards the Akamas, which was exacerbated and complicated by 'natural' environmental damage from fire, over-grazing and migration from the land – that left no-one 'in charge' of the land on a day-to-day basis, environmental awareness grew on the island. Campaigns and organisations were instigated by small and determined groups of individuals, some Cypriot, some

British ex-pat. I was told by a number of them that real progress was hindered by the fragmentary nature of the environmental lobby, as early fault-lines in an apparently cohesive movement became steadily entrenched and remain as blocks to working together. I did not get a clear picture of the points of divergent ideologies or policy, as most people discussed the problem in terms of individuals, and at the level of personal difference and even some animosity. One project to emerge and succeed was the Laona Project.

The Laona Project

The project was started in 1989, and grew out of an initiative of Friends of the Earth. Its aim was to demonstrate that there was an alternative to mass tourism, and that economic regeneration could come through the principles of sustainable development. The focus was always the protection of the Akamas. Those at the Laona Project felt the need to convince the local residents (and Cypriots in general) that it was in their interests to preserve and protect it as a nature reserve. Funding came through the EU, the Leventis Foundation, and other Cypriot and British donors. The project sought to realise its aims through giving loans and awarding grants for the restoration of buildings ‘as an example to the communities’ (Loana Project Final Report 1995:7), marketing the area nationally and internationally as a region rich in wildlife and antiquities, and linking the restoration of the buildings directly with tourist activities. Houses were to be let for holidays, two schools were renovated as a herb garden and the Studies Centre, and a visitor centre was established in one village. Tavernas offering local dishes, were established as well as a small hotel with only fourteen beds, housed again in a renovated building. All these concerns continue to fuel the work of the Cyprus Conservation Foundation, which evolved from the Laona Project, and which I will go on to describe presently, whose remit is obviously now national rather than concentrated solely on the Akamas.

The five villages in the Laona scheme were not the ones originally considered and approached by the project. These were on the Laona plateau, but they do not come into the area designated as the Akamas, and, considering that the chief aim was the protection of the Akamas, the project lost some of its force. The villages originally

earmarked were all approached in the early phase of the Project, and all of them owned extensive land running down from the plateau to the coast. This land is prime development land, and, as hotel building moves up the coast from Paphos, the villagers see their opportunity for making a lot of money from selling off their land along the coastal strip.

Various governments have procrastinated over external pressures from the World Bank, the EU and Greenpeace to implement the full legally protected status of the Akamas as a national park, but there is still no immediate prospect of this happening. At the other end of the scale, the Laona Project Final Report expresses some of the bitterness and frustration felt at the lack of co-operation from the villages concerned in this initial phase of the project.

the dilatoriness of two successive governments, and the misunderstanding of their own best interests exhibited by Laona inhabitants who own land by the coast, led those involved in the Laona Project, to the realisation that politicians and decision-makers must be enlightened on a permanent and pan Cyprian basis (Final Report 1995).

In effect, there seems to be more connection between the politicians and the villagers: there being very little historical space between them, and the patronising tone here sums up the attitude I came across again and again. It could read as a judgement from an outside agency on the ignorance of the locals and the politicians as a body – the sum of the Cypriot population in fact, except that it is not an outside agency, but a Cypriot NGO, run by a (Greek) Cypriot, whom I will come to presently. The leap from the local to the national within a sentence could be read two ways: either that the two are really the same thing in Cyprus, because the population is so small, and no-one is actually that far removed from those in power by either family or local connections. On the other hand, it could be an expression of the class prejudice and/or anti-Paphian prejudice that emerged again and again.

The Akamas is the most remote area in the Paphos region, and Paphos is seen by the rest of the island as an anachronistic backwater. Paphians were seen by compatriots from elsewhere as backward, narrow-minded, ignorant, greedy and parochial. Most observations that demonstrated prejudice were either in the form of jokes or throwaway remarks, pertaining to their slowness or perceived stupidity, but one man

went into his experience of being an outsider in the area. Dimitris was a refugee, living in a former Turkish Cypriot village near to Paphos, and he talked to me at length about his fellow villagers. Dimitris had spent many years by now in the village, but his relationship to the place and the people was highly complex. He had lived in the area from the age of sixteen, the year of the Turkish invasion. The invasion, he said, had coincided with the turbulent emotions of being a teenager, and said that 'your childhood is the longest time', as if the timing of the invasion had distorted and disrupted a defining part of his life, the transition to adulthood, at the same time as bringing his childhood to an abrupt and violent end. Dimitris' memory of living in the north coincides with the poignant and elongated memories of childhood. He had a child of his own now, born and brought up in this village. Dimitris admitted to a form of racism that did not allow him to call his son a Paphian, not because he and his wife were not – if they had been settled in Nicosia, he would have no problem calling him a Nicosian. He could not, however, associate his child with the 'Paphos mentality', and would never refer to the child, or he and his wife, as Paphians.

Paphians are hard and harsh, and racist. They do not want a solution to the Cyprus Problem because they do not want the Turkish Cypriots back. Money is their main motivator, and they gladly give up vineyards if they can make more by selling to developers. Their interest in acquiring more land is purely because it gives them more power – makes them 'somebody'.

Dimitris acknowledged that this was the only home his child knew, but there was little conflict in his mind between this fact and their not being 'of' the area. He and his wife had spent many years regarding the village as a temporary home, but now, as a potter, in a village where many other artists have settled, he said that destiny had really brought him here, and that the discovery of ancient kilns showed that since Chalcolithic times the area had been a centre for ceramics. I was struck by his recourse to archaeological history as irrefutable fact, which he used on other occasions during our conversation. Facts and destiny are clearly not in opposition, and this is a partnership that suffused much that I encountered in different conversations, and could be said to underlie the notion of 'mentalities' that was constantly reiterated: a presumption of ossification of categories. This echoes back to

arguments in Chapter Three, of the invocation of literal, or material buried history, and the attempts – here expressed subtly and personally – to reconcile earth-bound archaeological history, coupled with official, ossified narratives, with narratives of rupture, movement, adaptation and objectification.

Dimitris was not talking about villages on the Laona plateau, but ones closer to Paphos, but what is significant is his all-encompassing label of ‘Paphian’. His subtext is that although Paphians are ‘endemic’, they are not ‘Cypriot by his standards. They are in a sub-category of deviant. They are the ‘other’, and ironically they are also cast as the most racist group of islanders in terms of reconciliation with Turkish Cypriots. Some of the above sentiments and prejudices are distilled, or thinly-veiled in the quote from the Laona Final Report, and the early souring of the relationship between the villages and the Project remains with some of those involved on both sides – villagers and CCF (Cyprus Conservation Foundation) staff. Some of those in the villages I spoke to were equally derisive of the Project and those involved with it. One such was the manager of the local hotel already discussed. As I said, this enterprise distinguished one of the villages that was *not* involved in the eventual project. In essence, as I have stated, it was *the* village enterprise, employing a number of villagers and supporting a number of local tavernas and other businesses. It was defiantly successful, and through the energy of the manager, was extending its business. The hotel presents an interesting counterpoint, not only to the efforts of the Laona Project, but also to the big-scale tourist development at the coast.

With the lack of involvement and interest from these villages then, the Project approached the leaders of the villages on the other side of the main Polis to Peyia road. These villages had no land interests that could be exploited politically for the protection of the Akamas by the project. Undaunted, they went ahead, with a slight shift in emphasis, away from direct lobbying of the government with the support of the implicated villages, to one that focussed on sustainable tourist development, encouraging visitors that would be sensitive to the cause of the Akamas indirectly through their appreciation of it. The area would be ‘sold’ to the outside world (and the Government?), as a national asset apparently within the understood economic

framework of tourism. Ironically, this is precisely what the hotel was doing successfully already. But the politics involved were local, and the hotel appealed directly to the eco/agro-tourist industry.

The Environmental Studies Centre



The former school in Pano Oropedhio, now the Environmental Studies Centre

The Centre is based in the restored primary school in the village. The school fell into disuse some years ago, due to the depopulation affecting all of the rural areas of Cyprus. The population in the village has fallen from about eight hundred to less than a hundred in little more than one generation. The Centre is promoted as reversing the fortunes of this small village. It was the Laona Project that brought the idea for the Centre to this particular area because of its proximity to the Akamas peninsula.

The current reality of the place is that it is largely created by a complex of external factors that have already been alluded to. The Centre's Director is under pressure from the CCF to ensure that it is economically viable, and financially independent. This created tensions because although it is promoted as a national resource, it receives no Government support, and gains most of its income through taking groups of students from international schools across the oil-producing states. It is not seen by villagers or others concerned with education or environmentalism as a national

resource, or as part of a network, as the Field Studies Centres are in the United Kingdom, for example, but as a small, local business enterprise. The Director was identified before the school was established when he was in Cyprus in the 1980s teaching at a private, English medium school, and involved in the early days of Friends of the Earth in Limassol. He returned in the early 1990s with his young family to take up the post of Director in the newly renovated school in Pano Oropedhio.

The Centre has three full-time teachers and an administrator. The Director is one of the three teachers. One of the others is half-Swiss and half Cypriot, largely brought up in Africa and latterly educated in England. The other is on a two-year contract, is from England and has a background in environmental education in the UK. The Administrator is a Cypriot from England. There is a continual recruitment problem, and a relatively high turnover of staff. For legitimacy in Cyprus, it is assumed by the organisation that it should have a Cypriot director, and that it should be staffed by Cypriots. Despite many efforts, few Cypriots apply for posts that come up, and two that have worked at the school did not stay, privately citing personal differences as the problem. The 'official' reason that the recruitment of Cypriots as teachers at the school is a problem is that no-one wants to live in the village, it is too remote from any town or city. It is a requirement that staff live in the village, and this is part of the CCF's policy to rejuvenate the village; to bring young people and families to the area.

There is an ostensible paternalism in the approach of the CCF with regard to the Laona villages, and this returns us to the earlier discussion, and also links in with the widespread prejudice and somewhat occidental attitude and 'gaze', that seeps through the ethos of the organisation, which assumes the superior overview, and possession of 'the bigger picture'. This is a reference back to Chapter One, in which I go into more detail on how the western notion of the 'good view', and how all that entails is deeply inscribed on the north-western European collective psyche. In the unreconstructed environmentalist practices of the Environmental Studies Centre and the CCF (Cyprus Conservation Foundation), for example, in which there is no apparent self-conscious reflection, I would argue that such a perspective of visionary

superiority motivates much action and attitude. Some of the work of the ESC, most of which I was either very familiar with, or became actively involved in, included a herb garden that I worked in throughout the fieldwork. I describe it in more detail in the next chapter, but briefly, it was part of the Laona Project and it involved the renovation of the disused school building. In the grounds a garden was planted up with a concentration of many native species, as well as a commercial area for growing herbs for sale to visiting tourists. It was intended as a small village enterprise, true to the spirit of Cypriot tradition, which would employ the local women. The women in the village were all post-retirement age, and it soon transpired that they were not in the least bit interested in working there, and for a few years it was left to revert before the CCF took action and asked the wife of Richard, the Director of the ESC if she would take on responsibility for the garden.

Teaching

Teaching comprises the main day-to-day work of the Centre. They offer courses in biology, geography and ecology, operating bilingually through Greek and English to students of all ages, from primary level to university groups. The primary and secondary children come in groups, chiefly from English-medium private schools in the oil-producing countries. After hard negotiations with the Education Department, Cypriot primary school children also started coming for days and half days, although the parents have to pay. It was initially hoped that trips to the Centre could be incorporated into the curriculum, which would of course mean that the Centre received government funding. The Centre organises accommodation for students coming from abroad, and more recently, in a bid to maintain its economic viability, it has started offering day courses to tourists.

The centre has a large teaching room cum laboratory that can seat up to forty students a further smaller classroom with a limited library, a small office and large yard. Visiting teaching staff are offered a variety of courses for their students at different levels, mostly geared to the English curriculum, but include tuition on such as vegetation and landscape, the sea-shore, erosion and environmental degradation,

climate, geology, fresh-water ecology, and human impact on the environment. The courses are very practically based, and fairly intensive.

The centre was involved in much other work, due to the unstinting commitment and energy of its Director. The project that best illustrates the over-arching confidence of the CCF, and also the all-embracing role to 'conserve' in the broadest sense of the word, was the River Valleys Project. It was an ambitious brief that would entail a total audit of a number of villages across a region in southern Paphos that were defined by three major valleys. Other work, described below, was the bicomunal work across the Green Line, which was initiated by a Cypriot teacher who had worked at the Studies Centre. I got to know him after he had left, and there was resentment that the English director had taken on the work. It smacked too much of English colonialism, and whilst he did not make the wider connections of the other work being done as being some sort of fusion between a folkloric search for, or fixing of identity, colonial lingerings, and environmental colonialism, just such a general ethos was perhaps demonstrated by the difficulty Cypriots had in working at the Centre with an English director. Sometimes, a lack of awareness by those involved in the organisation of the totality of how the CCF was fully embroiled on all the levels I have suggested was evident. The human and cultural aspect was sometimes missing when the urgency of saving what was left of a 'natural' Cyprus from development and 'ignorance' of Cypriots was at the forefront of the director's concerns.

River Valleys Project

This project was being undertaken whilst we were there and had been commissioned by the group of villages in the south of the island, some of which had very active Cypriot ex-pat networks. The investment in some of the villages was obvious in the shape of community resources and buildings, such as a new day centre for the elderly, and restoration of village artefacts, such as olive presses. The work done entailed a macro survey of land-use in which the whole area was mapped in detail in terms of crops, vegetation type and abandonment. Following this, areas of ecological interest were identified and micro-level surveying was done to identify the specific

flora and fauna present, with particular focus on endemic plant species. This work was very labour intensive, as can be imagined, and of arguable value as far as the villages were concerned because their chief concern was how the area could be promoted, not as a national asset, but how it could be exploited in tourism terms.

Bicommunal Work

The Centre became involved in using the environment as a vehicle for creating a bridge across the 'Green Line' thanks to the initial efforts in the mid 1990s of a Greek Cypriot member of staff. The planning then came to nothing because of a sudden clamp-down on bi-communal work in 1997 from the government in the North, when it looked as if Turkey was not going to be considered in the next round of EU expansion. All bi-communal activity is viewed as intrinsically political by the authorities in the north – as indeed it is – but the response of the TRNC (Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus) is to block all collaboration when there is any provocation. The government in the south obviously promotes such work as it feeds into the rhetoric of a united island, held apart only by Ankara. The Director took on the work, and made a joint application to UNOPS with a Turkish Cypriot Teacher from the Turkish part of Nicosia, for the funding to train teachers from both sides in environmental education. The aim was to introduce active environmental education across the island, delivering the ideas and stressing the commonality of the island's environment to as many children as possible through the training of the teachers. It was also assumed that the participants would socialise and interact 'with other professionals in their field, from their own and the other community, allowing friendships to develop and some barriers to break down' and that exchanges of information would be made 'about places in areas inaccessible to each other' (<http://www.cyprusenvironment.org>).

I went to most of the planning meetings to which four or five teachers from both sides would meet at the only remaining mixed village in Cyprus – Pyla (see Papadakis 1997). Neither Turkish Cypriots nor Greek Cypriots have jurisdiction in the village and the heaviest presence is of UN personnel. It was the only place that the steering group could meet, the only point at which Turkish Cypriots are allowed

through to the south, and then only for the day. At these meetings, the difference in experience of the different teachers was telling. Our journeys to and from the village were unremarkable, but for the Suleyman and Ozdemir, the Turkish Cypriot teachers, each trip was an ordeal in which they were questioned and their car searched on their return across the border. They fought pessimism about the project in general, saying that teachers were very reluctant to become involved in the training, as it was tantamount to 'putting their heads above the parapet'. They feared being singled out and discriminated against when, for example, promotions came up. It was a generalised fear of surveillance, of authority being powerful but concealed. For the Greek Cypriots, the fear was more around being in the village itself, and their personal safety. There were high cliffs overlooking the village where Turkish Cypriot flags were on display, as well as an armed look-out post. And there were some reservations about being judged by friends and colleagues for 'befriending the enemy'. The Turkish Cypriots seemed to erect barriers about what could be achieved with the training, which contrasted with hopefulness on the part of the Director of the ESC, but Suleyman said that his reality was very different from any optimism from the south. He looked outwith the country for optimism, to international authority. That said, he worked tirelessly through innovations such as this, and Peace Child International, on top of his work as a full-time teacher, towards reconciliation of the two sides.

Bicommunal activities, and the village of Pyla are the stuff of theses in their own right, and the purpose of this has merely been to present an example of the ESC's work. I found the experience of being at the meetings, and of being in the village deeply affecting. We met in a modern, empty and non-descript taverna on the outskirts of the village, close to a mine field and just inside the UN Buffer Zone. It felt very incongruous to be talking about environmental education in such a highly charged setting. There was no sense of tension, but there was an air of the theatrical. It was mooted that the land around the village be used for training, but it was ruled out as the UN controlled all the land round about, it was 'no-man's land', and therefore potentially problematic. I was curious to see the border itself, and after one meeting, we followed Ozdemir north out of the village. He told us that he would pull over when we should turn round. He stopped by a taverna, but there was no sign of

any checkpoint. We said goodbye but had decided that we would wait and drive further on. We could see the floodlit minaret and drove through an abandoned airfield, with only piles of rubble and a still-used helipad. It was very eerie. We drove on towards the village but on all the routes into it there were red and white barriers, some half open, between the houses. There was a strong urge to just drive through, but we turned and went back to the main border control. It was manned by plain-clothes officers who approached us when we parked and got out. They spoke English, and were friendly enough, but they said that we could not go through. Every car was being stopped and the drivers questioned. I wondered why Ozdemir had stopped us so far back from the border, whether he feared a more thorough interrogation, or whether if it could be shame at what he was being subjected to when we could just drive in and out of Pyla, apparently unnoticed. It was hard to reconcile the actual threat of being shot at, if we had driven on, with the apparently benign reception we got from the guards. This was just the next village along a country road in the middle of Cyprus.

The earnestness, and focus on the environment, of these teachers, tinged with weariness, together with the experience of being there did much to heighten my dual sense of the ridiculous, and of the poignancy of attending the meetings. Being there was surreal. There was the mundane exercise of talking about administering a course, a much more profound dialogue underlying it about reunification through common experience of a common environment, yet a number of the teachers lived in the different halves of Nicosia, and would have a completely different experience of travelling home, and of presenting their hopes for the course to their respective colleagues.

Part of what this thesis is about was epitomised at these meetings: the status of land and the environment, and the use and utilisation by the different forces at work. The external politics are represented by the UN presence, and the 'Dead Zone' that they occupy and the arbitrary border is sharply delineated by the UN presence. This bicomunal work adds to the mobilisation of a narrative flow that attempts to reunite the island by dint of Cyprus' physicality and its ecological heritage.

What came through many conversations and observations, and what was so evident in Pyla, was that it is perceived that ‘real life’ happened before 1974, and everything since has been in abeyance politically (and culturally). The past has to be preserved to ensure an identity for the future, whenever that starts again. I will return to this presently in a discussion of a seminar entitled ‘Development and Utilisation of Natural, Cultural and Human Resources in Cyprus’, that I attended shortly after we arrived in Cyprus.

This concentrated location, Pyla, where the environment is a link between two communities in the north and south, fraught with tension, was in stark contrast to the world of global environmental politics, that were off the island completely in ideological terms but whose voice on Cyprus included Irini’s at Greenpeace, and other groups, such as Friends of the Earth. The meetings at Pyla came in part from a very intimate place. The connections between those involved were very personal and long-standing. For some of the teachers it was about close relationships through the Ba’hai faith, and with their involvement with the children they taught. International organisations and NGOs also have a voice through Cypriots who are activists on the island with a focus on situating Cyprus as a *global* environmental location. The problem of Cyprus disappears as the island is regarded by the external agencies as one of a number of fragile Mediterranean islands, and they make little reference to internal politics, whereas, at Pyla, the powerfully present markers of the ‘Green Line’ threw the Cyprus ‘problem’ into very sharp relief.

Finally, I want to bring together these two extremes that are threaded together by the enlisting the environment as a device. In what follows, the discussion in the next chapter is prefigured with the introduction of the aesthetics of the environment, and how it is conjoined with the aesthetics of heritage and history. The CCF attempts to encompass all of the elements so far discussed to produce a coherent charter for the development, or creation, of Cyprus that incorporates tourist development, economics, water management, agriculture, architecture – the total environment of Cyprus in fact. What is being attempted is to create a ‘landscape’ that is recognisably Cypriot. I would argue, that outside of the tourist brochure, such a project is doomed to fail, and the proposed aesthetic would be a problematic import.

The Cyprus Conservation Foundation – the environment as heritage.

As already mentioned, the Cyprus Conservation Foundation (CCF) emerged from the Laona Project, but with a wider and more ambitious remit. Its director is an energetic (half) Cypriot who talks perfect clipped English, and who is the wife of an English airline pilot who set up Friends of the Earth in Cyprus. She is a small but formidable woman, whose drive does not come from a fiercely environmentalist stance, but something more complex, and more bound up in the context of Cyprus' future. She is a lawyer by profession, has worked as a management consultant, and has recently completed a doctorate in human geography at Oxford. She was deeply suspicious of me, and despite talking with her on a number of occasions, her defensiveness made any meaningful discussion difficult. She is instinctively conservative, calls herself Cypriot, as opposed to Greek Cypriot, saying that Greek Cypriots are the default, and don't need a tag. This remark surprised me initially, partly by its simplicity as a statement of apparent, indisputable fact, but also in the context of the work the organisation was involved in. It is my own assumption, and one that I should perhaps question, that those involved in work concerning the environment are liberal and ideologically inclusive. I was surprised in the same way by other Cypriots, and had to conclude that for them, there was no conflict between the idea that Cyprus was indubitably Greek, and that Turkish Cypriots were legitimate citizens provided they accepted that fact. It never felt politic to pursue this line.

As with the icon expert discussed in Chapter Five, the Director's view of Cyprus is an aesthetic one, and the visible architectural side of the project's work is what concerned her most, that renovation of properties adhered to strict criteria that she and her associate architects devised. From what I have already argued about aesthetics, it will not be surprising that they were frequently frustrated in their attempts to engage with villagers. Just as there is an implication of an essential Cypriot that is Greek, so, it seems, is there an essential form for Cypriot life and its manifestations. Since the Laona Project became the CCF, her husband has not been heavily involved, but it was through him and a book of walks that he produced, that

we found ourselves in Pano Oropedhio in the first place, and how we also became associated with the Environmental Studies Centre there.

Soon after we arrived in Cyprus the CCF organised a seminar entitled 'Development and Utilisation of Natural, Cultural and Human Resources in Cyprus.', which was held in the large converted villa in Nicosia that housed their main funder, the Leventis Foundation. There was a group of German anthropology students and their professor there also, and the seminar was largely organised for their benefit. Topics included planning, and the fact that the Invasion of 1974 had prevented the Town and country Planning Act of 1972 from coming into force, making the law regarding tourist development vague and apparently unenforceable. There was also a speaker from the Cyprus Tourism Organisation, the Ministry of Finance, an ethnologist, with a detailed knowledge of many Cypriot traditions that she proceeded to recount, a water management specialist and a EU Agriculture specialist from the Ministry of Agriculture, and finally, the Director of the CCF herself. She was working on a thesis at the time in Human Geography, and was interested in the effects of culture on space and of space on culture. The overall effect of the seminar was as if all these experts had fed into a 'charter for Cyprus' for the future, which in essence entailed a reified, consumable product. As I say, it was organised specifically for the visiting German party, which in itself seemed quite strange. An ethnologist, Sophia, who spoke was in some ways the most interesting, especially in the light of Herzfeld's description of the history of folklore studies in Greece. His book, *Ours Once More*, shows

how Greek scholars constructed cultural continuity in defense of their national identity....they assembled what they considered to be the relevant cultural materials and used them to state their case. In the process, they also created a national discipline of folklore studies, providing intellectual reinforcement for the political process of nation building that was already well underway (1986:4).

Sophia had gone around villages, much as was done in the nineteenth century, collecting 'traditions' and 'customs'. She had assumed that most had died out, but soon discovered that many were still 'active', if in altered form. She collected songs and poetry; customs around food especially as they concerned festivals and funerals, and information on wedding practices for example. It was not only material culture

that Sophia was concerned with, but also oral culture. Somewhat cryptically, she said that 'the culture of memory remains alive as long as it's of value'. She felt no need to explain the statement, but in a country where memory is so cultivated and manipulated politically (see Papadakis 2000), it does resonate. Sophia was challenged by one of the audience about the fallacy of assuming the stability of traditions, and of talking about them as if they had become degraded or diluted. She was also challenged by a Cypriot who asked why the 'search for a national identity necessarily had to be through traditions, and that doesn't the 'Heritage' industry somehow petrify those roots of identity?' Her response echoes strongly with Herzfeld's interpretation of what Greek scholars were doing nearly two hundred years ago: she said 'a growing awareness of traditions allows for a continuity for the younger generation', and that the roots of Cypriot cultural identity, as experienced through traditional arts and crafts, food and intellectual (oral) heritage, are in the remote past'. There is still the appeal to the ancient, the mythic – remote in time and in location. Sophia bridged, in these statements, the ancient past with the present, effectively denying the many intervening centuries.

The theme of traditional architecture was taken up by the Director of the CCF, and she rationalised it both in terms of traditional building skills being superior because of their longevity, and also more simply by arguing the case for 'quality of life' improvements being espoused in traditional architecture. Here there are the threads of bourgeois taste that I discuss in more detail later that come through in both the white concrete ostentatious villas, but also increasingly in the renovation of traditional houses that is becoming much more evident in the old parts of the cities of Nicosia and Limassol (but not yet Paphos...). As already discussed, architecture was the focus of the Laona foundation, and while the concern was carried through to the CCF, the agenda became more ambitious, and more ideologically embracing of the totality of the Cypriot environment. This agenda has no ideological limit as it encompasses all of Cyprus, and all that is (or should be) Cypriot. This is made manifest in the range of projects with which the CCF has become involved.

The CCF has been in existence for about seven years and the Environmental Studies Centre is its main project. The initial aims of the CCF were grand:

(t)o promote environmental and conservation awareness, for today's decision-makers and for young Cypriots who will be tomorrow's leaders and policy-makers. To commission reports and position papers with a view to encouraging Government and the private sector to take proper account of environmental considerations when formulating policies or undertaking activities. To develop a system under which sites of especial natural or cultural importance may, whilst respecting the interests of owners – be properly protected and managed for the enjoyment of future generations of Cypriots (1993:CCF literature).

They have an impressive list of Trustees, but my distinct impression was that they were regarded as an 'outside' organisation, and therefore hit brick walls in many of their efforts to change things and ways of thinking. The Executive Director explained the suspicion in interesting terms: they worked in an altruistic, transparent way, but it would be asked in Cyprus 'what is an organisation doing if it wasn't going to get anything out of it for themselves?' She said that ulterior motives are seen as healthy. Coupled with this, she said that the Mediterranean countries are used to paternalism from outside, in the form of handouts which lead to NGOs often becoming pawns in micro politics, and local agendas. She didn't elaborate, but summarised that it means that people will say one thing and do another, and that there is inherent conservatism that will not change in three or four years, but would take a generation. These remarks have clear echoes of the quotation from the report, of thinly-veiled frustration, and an apparent naivety and ingenuousness in terms of their own motives and own agenda.

I was not aware of much outright opposition to CCF enterprises, but more a quiet lack of cooperation. For example, in the case of the most concrete enterprise of the Environmental Studies Centre, the Education Department refused to acknowledge it as the 'National Centre' and legitimate resource for environmental education for primary schools. The Department would not build visits into the curriculum, nor would it pay for visits to the Centre. In the end, after much negotiation, the parents themselves paid towards the cost of the visits, and the remaining costs were covered by the Centre.

Concluding thoughts

I have introduced some of those involved in local and national environmental issues, and have touched on some of the themes concerned. These include colonisation, nationalities, the actual location of the environmental debate in Cyprus, and what drives it. I have also raised the question of what is Cypriot in terms of the environment. The Laona Project had a local agenda for sustainable regeneration, that was taken on as a national concern by the CCF, and the ESC is a strange hybrid of concerns from the overarching ecological concern of its English director, to the local disputes and projects in which it is involved outwith the village. The include bicommunal work that spans the Green Line and beyond, under the auspices of the UN, the connections it has with campaigns by international bodies, and work done on behalf of a group of villages to the south, and lastly, the teaching of children and adults from a wide variety of backgrounds, both local and foreign.

I have made a point, here and in previous chapters, of flagging up the different nationalities and mixtures of people that are involved, because this provides an interesting counterpoint to the pervasive belief that there is an essential culture and heritage in Cyprus that these people are trying to fix. The themes link into Chapter Five, but whereas there I look at the imagination of an essential Cyprus via aesthetic purity through religion and religious iconography, here the agents are working within the perhaps more crude, less academic, frame which creates a problematic paradox, but highlights a form of the Cyprus Problem. This form of the problem involves seeking a *bona fide* Cypriot identity through the most prominent national project: tourism. The environmental lobby is locked into the paradox of encouraging developments in eco-tourism, when developers with all the money and power in tourism have no interest in the 'feminine' environment.

The political vacuum created by political deadlock between north and south, and the reverberations around Turkey, Greece and the EU, together with a history of colonisation, constantly pose the question of 'What and where is Cyprus?', and 'who is Cypriot?'. While many locations are defined in certain ways by their tourist industry, the factors that feed into Cyprus' loci make it almost perverse. Tourism has

become the main industry on the island, and also the main conduit for its presentation to the outside world. This is not a thesis about identity per se, although identity is a preoccupation for some Cypriots. Others, are either secure in being Greek, and that is where the debate begins and ends – a perversion of its own - and for others, the villagers we lived among for example, the concerns were primarily personal and tied to the local.

Each speaker at the seminar referred to above, talked on their subject, whether it was water management, economics or conservation, with very close reference to tourism. Tourism is a mimetic process, the industry itself providing the reflection that becomes the reality. It was a belief of the director of the CCF, that such an identity and aesthetic could and should impose itself onto the environment of Cyprus, but through a very controlled self-presentation that sought a tourist elite that was appreciative of what was truly Cypriot. She, along with many others, spoke of this reflected Cyprus, and more pointedly, spoke of fellow Cypriots as ‘they’ rather than ‘we’, objectifying and essentialising their neighbours along with the island itself.

In Cyprus, the lack of fit between the ‘industrialised’ outcome that is environmentalism (ie one that is imported from a post-industrial, post-colonial, north-western milieu) and what the land of Cyprus represents or is for its inhabitants, produces a (con)fusion of elements that in many ways renders the ‘landscape’, and the very nature of ‘Nature’ on the island an unarticulated unproblematised place. Tourism continues the colonialist inscription that actually forms the island’s ‘tradition’. Traditions and histories are as fragmentary due to continual occupation over millennia, and what appears is a series of differently textured veneers. The land itself, through the lack of coherence, (and even because of an ideological vacuum) is rendered invisible, or oddly empty. The notion of the ‘view’ is not applicable, and is bound up with colonisation. The local perception of land does not offer a perspective as powerful as the view, it is not one that can be packaged and exported. Nor can it even be rendered into a form that is recognisable to the villagers I knew. The view is indelibly bound up with the tourist product.

CHAPTER FIVE

APPROPRIATION AND INVASION: ICONS OF SPACE AND BELONGING

The icon is a conception of the invisible transcendental world which connects the faithful to the divine world....(that implies) the abstraction of everything which alludes to the material dimension.....It could be said that it is the art [of icon painting] that renders visible the invisible using terrestrial materials. According to John of Damascus' definition, the icon must be different from reality; it is an image which depicts the prototype (the reproduced person) but in a way to differ and not to be a realistic copy of it. The icon abstracts the third dimension, volume, weight and the expression of sentiments, and prefers static and hieratic attitudes as well as the frontal position....the world "is but a cover masking the real meaning". (Sophocleous, 1994:9-10)

Whereas the last chapter was about contestations over legality, legitimacy and appropriation that were taking place in the figurative space above the Akamas, as well as at ground level, this chapter will look at particularities: ethnographic examples of appropriation and questions of legitimacy that emerged from conversations in different contexts and in different locations over the island. Most of these conversations happened in gardens, and the analysis starts from these, and the chapter focuses on two particular gardens. One of them led me to think about the Church in Cyprus, and how it manifests itself. I barely scratched the surface of its significance, workings and politics, but what I did encounter allowed me to see a little of the texture of Orthodox Christianity on the island, in the way it was explained to me, and from attending services in the village.

A working English archaeologist, married to a Greek Cypriot, took me aside one day and said, largely in the context of her relationship with her mother-in-law, that a study of orthodoxy, in the context of Orthodoxy in Cyprus would be a fascinating and revealing study. She was referring specifically to a rigidity of practice in bringing up children and running a home for example, but her experience was also overshadowed by the intense circumstances of being a foreigner, living close to her husband's kin, and bearing his children. She was frustrated by the rigidity, the apparent lack of space for innovation for herself, but also perceived as being more general, heightened by her own sense of illegitimacy and impotence in the face of orthodoxy that she perceived as emanating at least in part from the Church. However, I encountered innovation, and I discerned that innovation and rigid Orthodoxy were not completely incompatible as she supposed. She was an outsider, but her situation was one I came across a number of times; of English women coming over as tourists, or, in this case, to work, and ultimately marrying a Cypriot and settling on the island. This introduces the themes of legitimacy and being alien that are also examined here.

As in other chapters, tourists appear and litter this one also, and there is a sharper distinction drawn between desirable and undesirable tourists, which leads to a consideration of alien species, invaders and autochthons in the particular. Significantly, in all of the contexts, Turks were not spoken of at all; as being aliens, undesirable, or dangerous, but others were, and a discussion of this comes through the other garden I describe in some detail. As in most other conversations already recounted, the Turk was most often there only by (negative) implication. In the framework of religion, the elision of the Turk is not only completely possible, but inevitable. Quite simply, Orthodoxy is Greek.

I have already referred to the mimetic condition, in the construction of Cyprus, that tourism produces, stating that such construction always occurs with reference to something or someone else, usually fellow Cypriots, but also the British, and that the reflection or representation becomes the reality especially in the absence of what Herzfeld calls 'cultural intimacy', that he defines as

The recognition of those aspects of a cultural identity that are considered a source of national embarrassment but that nevertheless provide insiders

with the assurance of common sociality, the familiarity with the bases of power that may at one moment assure the disenfranchised a degree of creative irreverence and at the next moment reinforce the effectiveness of intimidation (1997:3).

His formulation does not resonate loudly with what pertains or inheres to Cyprus. The cultural, or rather, national assurance is not present. There is much talk about what Cyprus should be, what it (apparently) was, but what is left to be inferred is what Cyprus is; and, for that matter, what it is not.

Herzfeld talks of a disjuncture between what the 'state appropriates for its own purposes...local idioms of morality, custom and the solidarity of kinship' (1997:7), and its dismissal of 'the local renditions themselves as conservative survivals, picturesque tradition and familism, respectively – all serious obstacles to the European nation-state's rationalist vision of modernity' (ibid.). This does seem to be the case in Cyprus. Officials and others, present Cyprus, somewhat desperately, and without irony, as a collection of 'conservative survivals' that have to be protected simply because there is little else to go on. As discussed in earlier chapters, Cyprus feels like a state-in-waiting. Herzfeld talks of 'marginal communities', caught between the tourist trade and the urban elite and formulated into the 'other' by both of them. I did find that this was the case, and these 'marginal communities' – Paphian villagers specifically - do exist as the 'national quintessence' (ibid.). That said, what this chapter seeks in part to underline is perhaps what cultural intimacy looks like in the *absence* of a self-assured nation-state. National harmony so patently does not exist with the presence of the 'Green Line'. Herzfeld seeks to insert the state into social life, so the question emerges of what cultural intimacy looks like when something more amorphous than the reified nation-state exists, and when a totalising legitimacy is missing, or confounded by the existence of the 'illegal' TRNC (Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus). Legitimacy and appropriation are harder to define in such a place or context.

This chapter then looks at the particulars, the gardens and plants rather than the landscapes and the environment. It also looks to the less glaring appropriations and icons. It is done in part through the frame of o(O)rthodoxy, and some characters associated with the Church, and partly through the cultural aesthetic that emanates

from big and little debates on the island. The first example is a garden, an icon of purity that incorporates the themes of legitimacy, appropriation and belonging, in terms of indigenous plant species and their contrast to alien introductions. The alien plants are equated with alien human invaders. The garden is also designed using the very same rules of icon painting itself, and this prompted the question why?

Icon painting and lost purity

In Nicosia I visited an academic who was an archaeologist and art historian. Pefkios is an expert on Icons, and Byzantine painting, and keeper of the Cultural Heritage Museum. It is housed in an old colonial grand house in the walled part of the city. He has lovingly restored it and it is home to him, his wife and their young son. He emerged from the cloistered shadows of the cool interior with a bearing that was slightly superior, affected and somewhat obsequious. It was one of a number of such places within the walled city, with similar names, such as the Makarios Cultural Centre, and the Nicosia Municipal Cultural Centre. The question arises as to what is 'culture' and what is 'heritage' in such a context, and how do they vary from one another? I would argue, as I did in the previous chapter, that the two are conflated in Cyprus. Both are about a self-conscious presentation of the island to itself, and the outside world, in a space created jointly by history and mass tourism and its demands.

I am not going to attempt definitions here, but flag them up as having a power and significance in the ways people choose to delimit or fix concepts of authenticity and history in their particular environments and histories. Pefkios' definition of both culture and heritage was largely carried in the décor of the house with its careful selection of old and 'traditional' Cypriot furniture. The entrance hall was huge, with very high ceilings and had coloured clay tiles on the floor. It was dark and cool, and immediately one was transported from the hustle and bustle of the city outside. The staircase went up from the far corner, and all the downstairs rooms opened off the hall. This did not feel like a museum: there was nothing labelled, nothing deliberately rendered an artefact separate from the household furniture. It resembled a number of offices of various organisations that I had visited, which had taken on similar

properties and done a degree of conservation and restoration work, redefining the original character, and those who worked there often had a knowledge of the house's history and provenance. The only clue that this was not exclusively domestic space was the very inconspicuous name-plate by the door on the outside wall, and the small room to the left of the door where he had on display a selection of his publications, and a large selection of aromatic oils for sale. He had something of a passion for them, an interest in their use, and the numerous Mediterranean plants from which they largely were produced. Throughout our conversation, he often referred to them as 'legitimate', 'acceptable' species that were linked with deeply-embedded tradition.

I was advised to go to see him to see the garden he had created at the museum. Dialogue was difficult in the house, his frustration at the abstract pollution of Cyprus was very close to the surface, and rebounded off the walls of his small, dark office, so I asked if I might see the garden. He led me to the shady enclosed and walled yard behind the house. He was a different person once we were outside. He immediately relaxed. He had very consciously laid out the garden using the three basic principles of icon painting: solid flat colour with no suggestion of light and shade; contours, or 'edges'; and lastly, ornaments. There was a limited choice of plants, and he had retained the old cypress trees and date palms. There was also a large Ottoman well – a large stone rectangular tank in the middle of the garden that he had transformed into a lily pond.

Ivy formed the flat base colour in the garden, the trees and shrubs were the ornament and he had carefully laid crazy-paving paths of stone, edged with cyclamen, to create the 'contours'. He had many aromatic plants also, such as mint, basil, eucalyptus odorata, hyssop, myrtle and henna. He said how central and implicit was the Judaic tradition to Orthodoxy and that this could, at least in part, be traced through such plants. He did not however know the significance of any of these plants in religious terms. His garden was a haven of personal order, a rendition of the essence of Cyprus and its tradition and history enclosed. He could entertain other traditions within it, that of the Ottoman occupation and influence, as well as the Judaic in terms of the aromatics. But there was no room here for modernity, for the current flows of ideology, artefact and concrete, for example, nor natural invaders. He was an

evangelist for an imagined or mythical frozen historic moment when Cyprus had a distinct cultural identity, suffused with the values and standards of Orthodoxy as demonstrated through Byzantine art. He was declaring and naming his oasis of reason very deliberately as the 'centre' for Cultural Heritage. From this admittedly tasteful house in the bruised centre of the city he was attempting to propagate his ideas outwards, both by example and by lobbying officials and neighbours. He campaigned for native trees to be planted along the streets and in the car parks, and took me out to indicate both his success, and the folly of the civic planting with wholly 'inappropriate' choices of trees and shrubs by the officials, hotel owners etc. who used non-indigenous species. He said that:

These people are merely following imported fashions, when Cyprus has plenty of its own traditional varieties.

His argument is of course an elitist one, and reminiscent of the purist environmental lobby. There is an inherent conservatism to conservation. It is often perceived to be the domain of the liberal, but over the years I have encountered what would be a frightening degree of what could only be called fascism from conservationists that would sound alarming if their discourse were transposed to the sphere of human invaders. Pefkios seemed to focus on plants rather than, say, architectural styles or the more general 'threat' of global uniformity through the presence of more and more multi-national companies and symbols. There is a tension created through the seductiveness of the notion that indigenous plants, because of their actual rootedness, are the genuine and original autochthons, and the fact that alien species can literally be blown in, take root and colonise. They also become a 'safe' metaphor for cultural contestation and invasion.

Plants can be insidious in the way that they colonise places where they get a foothold. They can be anthropomorphised via language: they are 'opportunists' for example. Examples in the UK are Japanese Knotweed and Giant Hogweed. Both are Victorian introductions from Asia, brought in as garden plants but which have subsequently 'escaped'. One no longer finds them anywhere as ornamental plants, even though their attributes make it clear why they were introduced. The climate suits it very well. Jean and John Comaroff (2001) argue how in south Africa, there is

an equivalence evident between alien vegetation and alien humans. The passage of both across frontiers create a certain panic, moral in tone, and lead to the only true South Africans being autochthons – literally something indigenous, primitive and arising out of the soil of a place, and any other being dangerous. As I have suggested throughout, Cyprus has an inherent problem with autochthony: not only with the presence of Turkish Cypriots, and other ‘invaders’, but also because of the degree to which so many Cypriots have associations with other places.

Pefkios’ garden is a rendition of the archetypal religious icon, as he has himself says. Why he makes the connection between a garden and an icon, making them in fact equivalent is an interesting question. In so doing, he also equates what is deemed to be natural, part of the divine, with the ‘terrestrial materials’ – (paint). Plant and paint are qualitatively different, and plants have more moral force because they are part of the divine creation. But by creating a garden as an icon, he is also attempting to create something, or represent something transcendent that isn’t God. The transcendent here is the authentic essence of Cyprus. In this sense, the garden is a subtle complement to the more obvious elements he has used in the house/museum.

As the quiet invasion of alien plant species across the island has all but gone unnoticed, here he has created a personal, protected, walled haven of purity of form and expression. This is one definition I would use of gardens in general. His was an extreme expression, but this is unsurprising when one considers his location, physically close to the ‘Dead Zone’, and ideologically close to a very singularly defined conception of what Cyprus should be. The two, of course, could well be connected.

Pefkios was careful to point out that there were absolutely no ‘incompatible’ species in the gardens he had created (there were two more he described, and had designed surrounding churches in Kiperounda and Pelendri). As I say, it’s perhaps an appeal for the essence, or an assumption of the essence of what is ‘authentically’ Cypriot, to be enshrined in the plants he uses and advocates, and expressed through a garden that is equivalent to an icon, and all that an icon represents. All he said seemed to suggest that he thought that there is a formula for Cypriotness, exemplified by the principles of icon painting, which follow orthodox rules and dogma. Importantly, he stressed

that icon painting contains innovation, as the style of each individual painter is accommodated. His unthinking compatriots recreate and reproduce mindlessly a 'fake', superficial Cypriot culture. His innovation however, in the form of his garden, is in the spirit and tradition of icon painting, in which subtle innovation shows over time, naturally constrained by the formal structures that govern it. Reproduction and representation are present but they are rendered more complex because of the ambiguous status of 'nature, and natural phenomena. As was shown in Chapter Four, the 'essential' Cyprus is not fixed in or on the environment either. Rather, the Akamas region is constructed differently by all those with a vested interest in it. And here, Pefkios appropriates the medium of the religious icon as a metaphor for the expression of 'pure culture'.

His vision was of a mythical Cyprus (see Herzfeld 1986), founded on the tenets of high art and cultural purity. He allowed for folk art, and some of his furniture had rustic or rural origins. And his feelings about architecture and design were implicit in the restoration of his house. This was in part elaborated when he took me over to the window and pointed out, with disgust, a very old, but disused church that had had an ugly concrete building butted up against it, compromising the ancient stonework.

Again, as in the case of the archaeology and hotel development, we see the juxtaposition of conflicting ideology: the physical manifestation of a profound cultural struggle. The irony of this small instance is evident in the actual location of his house, and of the building he pointed out. Both are bordering the 'Dead Zone', the region patrolled and controlled by the UN, the boundary between the unrecognised and illegitimate Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, and the internationally recognised Republic of Cyprus to the south. In this zone the buildings, houses, and makeshift concrete bunkers stand as they have stood for the past thirty years, derelict and peppered with bullet holes, awaiting a resolution to the island's division. The politics inherent to this scene did not feature in the icon expert's observation on the buildings he was pointing out, at least not in this conversation with me. Had the 'Dead Zone' ceased to be an area of contestation, worthy of consideration for him, or was everything it represented implicit in all the work he did, his ideology and his self-expression?

His immediate focus was the invasion south of the Green Line, and, as suggested, his *bete-noir* was the tourist industry and all that it had degraded about Cyprus, both in concrete and moral terms. Cypriot 'culture' had been rendered into tourist fodder, and any authenticity had been lost. For the project of re-authentication is a pressing one, but one which, in the light of the history of Cyprus is very difficult and complex. He has selected the icon: perhaps a highly apt choice. The religious icon has an undisputed location within o(O)rthodoxy and Byzantine tradition, and is very distinct from anything Turkish/Islamic. From the quote that opens the chapter, it would seem that the authentic in the Orthodox world is located only with the divine, and, on top of that, it is hidden from view. This might go some way in explaining the lack of significance of surfaces in Cyprus; all that really matters is not visible.

If the function of an icon is to abstract and transcend the material dimension, the function of the tourist product is to abstract and essentialise Cypriot life and history such that it becomes a saleable commodity. It is the antithesis of the icon, but it also has parallels - reality is transcended by the creation of such a commodity. Tragically, he is caught in the same trap he criticises: both he and the tourist industry believe in a reifiable thing called 'tradition'. During the seminar referred to in the last chapter, in which the term was used again and again with no sense of irony – speakers talked about the preservation of skills being lost, of weaving, chair-making, architecture for example. The race was on to preserve what was left in museums. Both formulations of the notion of tradition come from deeply opposed sentiments and motivations, but they meet in the middle. For him, tourists are iconoclasts, in the true sense of the word, but he is stuck because religious icons are in the end, as the opening quote intimates, merely representations, just as the 'essential', traditional Cyprus is, however it is packaged.

Perhaps out of a profound realisation of such a dilemma and subsequent crisis, his response was to retreat, or to seek out, something more authentic, something more elemental than art(ifice). His focus in the past few years has been on the introduction of alien plant species and how they threaten and are greatly inferior to native, endemic, or what he terms 'compatible' species. He listed all those alien varieties that had been brought in, particularly in recent years. He expressed his disgust at the

choice of new introductions. He picked on the plants and trees as metonyms for the total assault he felt had been inflicted on his country. Plants, like tourists, cross borders easily, they are unregulated, profligate, His distaste for tourists was embodied in his charge that 'they are just trash, most of them, they have sex on the streets, they bring drugs in'.

Both plants and tourists reproduce without innovation. Tourists, however, leave after two weeks or so, but plants, if conditions are favourable, will colonise an area, and become as much of a 'menace'. Moral danger is inherent to both, but plants have an insidiousness - a quiet ability to colonise. Unlike tourists, they have the ability to attack the last bastion of Cypriotness, its unique and large flora. I say that it is the last bastion because few people have so far noticed its significance, and because plants just 'are', they imply a very simple, straightforward and irrefutable 'authenticity'. Their very ambiguity, their position between the animate and the inanimate make them a potentially powerful medium and metaphor (see Comaroff and Comaroff 2001).

Goody (1993) adds an interesting dimension that links the icon with mass consumption. He discusses how flowers and gardens were associated with wealth and luxury in ancient Greece and Rome, but also how flowers and plants had come to replace blood sacrifice, so becoming intimately entailed in religious ritual. He traces how gardens and the culture of flowers developed and was transformed from being the reserve of 'the prince and priest' (1993:55), luxury parks and physic gardens being their preserve, and

the culture of flowers took on a more secular, bourgeois and perhaps demotic aspect, owing partly to the extension of knowledge, partly to the diffusion of wealth, partly to the advent of some democracy and partly to the growth of technology. Fourthly, there was a proliferation in the kinds of flowers being cultivated in the Eastern Mediterranean at this time (1993:55-56)

Moving to the Renaissance, and on to the growth of Protestantism, Goody considers icons and iconoclasm, and argues that, along with other factors, such as the growth of the market, iconoclasm had a part to play in the transformation that turned 'cultures of luxury into cultures of mass consumption (1993:166). Icons became saleable

commodities. Flowers, as symbols of sensuous luxury, had been incorporated into the iconic tradition, and were so affected by the ‘anti-“pagan”, “ascetic” tendencies of the Reformation (1993:166)’. With the Reformation it was the bare, apparent simplicity of the word that was privileged, and while many icons and religious statues were destroyed, many were exported to Catholic countries, making them commodities in their own right. Such religious expression then, became the stuff of bourgeois mass consumption.

For Pefkios, as I say, tourists were iconoclasts, devaluing the expressions of the divine, and coming from a tradition that had long lost the capacity for religious expression through icons that spoke of a direct and sensuous connection with the transcendent. Orthodoxy was little affected by either the Renaissance or the Reformation, but the broad threat clearly still remains. This unproblematic acceptance of a connection between the sensuous and the divine links in with my arguments elsewhere in the thesis, that makes a place for gardens and gardening practice that is not necessarily entailed in wholly secular, bourgeois or ritualised spaces. As this and the following chapter demonstrate, gardens can emerge as culturally specific manifestations of personal expressiveness, inscribing sometimes multiple meanings onto places, while retaining something inherently individual.

Meeting the Church

I attended a number of church services in the village, and plants, food and flowers were often evident. Myrtle branches were often laid out all around the church, for memorial services, *koliva* was handed out which was a mixture of boiled wheat, nuts and pomegranate. It was an offering for the dead person. At Easter, the bier was completely covered with flowers which were distributed at the end of the service to each attender. Traditionally, the bier was made by the women from flowers collected from the village, although now the flowers are bought in, but the women still decorate the bier. I was told by a Father that the flowers had no particular significance, but someone else told me that they symbolised evanescence and mortality. Basil is significant because it was found by St Helen on Golgotha, and the bay, olive and myrtle denote conquest, dating back to Greek and Roman times, but in

this case they indicate the conquest of Christ and Christianity. I will go on to talk about the Father who knew about the plants. Although I asked a number of people, including Pefkios, he was the only one who knew about the significance of the plants used.

The priest was not a villager, but came from some distance and was priest to a number of villages. As I was going into the church with one of the village women, I was stopped by him at the door. He was angry and wanted to know why I was there, and he wanted to prevent my attending. I had been to a number of other services and had not been approached. My companion was surprised and angry in turn, not understanding his behaviour. She asked me why I should not go in and proceeded to have a heated exchange with the priest. It ended with her waving him aside and us going in. He reluctantly stood aside and said that I must go to the back of the Church. My companion said to me inside that whenever she went to see her family in London, she would go to the church. She asked me if it was alright that she did. She assumed that as Christians we should not be barred from any Church. She had no idea as to the reason for his uneasiness at my presence. I had tried, with no success to meet with the priest before, as he only came up shortly before the service and disappeared straight afterwards.

Some time later I was introduced to Father Neophytos of the monastery near to Paphos of the same name, by a Canadian anthropologist who studied comparative religion. He had converted to Orthodoxy from the Anglican church, and this Father was his mentor and guide. We met at the anthropologist's home, where he and his American psychologist wife had invited us for supper. I recounted my experience and he explained that there had been problems in the Church with some priests objecting to an increasing number of foreigners who were not Orthodox coming into the Church.

He described himself as something akin to a PR manager for the monastery, which is open to the public, being the only English speaker there. He assumed a bearing of gravitas, authority and worldliness. When I expressed surprise that the priest was not of the village, he explained that historically that had not been the case, and that the priest was very much of the village, a lay person who was not celibate and would

cultivate their fields and work like everyone else. When the priest died, the village decided who the next one would be. The priest represents the channel from the people through to God, and there is no question that he is very much a mortal, and not a different class of person, placed somewhere above the congregation. In this instance, he said, the Orthodox Church was closer to the Protestant practice, than to Catholic practice, although the equivalence was fairly superficial. The pastoral role of priests is implicit, and was embedded in the way they took on the role in the village. Their knowledge comes from an absorption of the Church 'from the cradle to the grave'. In Orthodox belief a child should have full membership, and inclusion in the Church from birth, and all are baptised as babies, and able to take communion from birth. At this point the Karl, the anthropologist interjected and, on hearing that my children were not baptised, he claimed that children needed to grow up surrounded by the religion, as they are by language, in order that they have a religious vocabulary. Father Neophytos did not comment, and I felt that Karl's analogy between religion and language probably came more from Anglican ideology. Karl could not conceive that I survived as an atheist, assuming that I was one of those people 'who had dabbled in this and that'.

On a misunderstanding over an answer to the question of how they had met, Father Neophytos said how gullible I was. He said that all anthropologists were gullible and believed whatever they were told. I felt the heavy irony of this statement in the context of Karl, the anthropologist convert seated next to him, and the nature of their relationship.

However, Father Neophytos, as others had done, went on to describe Orthodoxy as being very inclusive and very earth-bound. The design of Churches, without spires or towers demonstrated this; the domes keeping the architecture connected to the ground, and encompassing the congregation. The congregation also stand, even though there are clear gender divisions in spatial terms. The women, unless they are cleaners and have received a special blessing, are not allowed behind the iconostasis. Standing, so I was told, means that the congregation are proactive in the service, and they are not being preached at. In most services there was no sermon, and at Easter, only a very short one from the Bishop. In addition, the Father gave the impression of

a very forgiving Church, where sin was to be expected because it was part of being human.

Confession, as a practice is slowly coming back. He explained that it had disappeared during Ottoman times through a general 'defensiveness' by the Orthodox Church, a nervousness that infiltrated every sphere of life. He said that the height of the iconostasis had increased since the fifteenth century for the same reason, and that it was a symbolic protection of the sanctity of the Church. It means that today, the priest is hidden from view for most of the service, in his own private space. From my space at the back I watched as men wandered into the church – sometimes going behind the iconostasis. There was generally much coming and going, and talking during the proceedings, by both the men and women. I choose not to be wholly gullible here, such was the resonance of his argument with others that I'd heard around a protectiveness and defensiveness against the threat from Ottoman Turks. It came mainly in the explanation for house design, and offered as the reason for the high walls and gates. This belief was roundly or disdainfully dismissed by some who regarded it as a ridiculous strand of nationalist propaganda that took on a mantle of truth because it was located in historical narrative. And I incidentally found out that houses referred to as 'very old' were often much less than a hundred years old, built long after the Ottomans posed any immediate and localised threat. But here was the same explanation offered, in terms of Orthodox practice and internal Church design. He did not stop to think of a possible explanation regarding confession and the height of the iconostasis, it came out with the same authority with which he described all the other aspects of the Church and Orthodox theology.

His argument runs counter to the weight of evidence that points to the tolerance that the Ottomans afforded to the Orthodox Church, and it was as if his theorising had become enmeshed with the more recent, heavily utilised evidence of Churches in the north of the island that had been sacked by the Turks when they invaded in 1974. The presumed threat was still very current, and had been fused into very concrete features of Greek Cypriot life. Conceptually, it seemed, Greek Cyprus was still very much under siege. As I have suggested here and above then, the threat from the Turks usually remained hidden within other narratives, and for Pefkios was

transposed into an onslaught against mass-tourism as a phenomenon, and alien plants.

Catering for the tourist masses – ‘self-abasement’

So, Pefkios was something of a self-declared crusader for the reinstatement of the ‘traditional’ cultural values of Cyprus. These could not really be pinned down, but the impression given was of a ‘culture’ under siege to mass tourism comprising a mindless majority merely in search of sun and cheap drink. Cyprus was prostituting itself to the demand, providing for the lowest common denominator. The numbers of tourists coming in were, he said, the only factor worthy of consideration by the Cyprus Tourist Organisation (CTO), the official body concerned with tourist affairs, policy and promotion. The ‘quality’ of the tourists attracted was irrelevant to the CTO. This was true to a certain extent, although the CTO had initiated agro-tourism schemes, encouraging the promotion of village houses as elite holiday properties. The mission statement for the agro-tourism programme was to give tourists ‘the opportunity to explore the countryside, culture, tradition and nature of Cyprus’. The CTO representative at the seminar said that while developers rather than villagers had been the main beneficiaries, the scheme had led to renewed interest in the villages from the younger generation, but stressed that it was a greater success in tourist terms, rather than in cultural and social ones. He also suggested a mirroring of the trend to keep tourists together and of settlement patterns in, saying that, unlike other parts of Europe, there were not the isolated farmhouses, desired by tourists. Cypriots lived, historically, in villages, always part of a community. It was safer that way in former times...(see above).

Cultural intimacy perhaps exists primarily at this level in Cyprus; at the level of the village. The aim, aside from the programme, was to increase the number of tourist beds from the current two million to four million over the following few years, which could only be done with the building of massive hotels and complexes. The director of the CCF, who was present, thought this absurd, saying that the increase in numbers would destroy resources, making ‘quality’ tourist development impossible.

To put the figures into perspective, the population of the whole island is less than a million. When this annually increasing influx is linked to the trend that most young people entering higher education do so outside Cyprus, the trend of economic migrancy that was at its height in the 1950s and 1960s, and the increasing numbers of British ex-pats deciding to settle in Cyprus, one senses a frenetic picture of movement, hybridity and of a population being overwhelmed: by tourists, alien influences, but also reflections of its own creation, brought back from various elsewhere.

Pefkios' contempt for this insidious and unregulated 'colonisation', the industry's unquenchable demand for more concrete, and the imposition of a pseudo-culture, diluted by the desire of such tourists for the security of a certain familiarity was extreme. By pseudo-culture, I mean such things as the numerous beach-front tavernas offering 'traditional' Cypriot dishes, and the so-called Cyprus Nights put on by many hotels offering a flavour of Cypriot music and dancing, wine and food. For the more adventurous, there are the Jeep Safaris mentioned in Chapter Four into the 'interior', that give the tourist a whistle-stop tour of some of the places not accessible by hire car, being thrown around in the back of a cramped Landrover. Many small operators use the same routes, and one day I encountered a convoy of around twenty. They would all stop together at one of the CTO picnic sites and have a barbecue. The Englishman who had started the safaris had envisaged small-scale, customised trips for very small groups. As others copied his idea, he withdrew and stopped doing them, annoyed at the way the concept had been hijacked and spoiled, becoming yet another mass taster session for the real Cypriot life and countryside, not to mention the environmental impact. The entrepreneurial spirit was thriving in Cyprus, but there seemed to be a lack of confidence in risking a new, untried venture, and, as with settlement patterns, the safari companies even travelling together. A friend pointed out how there was a lot of repetition and copying of a successful business idea, and if it was a shop or a restaurant, the businesses would be physically clumped together.

Kato Paphos, still rapidly developing resort, is the town holiday destination that I came to know best. It is a World Heritage Site, owing to the quality and quantity of

important archaeological finds and settlements. Tourists would go to some of the sites, such as the mosaics and fort at the harbour, and there has been a lot of investment in the past few years to improve the harbour front and the access from the harbour to the extensive areas of mosaics that are still being uncovered, and a huge, landscaped car park has also been built. Paphos is the ancient capital of the island, although, the oldest settlement is a few miles along the coast, and much quieter. Any single development literally throws up layer after layer of artefacts of archaeological significance. One day I was walking alongside some road works, close to the car park. They had dug a deep wide trench, and sticking out from the sides, not that deep were a number of massive columns with Corinthian capitals. I did a double take and compared the nonchalance of Cypriot passers by with my own sense of awe. One elaborate building in the area, the first to be discovered on the site, had been uncovered less than fifty years ago, apparently by a farmer ploughing his field. A lot of work was going into the presentation of these areas and artefacts, and such was their concentration, the whole of Kato Paphos was like a vast open-air museum. It was still, just a town in transition, from coastal farming community to resort, with remains of fields with old, small, stone dwellings, between apartment developments. Kato Paphos is becoming an impressive tourist resource. The mosaics and remains are, of course, of architectural importance in their own right, but they highlight the dilemma for Pefkios, made more urgent because of his proximity to the Green Line, of where servicing mass tourism ends, and the conservation of a fragile heritage that will form the basis of a 'new' Cyprus begins.

The Paphos area was often compared with the north of the island, particularly Kyrenia, in terms of its appearance, both regions being verdant and having fortified harbours. Kyrenia, though, apparently had a refinement and sophistication due, a refugee said, to the cosmopolitanism of the place. It had attracted wealthy and 'cultured' British ex-pats (see Durrell 1957). In Paphos in the present, however, there was a greed and drive for living in the short-term, with little consideration or sensitivity for a fragile and fast-disappearing essence of what Cyprus is, was, or could be (returned to). The division of the island is further underlined in the light of such comparisons between north and south by Cypriots themselves, and the struggle to create a coherent notion of what Cyprus is remains difficult.

This was a lament of Pefkios also, and his attempt to locate the essential Cyprus that was in his imagination, very bound up in o(O)rthodoxy and Byzantine principles. In his words, these principles include an economy or austerity, and a spartan approach to material things, which is at odds with the demands of mass tourism. He says that beauty and the divine are invoked through deliberate simplicity and a resultant overarching harmony. The notion of iconicity that Herzfeld alludes to is different from the idea of the icon. He states that using iconicity instead of icon, ‘reminds us that we are speaking not of permanent things but of processes whereby permanence and thingness are achieved’ (1997:57). Iconicity is very present in the production of Cyprus for tourists, but serves only to undermine Pefkios’ heart-felt, one-man crusade.

Pefkios was intimately involved with the icon not as a sign to be taken up, but in its literal sense, as conveying the imitation of the divine. His garden was an icon, a private, intimate space, an expression not only of his railing against the tawdry mass of tourists and other aliens, but also of a more distilled version of self- presentation. His extreme position ran somewhat counter to descriptions of the Church that I heard elsewhere, but, he gave the impression of being somewhat besieged from all sides – literally and metaphorically.

An alien garden, indigenous plants, and marginal people

I want to now turn to another garden that I became very familiar with, that serves as a counterpoint to Pefkios’ garden, behind which, nevertheless, were strands of the same impulses that fuelled the work of Pefkios, although they were not so explicitly stated, and came from a far more secular, strategic and pragmatic place. Pano Akourdhalia was a very different place, and was without the heavy physical and tense presence of the border that runs through Nicosia, and was just behind Pefkios’ house. It was also virgin tourist territory, without the development of the coast, and without the growing heritage industry of Nicosia and Kato Paphos. This other garden was expressly built to attract tourism, where Pefkios was fighting hard to keep it at

bay. Both he and this garden however, were seeking to define and express a pure, indigenous Cyprus .

The work of the Laona Project was described in Chapter Four, and this garden was one of its early projects. The garden was part of a scheme to attract both 'quality' tourists, and income into areas that had not yet been developed. The 'marginal communities' were to be mobilised, it was hoped, into pro-active income generation and innovation, as well as into being the icons of 'living traditions' and 'living heritage' in Cyprus. Much of my time was spent in the particular village concerned, and it remained, seven years after implementation, a very quiet, little-visited place.

For most of the time that I was in Cyprus I took on the responsibility for looking after the herb garden that was intended as the new focal point for the enterprise. The garden was in the grounds of the former school in this village of Pano Akourdhalia, about six miles from Pano Oropedhio by road, or one and a half as the crow flies. The school, long disused as all the children had long-left, was renovated and converted into a small museum, shop and herb garden with money from the Leventis Foundation, by the Laona Project in 1992-3. The idea was that it would provide income for the village, along with the renovated houses, for which the owners were given grants by the Project. The houses had to be renovated to quite strict guidelines, following traditional methods and using traditional materials. One rather odd stipulation was that the solar panels and tanks weren't allowed under the terms of the grant because they were deemed to be unsightly, meaning that expensive immersion heaters only were used. This disqualified some owners from the scheme, and alienated others. It was through such stipulations that it became clear that the Laona project was attempting to impose a particular and foreign aesthetic onto their own rendition of Cyprus. The initial aims were ambitious, and included plans to set up a loan scheme for those villagers wanting to expand herb growing to their land. I heard of no-one that had taken up a loan, although a number of people had converted houses for holiday letting.

The garden is laid out in roughly two sections with a winding path and seats and planted areas between the paths, and also an area to the rear where the herbs for sale are field-grown. The herbs grown for sale are: oregano, thyme, lemon balm, sage,

mint, rosemary and lavender. There is a range of about fifty species, all of them common or endemic to Cyprus, grown in the wider garden.



Pano Akourdhalia - the herb garden



The herb garden – wending paths

As in most villages, the school was adjacent to the church and had tall cypress trees around its boundary. There were two ancient olive trees close by and the old stone

olive press had been set up between them. Time and again, the press was used as a backdrop for photographs by visitors, interested in a survival of village life. The area around it had been landscaped, again providing an aesthetically pleasing backdrop for visitors. One ex-pat living locally had been inspired to produce a drawing of it, prints of which were for sale in the herb garden. One day, one of the villagers was half-heartedly weeding the area, and a few weeks later, the Mukhtar arranged for a few tonnes of concrete to be poured around the press, tackling the weed problem once and for all. The garden is owned by the village, and any profits are taken and banked by the Mukhtar to assist towards village expenses such as rubbish collection, water drilling and road maintenance. It probably yields no more than about £500 a year.

The plan was that the shop would be run, and the gardens maintained by one or a number of villagers. However, this did not happen. Whether this was because of a lack of involvement of villagers at the outset - the Laona Project was regarded as something of an imposition by outsiders, or whether the priorities of the villagers did not fit with the vision of the project is impossible to say. The idea was to introduce and encourage a new breed of tourists to an alternative Cyprus, where the focus was on the appreciation of the rural life and landscape, and rich flora and fauna. The tourists would stay in locally-owned, refurbished village houses and eat at local 'traditional' tavernas that had also been helped by the Project. In short, these tourists would be exposed to an 'authentic' experience of the real Cyprus, and not just see the country as just another Mediterranean resort. The only villager to take an active interest was the Mukhtar who regularly came to visit when I was working there.

A few years ago, the neglected garden was taken over by the wife of the Director of the Environment Centre in Pano Oropedhio, and since then it has gradually come back into production, but it is divorced from any aspect of village life. An acquaintance who knew of the garden, said disparagingly that they did not know what it was supposed to be about. Gardens like that, landscaped in such a way, did not resemble anything Cypriot. The plants were completely out of context, and he wondered what the point of it was. It is ironic, that here was an area, exclusively given over to Cypriot plants, but in a context that was completely alien, and therefore

culturally meaningless. This person was talking of a totally alien and, in their eyes, inappropriate aesthetic.

The work involved the full care of the garden, the cutting, drying, preparing and packing of the herbs. Local honey was also sold. Books about walks in the area are sold, as are a bird migration report, and a book about local myths and traditions. The garden did attract so-called 'agro-tourists', some who came back year after year to buy more herbs because they hadn't found any that were so good. Ex-pats would also bring visitors who were staying with them. It was a pleasant place to visit, and did provide a reason for visiting the village. Seats had been put in, and it was a lovely setting, but separated from the village.

There were also one or two local visitors. Whenever I was there, a Sri Lankan woman came in with an elderly woman with dementia who was wheelchair bound. Srma was employed by the woman's family to care for the grandmother and she lived with her twenty-four hours a day in an extension to the family's *makinari*. Srma had a family in Sri Lanka that she hardly saw. She sent money home to pay for the children to go to college. Her husband had suffered a back injury and was wheelchair bound also, and could not work. Srma was the only earner, and had been away from home for years, coming to Cyprus via an agent, from Saudi Arabia. The other regular visitor was Odysseus, who had retired back home to the village, having spent most of his adult life in Britain. He brought in his grandchild, and sometimes his daughter in law, who was English. He had been a pupil at the school years before, and said he was happy to see it being used. But there was an unsettled air about him. This was not the village he had grown up in, and it had only elderly people living there, it had none of the vibrancy of the thriving community he remembered. The other villagers might have come in at other times, but never when I was there, unless it was to ask for a lift down to Polis, although it was clear after holidays that the children – the grandchildren of the villagers who lived in the towns and cities – had been in playing. They left their mark in the damage done to the plant beds.

I mention Srma in order to return to the notion of illegitimacy. We struck up a friendship partly because of our shared experiences of feeling alien and illegitimate. I, of course, had the choice; she was all but trapped by her circumstances and by the

poor conditions foreign workers could suffer under. She did not have her passport, and it was held by either her agent or her employer. We did not fit into the class of mass tourist, but represented another sort of dangerous invasion, along with eastern Europeans, 'Russian mafia', who, through historical happenstance had Greek passports because they came from Pontus, on the Black Sea coast. I was told to say that I didn't receive any money for the work if anyone should ask. I found out that foreigners were not even supposed to do voluntary work. It was not a problem for the Mukhtar, and other villagers were completely indifferent. I did not feel at any particular risk of being reported, but I heard many stories of foreigners being deported, and particularly restaurant owners and hoteliers getting into trouble with the authorities for employing people illegally. There was no employment problem on the island and the shortage of labour brought in Sri Lankans and Philipinos to do the most menial jobs, and also a large number of sex workers from eastern European countries.

My most traumatising experience of fieldwork, undramatic I am certain in the universal league table of 'Traumatising Fieldwork Experiences', was the required visit to the Immigration office, once our three-month tourist stamp had expired. Amongst ex-pats, the 'pink slip' is the desired object to be gained from the experience. The slip, however, is merely a small piece of paper, about eight centimetres square that states how long you have been awarded before you have to enter the process once again, in order to acquire another pink slip.

There is little information given out on the procedure of registration and we learned what we did through hearsay. I have become aware how removed we are in our own countries from the reality of the permeability or otherwise of our own borders. This, is, of course, no ground-breaking observation, but my experience in Cyprus was a severe introduction, but at the same time a relatively innocuous one, compared I would guess, with most others, to what it means not to belong to a place. The power, in many instances, in the banality of the British passport is, personally speaking, both reassuring and terrifying. When abroad, and no longer a tourist, it is the only marker of identity with any validity.

The experience at the Immigration Office at Paphos police station demonstrated not our questionable status, but it was rather what felt like an attack on that very smugness, on that inferred assumption of us having a legitimate 'place' in a former colony. It was made patently clear that we could assume no such legitimacy, or right to be there. We first visited one morning and were told that we would have to return the following Monday to queue at 6 am for a ticket which would be handed out from 7.15am. From various people we were told that we had to take bank statements, photographs of all of us, and a rental agreement. We duly returned the following Monday, leaving the village at five in order to get there in time. The office was on the first floor, and the staircase to it was outside, with a small platform in front of the entrance. There were between twenty and thirty people waiting, approximately half being English. There was no communication, everyone contained in their own world of anticipation.

The reason for the tension soon became clearer. As time went on, the staff appeared for work, having to pass us all on the staircase. No-one was acknowledged by the staff. Gradually, more people joined the semblance of a queue, although the platform at the top was just a mass of people. Eventually, the door was unlocked, and the 'queue' surged forward, pressing into the tiny waiting room with outstretched arms, jostling, pushing, shouting for little white tickets randomly handed out. We were pushed forward too, but all of a sudden, the tension dissipated, followed by an air of anti-climax and impotent frustration. It was all over, the seventeen little white tickets had been given out. People left, mute, or waited around if their number was soon to be called. Someone mumbled to us that we would just have to come back the next day and go through the whole thing again, and that 'by the way, they give out a different number of tickets each time'. To recount this, I am ashamed of my shock and how affected I felt by this small scenario of violence and arbitrary wielding of power, and that I had had three utterly sheltered decades, free of any such experience. The next day, we were back, pushing, grabbing and steely-faced as the rest of them, of course. And I argued a ticket from another ex-pat who had shoved in front of us. We had made it. Here I was, my 'cultural capital' was nil, but I had a number, I was on the road to a pink slip.

Our experiences were nothing compared with what Srma described to me. Her status was rendered as nil. She had no cultural capital, and without her passport she was stripped of any identity other than that of being a foreign maid. Neither did our experience come close to what I imagined and heard was the experience of the eastern European women brought over as sex workers. I saw them unloaded from the back of a van at the immigration office. The Cypriot businessman, bedecked in heavy gold jewellery, and carrying a weighty paunch – almost a parody of himself – who escorted them, an acquaintance or ‘friend’ of the officials, breezed past us all in the stuffy little ‘waiting room’, and disappeared into an office down the corridor to register the women.

I am aware that these scenarios sound like clichés or pastiches – which has significance in itself in the frame of Cypriot self-presentation. Tourists, however, see none of this, and neither does the vast majority of Cypriots. But the interesting question remains of what impact the ‘invasion’ of these ‘others’, from Asia and eastern Europe, will have on Cyprus. Pefkios did not even refer to them.

Concluding thoughts

I have concentrated on two gardens, located in very different places and political spaces in Cyprus. I have used them to explore ideas and expressions of authenticity and belonging. I introduce the Orthodox Church because Pefkios appealed to some of its tenets, and particularly the icon as a means of personal and ideological expression. The herb garden is a less complex statement, which is unsurprising as it is in an area that is all but unaffected by events that reverberate loudly, close to the Green Line in Nicosia. What links the two gardens is tourism, and I return from a different angle, to the debates around desirable invaders, self-presentation, representation, and the attempts to create an authentic Cyprus in the apparent political vacuum that mass tourism has filled for the time-being.

The apparently authentic can be rendered as truly authentic by the work of, for example, the Laona Project and the CCF. The latter works on two levels: the authentication of ‘tradition’, in its work with architects, for example, in the

refurbishment of buildings, and on the level of the ecology of Cyprus. The Cyprus Tourist Organisation, along with those in the tourist industry, also produce, a series of small packages of experience that fit into a fortnight's package holiday. The constituents of the package are not, of course, created within a vacuum, and are a result of complex relationships between Cypriots, the tour operators, and the tourists themselves. The effect of the gaze from outside cannot be underestimated, especially in such a context where the numbers of onlookers and the numbers of Cypriots involved in maintaining the product are so relatively high. The spaces of Cyprus are restructured very dramatically by the force of tourism, and more quietly by the other 'invaders'. The tourists themselves appear to be quite passive: their movements manipulated, as they are in any country, by the availability of information and the visibility of designated spaces and artefacts, but there will always be a significant minority that subvert, or circumvent the 'package' and delve deeper, - for what? A more authentically Cypriot experience perhaps. The interesting dimension to tourism in Cyprus, is the fact that the majority are English. The recent colonial past creates a particular tension – something speaking of an unresolved relationship, and this was highlighted by our visit to the immigration office. The current colonisation is a very different one from the one that ended in 1960, but in essence, the English are still there, everywhere, as tourists, as soldiers on the Sovereign bases, and as the increasing numbers of retired ex-pats deciding to settle there. Also there is the quieter presence of the other 'invaders' from Asia and eastern Europe, and the strange 'absence' of the Turk in any of these debates.

I hope that the two examples I have used, with all the digressions, illustrate how a type of/or idea of 'nature' contained within a garden, can also show how ideologies, prejudices, fears and creativity can be examined, and expressed seemingly quite innocuously. The notion of enclosure, and metaphors of boundaries being breached, legitimacy, and belonging can all be elaborated through such an icon as Pefkios produced, as well as through the herb garden. The implications and manifestations of alien-ness and authenticity in Cyprus, the complex relationship between the two, but also how they are mutually implicated deserves more thorough treatment than I have given here, and point to future work.

The two gardens described are starting points for exploring how political spaces can be opened up, demarcated or enclosed in the on-going discourses about definition in a post-colonial, soon-to-be part of the EU, nation-state. This will be impossible to predict: its borders are at once defined by its rocky and sandy edges, and by its impending opening up as the ways of the Union are enshrined. But the island also has the legacy of the dramatic historical moment, frozen since 1974, that divided it into two, now almost mutually incomprehensible parts.

What the gardens also demonstrate is the extent to which people use such demarcated spaces as places of inscription and cultural and personal expression. Chapter Four gave a more generalised view of contests involving land and ideology, and introduced the conflict over the Akamas in its position as a global environmental resource, and as a local economic one, as well as in the definition of what Cyprus is or should be. This theme has continued in this Chapter, with a closer focus on gardens themselves. The final chapter focuses the discussion further, on to examples of particular gardens, created from deeply personal histories.

CHAPTER SIX

GARDENS REMEMBERED

This chapter continues the work of Chapter Five in that it considers particular gardens, and gardening practices in Cyprus, but it also brings the thesis back to Chapter One. There I set out my claims for the cultural significance of gardens and gardening practice, situating them in anthropological literature, but also theoretically, allowing them a cultural space that delimited the impulse to externalise them, or to place them into, or bordering ‘nature’. I argued that a sensate and sensually involved self is entailed in the act of creating a garden and renders a garden into a unique category of dwelling place. It is a place of self-conscious expression and artifice, but, as the ethnography demonstrates, it is also a sub-linguistic articulation of cultural and personal processes, of reconciliation and debate, social status and of rooting oneself into a present that yet allows for a configuration of the past.

From talking about gardens in the abstract, the thesis has moved increasingly closer to the ground, from the debates about Cyprus as a nation, to the environment, and finally to individual, specific gardens. These last two chapters complement Chapter Two, which discusses an archetype of a ‘traditional Cypriot village’, and what is happening there now. Here and in the previous chapter I seek to undermine the very notion of archetypes through the individual gardens, whilst demonstrating on one hand that there is a strong impulse to produce archetypes that can be reinforced through garden making. On the other hand, the very notion of archetypes can be thoroughly, if quietly, subverted by the strong element of the personal that enters

every garden in its emergence, life and use, in whatever guise, by all those who become involved with it.

Here I focus mainly on gardens and gardening as means of connecting memory to lived experience, and also on gardens as a means of expression of status, and show how processes of attachment and seeking to belong are expressed through gardening.

Throughout the thesis I have implied an oblique parallel between the island and gardens as discrete places of physically bounded spaces of cultural inscription. Both are reference points in their own right to people as islanders and/or gardeners both in their bounded nature and also in the fact that neither islands nor gardens are arbitrary places. Both can inform a particular sense of attachment that is set against the very provisionality that is also inherent, paradoxically, to both, and that is particularly pertinent to Cyprus. The island's coherence is disrupted by the Green Line by its history and by a particular politics of property and land-holding; and the lack of any ability to 'fix' a garden because it is organic and mutable, demonstrate the way duality and uncertainty can be incorporated into the meanings we derive from places and cultural spaces. The following few paragraphs return to some of the early formative thinking for this whole project, and prefigure some of my conclusions.

Borders

I have sought to look at Cyprus not as a problem, but as a culturally unfettered place, at least with respect to gardening and gardens. Gardens do not shout politics, or anything else for that matter, which makes the analysis of them both difficult and thrilling because, of course, they can be suffused with the whole spectrum of human concerns and cultural preoccupations. So far, I have avoided the question of identity per se, but this chapter, as with the last, brings the discussion to the consideration of gardens as personalised expressions that none the less appear in public spaces, and can elaborate complex concerns and facets of identity. I have discussed identity in terms of autochthony and aliens, implying that while there is a discourse of 'ethnic purity' going on in Cyprus, hybridity exists: through a complex history of colonisation; through migrations, and through movement to and from the island that

has led to the presence of a wide variety of 'nationalities' and many marriages between Cypriots and non-Cypriots. Hybridity is the norm and is unexceptional. On any profound level, then, to ask 'what is a Cypriot?' is a facile question. However, it remains out there, embedded in the discourse on 'purity', on an authentic Cypriot heritage, and on the island's actual relationship with Europe and other countries bordering the Mediterranean, and its impending relationship with the EU. Over the past thirty years, any decision about what constitutes being Cypriot has been in abeyance. That said, the search to define, through essentialised attributes goes on, perhaps more through tourists and other 'invaders', than Turks. How much of this is actual displacement, or a double aspect of a singular phenomenon remains to be seen, but I have taken the risk in suggesting that such a degree of displacement does indeed exist.

In the essentialising frame then, are the islanders, Cypriot, Greek and Turkish, or Greek Cypriot and Turkish Cypriot? Not to mention a number of other 'labelled' minorities. The answer of course, depends on whom you speak to. To essentialise is not constructive, but it is in the nature of conservative politics on the island (as it is elsewhere). In any place where divisions are made on presumed ethnic lines, perceived difference can only become fetishised. Seremetakis specifies some of the particularities of Greek identity in her essay, 'In Search of the Barbarians',

Greek identity these days is nationally and internationally played out, defined, and sought after at the borders. Questions are debated in the public culture: who are the Greeks, and who are Greece's minorities? Where are Greeks themselves a minority? Where do the boundaries of the Greek Diaspora in Eastern and Western Europe and the United States begin and end? Where do we draw Greece's boundaries in land, sea, air, and time? (1998:169-70)

It is, of course, arguable that almost any 'identity' could be substituted here. What is germane where Cyprus is concerned is that its situation is the physical area for polarised Greek and Turkish politics. Such a region is often metaphysical; historical circumstance has made Cyprus the *actual* fulcrum between the two, but the island enjoys little or no power in holding such a position. Cyprus is the proverbial 'back-yard' of both countries. I have shown however, that 'back-yards', or gardens, can be

quietly transformative, and can act as the areas of mediation between neighbours, friends, or, at another level, nature and culture as two distinctly perceived realms.

The absence of gardens

As will be clear by now, Cyprus is not a country renowned for its gardens, and by that, I mean gardens that tourists might be directed towards, or gardens that are established as part of a national heritage. There is no apparent tradition. However, let us not allow apparent absence to put us off. Instead let us suspect that the lack of a specific discourse, provides an interesting if shady corner for the subject within the anthropology of Cyprus. Cyprus is still a significantly agricultural country, and there is a growing interest in gardens and a gradual proliferation of the 'suburban' garden, as well as a long-lived and embedded relationship with plants and cultivation. Where gardens appear they are idiosyncratic. Ideas about what a garden should look like are only just starting to proliferate in Cyprus. But even in these I was often surprised by elements present in stories entailed in them. Gardens represent the creative possibilities and the cultural free space that the over-arching provisionality of the island provides.

Although I had anticipated the crisis of definition and recognition of what constitutes a garden to some extent; I feared the lack of open suburban gardens that I was so used to. Around Pano Oropedhio, the fields were more like the British idea of an allotment – a productive area, away from the house. Vegetables were grown, not on a commercial scale, but for the use of the household, with the surplus being distributed locally - (mainly to us, it seemed!) or sold at Paphos market. Certainly, my British suburban garden, an integrated whole, of vegetable and aesthetic production, did exist: an outward show of status and of order within. All new villas are built with an area of garden, an area for display to the outside world. These villas, bright and white, are familiar in many parts of the Mediterranean, and they stand out. They are a stark statement of new wealth. Some make obscure or stylised gestures towards an Hellenic past, with grandiose columns and archways, or to a 'traditional' past with pan-tiled or flat roofs, balconies and wooden shutters. They seem quite brash, and to be something of an over-statement, a creation of a hyper-reality. There is a denial of

the history that created the conditions by which such villas could be built, but I will return to these later.

It will be already apparent that I was confronted by different categories of garden. As everywhere, these classifications are designated by many factors, and equally, arise from particular histories: local, national and international. There is the garden in the older villages, the 'traditional' villages. These comprise, as mentioned, the enclosed yard around the house, and/or in addition to, the 'fields' around the village. There are the gardens around the bright white villas, in, or close to the towns, belonging to the children of those who live in the villages. There are the gardens of the British ex-pats, and these are found, loosely associated with an original village, on new vast estates of retirement properties. Ex-pats also take on older village properties and renovate them in the 'traditional' style. The result can often be an incongruous fusion of suburban 'dralon' with obsolete Cypriot 'folk' artefacts as tips are scavenged for old baskets, tools, furniture, old donkey saddles – whatever will add to the rustic ambience, but below I describe one where a couple were successfully and happily making a space for themselves in a small village. There are the gardens around the properties that were formerly Turkish but which have now been taken over as holiday properties by those Greek Cypriots who live in the urban centres, and there are also the gardens of the refugees that have been re-housed. Lastly, there are those gardens that cannot be so readily categorised, such as the one belonging to the ex-pat English couple, and also the two others I describe here, belonging to Cypriots.

I do not intend to deal in detail here with all aspects of these 'types'. This chapter deals with the two 'extremes' in terms of aesthetic presence: the gardens of the refugees, and the gardens associated with the bright white villas. It is balanced by a consideration of other gardens and gardeners. I propose that a form of unarticulated memory work is done through the creation of a garden and gardening practice, and present, as a stark contrast, the 'new', villa gardens that resist nostalgia, and are even anti-memory. From this point, I take impermanence – that has been an ongoing theme throughout the thesis, to its extreme, and consider the ubiquity of flowers. Their evanescence that is yet associated with 'health and well-being' (see Chapter Three), and how this is confounded somewhat through the popularity of plastic

flowers. The dual, or even multiple, aspects of all things to do with gardens underpins their beauty, in every sense of the word.

Many of these aspects prove difficult to unearth, because so little is articulated through language, but here, as I say, I wish to show how gardening practice can be a form of low-key memory work. It is a close-range, sensual and supremely personal endeavour: the wider world is to a large extent excluded by the defined boundaries of a garden. But the manipulation of the soil per se connects one by its ubiquity to other known places. The self, especially in terms of memory and nostalgia, can be expressed and articulated in a very understated way – but not necessarily of course – the meaning of a garden need not, and usually is not made explicit nor explained. One can create copies of former gardens that look and smell the same. Practice and material can be faithfully replicated through gardening from one place to another, but the sensual associations might never be articulated.

Talking sense: the scents of Memory

On first consideration it might seem that there is no clear distinction between memory and nostalgia. There is a politics associated with both, although nostalgia in this instance is, at least in part, a particular product of the politics of memory. Herzfeld's formulation of 'structural nostalgia' is pertinent here. He talks about the 'collective representation of an Edenic order – a time before time - in which the balanced perfection of social relations has not yet suffered the decay that affects everything human' (1997:109). The flow of the process of nostalgia, that is gently reiterated by each generation - the 'laments about moral decay' (1997:111), is not the one most apparent in Cyprus. The political construction of memory (see Papadakis 1993:139-154) interrupts this gentle flow by the continually reiterated imagery of and reference to its very corruption by the events of 1974. That said, nostalgia, and its etymology makes it, paradoxically in terms of Herzfeld's definition, the most apt expression of that 'Edenic order'. I do not want to dwell here on the politics of memory and nostalgia, but to use the formulation put forward by Seremetakis in *The Senses Still*. She dissects the word 'nostalgia' into its Greek roots: *nostos* and *alghos*, the former being 'the return', and the latter meaning 'the pain or ache'. She says that

it 'evokes the sensory dimension of memory in exile and estrangement' (1994:4). She compares it with the meaning in English, which she says 'freezes the past in such a manner as to preclude it from any capacity for social transformation in the present....the Greek etymology evokes the transformative impact of the past as unreconciled historical experience.' (ibid.). She goes on to explore how memory and the senses are intertwined and how the latter is inextricable from the former.

Memory is the horizon of sensory experiences, storing and restoring the experience of each sensory dimension in another, as well as dispersing and finding sensory records outside the body in a surround of entangling objects and places (1994:9).

The practice of gardening, with its strong sensory involvement, fits well with this definition of memory, and is distinct from that evoked by Politics on the island, and is also different from 'structural nostalgia'. To pursue the imagery of Eden that Herzfeld uses, but to refocus on the subject at hand - the garden, it could be seen that gardens, as miniature Edens, are politically unfettered elements of just such an order that is not verbally articulated.

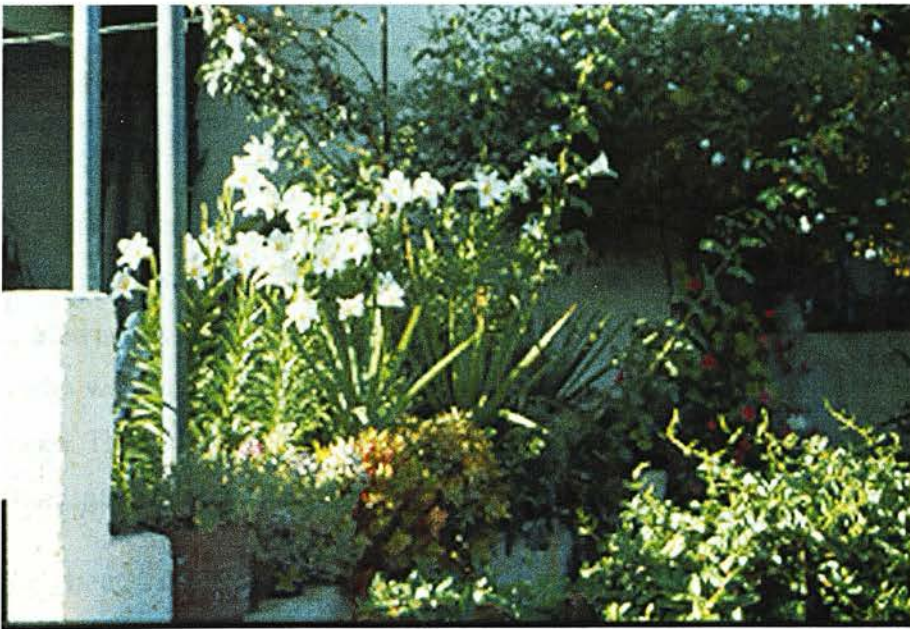
It could be argued that the garden is a transient feature of any property, not so obviously built, not so noticeable, and therefore not particularly significant. It is an area primarily passed through on the way in or away from the house by visitors. However, growing spaces and gardens have not only a cyclical nature in terms of the seasons, but also in kinship and ownership terms as plots are inherited, divided, abandoned, reinstated, redesigned and replanted. The paradox, therefore, of the garden is that, far from being rendered a 'non-place' by its transience and attributes, it becomes entwined intimately with the social, via the organic and the cyclical.

As discussed in Chapter Three, soil can be seen to be the static and symbolic base line of the life that has lived and died on any particular patch of it. Soil is moveable: I was told of refugees, at the time of the 1974 invasion, attempting to leave their homes with plants in pots of soil which were confiscated by the Turkish authorities. The person who recounted this did not know why. Could it perhaps have been that such artefacts are seen as much more than that, that in taking soil and plants from a place one is taking territory? Gardens, are particular and ambiguous patches of

territory, at the fulcrum of that complexity between the natural and the cultural. They are powerful and potent, not because of a strident presence, but precisely because of their very ambiguity. The practice and action involved in creating a garden is, if you like, a moveable connection to actual places, and to the realm of unpoliticised memory and nostalgia.

Re-rooting

The gardens in areas where there had been dramatic rupture were captivating. Some such were to be found on the rapidly built refugee housing estates that went up outside Nicosia after 1974. The housing on the estates is flimsy; it was never intended to be permanent and is perhaps never allowed to be thought of as such. My decision to visit these estates was met with quizzical and doubtful responses, with the general impression that they would not be the places to find things growing, that there was more concrete than anything else, and serious social problems. I was expecting the hard and familiar evidence of this, in the form of a general lack of care of anything outside the immediate houses: vandalism, graffiti, litter etc.



Anthoupoli

This is far from what greeted me. The tiny plots were in proportion with the tiny houses, and each was fenced but open to the road or car park behind, and to all the

neighbours, in stark contrast to the private and enclosed village properties. Without intent, these refugee properties were on public display. These miniature gardens were invariably well-tended and full, and strikingly similar. They were diminutive renditions of, or rather samplers of the gardens and yards of the village in terms of what was growing. Certain elements were common or repeated. Lemon trees were a central feature, and judging by their current size, they were one of the first things to be planted. There were vines, flowers and herbs, and tiny, token patches of vegetables such as broad beans, peppers, tomatoes, aubergines and potatoes. I say token, because room dictated that no more than a few plants could be sown, certainly not enough to supply the family for any length of time. There was no question that they would grow what they had grown at their home in the north. The history was, with these families very quickly evoked, as were the attendant emotions – the grief and loss still very raw, twenty-five years on. Loizos uses Marris's (1975) analogy of bereavement when talking about the loss suffered by refugees.

Marris is primarily concerned with the cognitive implications of our attachments, whether to persons or the patterns of meaning. But he does not neglect affective commitments; indeed he insists that 'we cannot command our feelings', and one of his virtues is his attempt to consider cognition and affect together...he suggests that 'the impulse to preserve the thread of continuity is thus a crucial instinct of survival ...and that the anxieties of change centered upon the struggle to defend or recover a meaningful pattern of relationships' (Marris 1974 cited in Loizos 1981:197)

What Loizos picks up on is the *process* of adjustment to loss, and that people seek to incorporate attachments and relationships into that adjustment. In the last part of the quote, Marris refers to those who coped best in Nazi concentration camps as being those who were most 'ideologically dogmatic', the communists and the Jehovah's Witnesses. Their ideology was their 'thread of continuity'. In the case of refugees on this estate, gardening went a long way in fulfilling this role.

Talking about the plants and their provenance took residents with whom I spoke straight back to their former homes where they had grown the same. Of course, back there and then, everything grew better, and in greater abundance. As in the village, growing and garden work was, on the whole, a co-operative effort between husbands and wives, but with the women taking the greater interest in the flower cultivation.

The families I spoke to here were in their sixties, and so in 1974 they would have been in their twenties and thirties. They mourned the loss of their fields, speaking in nostalgic terms about their land. Inherent to their descriptions was a comparison to the featureless, bleak and soulless estate they now found themselves on. In view of my expectations, I could not see the bleakness. What I saw was a passion to grow, to fill all the available space with green, living plants, fresh food to eat and flowers.

Kirios and Kiria Panagides were originally from Karavas near Kyrenia. They had left a large farm with only the clothes they were wearing in 1974. A sister and her husband had been shot by the invading Turkish army. They had owned extensive orchards of citrus, olives and carob, and they had owned three donkeys and oxen for ploughing. At first they fled to the mountains, and then to another area of Nicosia before settling in Anthoupoli. They did not own this house and never could, and they could not pass it on, being defined still, like all refugees in Cyprus, thirty years on, as ‘temporary residents’. They are an elderly couple, but both work together in their small garden, helped by their son who works in a nursery in the next village. They have other children, but they, like many other refugees and economic migrants in the 1950s and 60s, went to Africa. The impression I got from those who had returned, or had family still there, was that most had been financially successful. They have two large lemon trees that they planted as soon as they moved in, a large dessert vine and olive trees in the back and front of the house. They harvest the olives and take them to the factory to be made into oil. They were slowly encroaching on the communal parking area at the back where Kiria Panagides grew chrysanthemums, and had lots of pots with carnations and the ornamental *Kolokassi* (yams). The front garden was packed with lilies, geraniums, carnations, campanula, and an exotic plant that I could not identify that they had grown in Karavas. They also grew broad beans, tomatoes, courgettes, cucumbers and peppers in tiny plots. As we talked we were joined by their neighbours, curious about the visitor. Despite one saying that it had been a mistake not to keep people from communities in the north together when they were re-housed (which was the case in some refugee settlements), there was clearly a close community feeling to the estate. Kiria Panagides – Christella, said that her neighbour was like a daughter to her, that they are very close. This contrasts with the experience in Pano Oropedhio, where the deeply embedded and inescapable connections

between villagers, reflections and ghostly trails of past feuds, and the (negative) aspects of cultural intimacy seemed to breed suspicion. For the refugees, while it was their status that connected them, over time, without the mantle of extended history and blood ties, they were making ties that created a sense of community that went beyond their refugee experience. What part gardens had to play in that is impossible to gauge.

The gardens were divided only by low, sixty centimetre walls, and these were used chiefly for displaying more pots of flowers, and everyone, she said, on the estate, as was obvious, looked after their gardens. Kiria Panagides is known for her fine beadwork, crocheting and tatting, and she uses designs from Kyrenia, often based on flower designs, and will make decorations and gifts for weddings locally. Before I left, an elderly stooping neighbour, also from Karavas came in with her work to sit and do it with Christella. It is practices and current relationships that connect them to one another, and to their past, as well as the particular plants and trees that moved with them, or were replicated. And the very layout of the housing, the apparent connection of one garden to another, affording little privacy, that helps to knit this community together.

It was clear from the trees that they had been planted soon after arrival. What paradoxical urge was there, in the expectation that the stay on this flimsy barren estate was going to be brief, that made them plant something, such as the lemon trees, that would not produce a decent crop of fruit for a number of years? It is an ironic fact that gardens are not generally allowed on refugee camps anywhere because they apparently signify a more permanent settlement. I say ironic because it is far easier to bulldoze or flatten a garden than it is to dismantle and dispose of a house or shelter, however makeshift. The growing of plants and/or food clearly represents something at a fundamental level that fixes people to a particular spot. In the highly charged environment of a refugee camp, they are seen as something dangerous, an introduction of something politically ambiguous in a situation that relies for many reasons on being temporary. There is too much vested in these camps not becoming homes. Interestingly, I often heard the refugee estates in Cyprus still referred to as camps. These 'camps' are not dangerous because the inhabitants are

refugees in their own country, and their former homes, so close in geographical terms, have, for political reasons, also to be maintained as politically close. The 'nostalgia' in the Greek sense of the word, has to be perpetually rekindled. Their gardens today though, show that disaffection is not the response, as one might expect, and that the urge on the estates is to re-root oneself.

There is an ease to growing in Cyprus, and given the agricultural background of many of the refugees it is not remarkable that they utilised whatever space was available as garden. I came upon one elderly woman, a neighbour of Mr and Mrs Panagides, having appropriated an area of municipal flowerbed, tending young olive trees that she had recently planted. She had marked her little area of territory with a low, precarious wall of pebbles. Nobody, according to Christella, minded – nobody owned any of their land or property anyway. Other areas amidst the paving slabs between the massive new church and the housing looked forlorn, with just a few thin, neglected shrubs. Their condition spoke of their pointlessness, and even of a bad selection of plant material. She saw space to grow something in, and simply used it. The lack of demarcation I discussed in Chapter Two is brought to mind here, the lack of reverence for boundaries was illustrated wonderfully by this woman, and the degree to which municipal, or civic space, was culturally irrelevant, was striking.

In the village where we lived for the duration of fieldwork, I witnessed a careless abandon to the sowing and cultivation of crops, not the ordered, neurotic rows I had been trained to create, with specified widths, depths and distances depending on the crop. But careless abandon aside, an interview with one refugee in her thirties demonstrated the urge to garden as an intrinsic need, necessary for her health, for her to feel well. She even said that when something in the garden was failing, she herself felt unwell. This was a refugee who had eventually settled in a Turkish Cypriot property near to Paphos. It had taken her and her husband, also a refugee, twelve years to decide to work on the house, to invest the money, the necessary part of themselves that would make a clear statement that this was their home. This reluctance must be set against the fact that those Greek Cypriots who take over formerly Turkish Cypriot houses do not have the title deeds to those properties, and they are lived in on the understanding that they still belong to the Turkish Cypriot

owner who can claim it back in the event of a political settlement to the Cyprus Problem.

In the garden, however, she had started straight away, as soon as they had taken over the house. She had designed, planted and extended in a haphazard way, allowing the garden to evolve, and was always looking for ways to extend it further. She resented that an extension to the family business workshops might encroach on her garden. In what ways, I wonder, does this interaction with earth/soil and plant fulfil a need such that to have such an involvement is necessary for such deeply-felt well-being? She stated in strong terms that to garden was an essential part of her.

In the case of Kirios and Kiria Panagides and their neighbours, and my neighbours in the village, this was true also, as evidenced by their own gardening. There was no apparent outward reference to others' gardens, no social competition in the impulse, just a need to grow. Could it perhaps, and paradoxically, also be about the very provisional, transient, cyclical nature of the garden? The investment with the provisional, the cyclical and the transient is (ironically) less political than the investment in the concrete, more heavily symbolic markers of home, namely the house. I say ironically because of the assumption I started out with but now have had to question. The lives of refugees are suffused by the politics of 'going home', of a reality they have not been able to grasp for nearly thirty years. The garden literally and metaphorically goes some way in filling the space that their separation from their home and land created, and achieves some sort of deeply personal reconciliation with trauma and the past.

As already mentioned, I had assumed that a connection and interaction with the earth, the soil of a place, was the most fundamental rooting practice, that the garden would be the key to attachment. I suspect now, however, that the garden and gardening practice fulfils some other, less overt function. It can incorporate nostalgia. It entails practical involvement, and thus can externalise memory and concretise it. One can have exact replicas of the various plants that are familiar, that smell the same, that are cuttings - clones - that will produce fruit that will taste the same as those that grew back home. This is not possible, at least in the short term, with regards to houses, or to communities. I was told the story of a vine, which grew

beautiful grapes for a family in Morphou, an area in the occupied north. A member of the family that had moved to Larnaca asked for a piece to plant at their new home. After 1974, the family was forced from Morphou, being able to take nothing with them. They asked for a cutting of the vine that was now growing well in Larnaca. The person who told me the story now also had a piece growing at his home in Nicosia. In a very prosaic way, plants connect people and places, emphasising genealogies and social relations, but in addition, and on a deep level, they can provide a means by which one can act out memory. It can be inscribed anew on the symbolically permanent: the soil, which, as already stated, is, in fact, a very fluid layer.

The refugee I discussed in Chapter Two, who was involved in an ongoing feud with her father's family, spoke at length of the garden she knew as a child. She had no memories of the house – she was 7 in 1974 – but she said:

I remember to the last stone of the garden. I had an area that was completely my own where I grew flowers, onions, small things that I was given by my father or others. My sister remembers the house, but I have no memory of it at all.

At some level, she connected back to that childhood garden through the one she is cultivating now. I visited another, older woman who showed me photographs of her former home, a large modern house, surrounded by an open garden. Her home now, close to Larnaca, and again, large and modern, was surrounded by a garden in which she had reproduced exactly, her favourite features and beds from her former home. The practice and the sensual experience and involvement are carried in the memory and can be reproduced exactly, with tangible results. Material objects are never a necessary part of this process. This sounds like a contradiction; plants and soil are, of course, material. But I stress that it is the process, one of sensual evocation, and not necessarily an absolute and faithful reproduction, that simultaneously nourishes *nostalgia* and connections backwards in time, and creates continuity in the present. The smell of the plants, the feel of the soil and the practice itself are all the same as ever, and, if it is not actually a rooting practice in itself, the creation of a new garden could be seen as a force for continuity that subsumes rupture, and is, in essence, a (basic) denial of bounded territoriality. It is functioning on an 'apolitical' plane of

belonging, and is embedded in the realm of the senses. Elements of nostalgia and memory – embedded rather than politically evoked - with a sensual recognition of the organic base line that soil and plants provide are able to move across the more fixed geology beneath through the medium of a garden and gardening practice. Kirios and Kiria Panagides had been to the mountains and brought their soil back in a car, because the soil on the newly-built estate was very poor, and many other people talked of moving and bringing in other soil to their gardens. They also use goat manure, brought into the estate and sold from a truck. Soil is man-made: created, improved, mixed and moved. Gardens are carried in it, literally becoming moveable by the recognition of the transience of soil itself.

There can be a conflation between the past and the present, and between the underlying geology and the surface layers. When one of these refugees looks up, and away from the ground now about them, the politically inaccessible north is visible across the Mesaoria Plain, and the small gardens of these refugees with their familiar plants exaggerate the limit of their existence now, compared with before. They have a view, an uninterrupted one, of a potential route to their former homes. I cannot imagine the frustration and sadness of not being allowed to reconcile their sensual experience – that of their view being uninterrupted, for example of a visible unity - with the arbitrary political barrier that confounds that sensual awareness. Their gardens are, I propose, an attempt at just such a reconciliation. It is as if the arbitrary boundary completely frustrated the need for movement per se, making not the home the crucial factor, but the movement itself.

Gardening is not a political act, at least not in any big sense. It is peripheral, by its very nature, it is personal, optional, and its language is implicit rather than explicit. Naming and building are, in contrast, as we well know, very overtly political acts.

Houses, and buildings in general cannot connect with a past home in quite the same way that plants and soil can: the investment in the house is more definite, more overtly political and, I would argue, more self-conscious and less personal than the quieter, more easily eradicable but deeply sustaining involvement with the soil and plants. In the houses I entered, there were many photographs of those family members who had been killed or remained ‘missing’, there were photographs of the

village church, of the house, of the oxen they had used for example. In one there was a small model of the family house in the north, that sat in the living room. For the teenage daughter, who had never visited the north, this model was a powerful and constant reminder of her denied inheritance, and its presence invoked anger and underlined for her the need for resolution. She was prepared for it to be violent, if that was the only means by which family property could be regained. These artefacts and static representations or frozen moments, are, in comparison to elements of a garden and the gardening practice I encountered, somewhat crude. Because they are static in that they directly record past experience, their meaning is inescapable, so that the memories associated with them more closely invoke the very feelings that were attendant at the time, and there is little possibility for a transformation of that experience in the present.

It is a tentative and surprising statement, even to myself, that these elements of territory, namely soil, trees and plants, cannot be so easily pinned down and demarcated. The paradox is clear; soil is one of the key symbols of the homeland, the basis of a country, the vessel for its dead. But here it is, in different places, helping in the recreation of home. As I argued in Chapter Three, the key is that it is fluid, moveable, the layer over rock. But it has the impression of solidity, and its depth is unknown. In one sense, soil, geology and topography are unified and contiguous, making the former a potentially powerful symbol of permanence but in reality, it shifts, can be moved around; layered up in order to bury; and is, in fact created anew all the time.

Intermediate spaces: mediating memory and belonging

While memory work was done in these gardens, and they expressed a dynamic and gentle reconfiguration of the meaning of place and home, such processes were also at work in other people's gardens. They had not experienced the violent and forced removal from home, but they were still involved in a dialogue with the past and were involved in attaching themselves to new places. I am including these as short vignettes to demonstrate other shades and ways that people use their gardens.

First there is Sevvia, a successful, highly energetic architect. She lives with her partner who is a film-maker in a flat they have restored in Limassol. She works on restoration projects, and for private clients who might have grants to restore their homes, and is especially interested in the use of sympathetic materials and styles, and is involved in the listing of buildings and producing archives. She said that she was suspicious of decisions being made about the historical ideal of a house style, and attempts to define the 'traditional' in terms of architecture. However, she went on to describe how a client had ruined a house she had helped him restore, by putting on disgusting shutters and other finishings. She said 'I like to think that clients do not set out to make a mess: it is all about taste really, and some don't have any'.



Sevvia's garden

Their home has an original exterior and many original details are retained inside. The rooms are large, expensively furnished and very comfortable, with high ceilings and

large windows with shutters. Even on the hottest days, a breeze flows through the house. During the times I went to see her, I would follow her round the house as she worked. They both had a studio each to work in, which had a connecting door. It transpired that she was half Turkish Cypriot, and as a child had not felt particularly at home, Greek not coming naturally. Even today, while she sounded fluent to me, she said that her Greek was terrible.

Her garden was small, but much loved. For her it was trial and error. The layout was architectural, with paving and gravel but there was a long bed down the side of the house, and lots of pots full of different plants. She would try to grow anything in it, and admitted to collecting plants from the gardens of the many dilapidated grand houses in the area, and was not shy of asking for cuttings from women's gardens locally. She said that she was collecting Cypriot garden plants, and was sensitive to all the imports, knowing which came from Africa, returning with those who had migrated there years ago, and which plants had come with the British. She was by no means dogmatic about it; she simply wanted what was Cypriot. It was clear that they were ahead of their time in a way, having taken on an old house rather than buying new. There were a few others round about, but as I say, many had fallen into desperate disrepair, giving the locale a strange atmosphere, almost as if they were the last left, rather than the first of a movement back to such properties. Renovation in old Nicosia was a few years further ahead, and while unmistakably bourgeois, the streets and buildings were beautiful – tasteful.



Sevvia's house

My second gardener was a senior archaeologist, and we talked for a long time in his office that was in a restored and converted town house in a part of Nicosia that was traditionally home to the community of wealthy Armenians. It was in a broad leafy street amidst other grand houses, all individual, all with a colonial feel, and surrounded by large gardens. It would have been suburbia, and Pefkios, the icon expert, had told me that between the city and the suburbs he remembers large orchards. Demetrios told me that one of his earliest memories was of guarding the beautiful arum lilies growing in their garden, because people would come by and pick them. He went on to say that he himself is guilty of taking bits of plants. He is experienced enough to know which part to take to propagate it, and will whip a seed pod or cutting when he passes. His interest was not inherited from his parents, who had owned a big garden, but employed a gardener. He was fascinated by exotics and had a cactus collection when he was a child. His major influence was his English nanny, who had taught him to speak the language. She was the widow of some prominent church figure who had travelled the British Empire. She lived in the house opposite them and had many mementoes of her travels that fascinated him, which included a collection of plants from all over the Empire. He still has plants in his garden that he raised in his childhood. He has no problem with introducing plants from abroad, and does not see indigeneity as something simple to define. He put it rhetorically; many plants that Cypriots think of as indigenous were brought in by the British for example – such as Jacaranda, Wattle, and Eucalyptus. People accept them because they are now so ubiquitous and so familiar.

I asked him about names, saying that in English it is important to differentiate plants by name, but that I had noticed that in Cyprus I had heard conflicting names for the same plant, from obviously experienced gardeners, or that different names were used often for the same plant. In Pano Oropedhio villagers had known that they could eat this or that plant, but they could not give them a name. He concurred and said that the same was true for garden plants. Lilies were known as *Krinos* and freesias, a completely different genus, were known as their diminutive, *Krinakia*. It simply was not important. Gardeners knew the difference it did not need to be linguistically codified, and they knew the specifics of how to grow them. As with Sevvia, he learnt through ‘empirical experience’. He was given lots of advice, but it was often

conflicting, and most of his knowledge was gained through ‘trial and error’. He said that he could not find a gardener, that his garden was too haphazard and difficult to work in because it did not consist of neat beds and lawns. As we walked around his garden it became clear that he would not be that happy for someone else to work in it. He was so involved with each area, each tree and particular plants that it was hard to imagine him entrusting their care to anyone else.

He was surprised at the relatively recent desire for lawns, not so much because of the amount of water they need, but more because he would have expected anti-British or anti-colonial feeling to prevail. He agreed they were an anathema, and would not have one himself. This was interesting in the light of how his interest in gardening had been inspired in the first place by a quintessential colonial English woman, and how her influence had broadened his sights for his garden beyond what was immediately available or common around him. I told him the story of the man I had met in Larnaca, Kostas, who had transformed the fields around his new home into a lawned garden of well over an acre. He had taken some clumps of grass some forty or so years before, from the only bit of lawn he knew of: a roundabout at Paphos Gate in Nicosia. Every so often he would take a bit more. These few clumps had spawned many lawns in this man’s neighbourhood in Larnaca. Kostas said that the grass was about ‘feeling good’, it felt ‘healthy’ – it helped to counteract the dust. Another woman said that she had loved the greenness of England, where she has family, it had made an impression and she wanted a lawn at home.

Demetrios laughed out loud at Kostas ‘stealing’ the turf, but was unsurprised. He, like Kostas, and Sevvia, and many others I met, knew this form of appropriation as one of the most normal ways of getting plants. There was no harm done, plants regenerate, and besides, garden centres simply did not exist. Gardens were a fully social and uncommodified phenomenon, and Demetrios, the most secure gardener in the sense that he was Greek Cypriot through and through, came from a wealthy background and lived very comfortably with a good job, and had never lived anywhere but in Nicosia, was completely at ease with and in his garden. He could allow for alien species, he freely admitted, and acknowledged the different levels and

forms of appropriation, and was sensitive but untroubled by the uncertain cultural milieu that existed within and beyond his garden.

The last garden I describe here is one owned by David, an English ex-pat, who was the Chair of the UKCA Gardening Club. The club met regularly, visiting a member's garden to view progress on its development, and to have tea and a chat. I joined them on a couple of occasions, and met David and Joan at one of the meetings. The meetings were somewhat depressing and oppressive, with talk that I overheard moving quickly from affirming noises at the hosts' ingenious water conservation and retrieval system, as we passed the newly-finished large swimming pool, to what I could only conclude was deep disappointment. Many had retired young, and Cyprus promised an idyllic lifestyle, yet these people shared stories of complaints about Cypriot bureaucracy and the troubles with Cypriot workmen. However, David and Joan were quite different.

David had been a 'domestic garden adviser' in the south of England, and they had owned their house in Cyprus for sixteen years. They had moved over permanently five years before, to a small village where they were the only foreign couple. They were very attached to the village, and worked hard at being considered part of it. They knew the priest and his family well, and would ask his advice if they were uncertain about how to 'be' or respond in certain situations in the village. When Joan joined us, she recounted in great detail, all the familial connections of the villagers, who numbered only about fifty. She knew about their land, their relationships, and their connections with the two neighbouring villages. They were unusually lucky in that they owned five acres, when strictly speaking foreigners could own no more than an acre. He ran the property as a small-holding, and said that he is knitted into the lives of other villagers, as one neighbour has a large carob tree on his land, another has a small vineyard in the middle of it, and he also said that he has a separate title deed for the carob in his garden (see Chapter Three). He has made patios from stone and *marmaris* (local marble) found nearby, collected on walks, having taken advice from the priest, and he has a three year rule regarding other things he likes the look of: if it stays in the same place for three years, and no-one else claims it, he will appropriate it. He has not upset anyone so far. Neither does he

get upset, when, as he wryly observes, his small reservoir mysteriously empties whenever they go away. The Mukhtar tells them to be sure to lock up the house, as at weekends unknown people come up to the village and are not to be trusted.

To a large extent, it seems that David and Joan have 'learnt the rules'. They are sensitive to the place they have chosen as home, and they only very gradually moved into life in the village, only lately having given up their house in the UK. The interior of their house was unmistakably 'English'; they had not 'gone native'. Their garden too suggested the approach they had taken. Some areas were left – David had 'a patch of the Paphos Forest', he said proudly, of a rocky knoll that had some old pine trees on it, and he had an olive grove but gave the olives to whomever wanted them. He grows a lot of what he loved growing in England, and settles for what thrives easily. As with their move to Cyprus, David takes a long view with gardening. He grows mainly from seed, sometimes cuttings, and has discovered that he cannot be sure that something has become established until three years have passed. Many times he had come across a plant in its third season that had simply died. He buys a lot from a garden centre near Paphos, and he was not surprised when I told him that the woman who ran it was completely self-taught. The business had grown from a sideline and flower shop that was part of the family supermarket. She sold a lot of unusual plants, knew a lot about them and their individual suitability, and it struck me that she was surprised by her own personal passion that had emerged. Until I spoke with her, she had not really thought about it – she had always felt a bit of 'side-line' in the business. Everyone who bought plants there spoke very highly of the garden centre and her expertise. David enjoyed talking with her about the plants, and they exchanged knowledge and experiences.

One thing he did do, was label everything religiously with the genus, species, common name and country of origin, so that in parts the garden looked like a botanical garden – it was something about being trained in the UK that I could empathise with; being taught that naming, identification and classification were important. This brings to mind the conversations with Cypriot gardeners, particularly Demetrios. Naming becomes important when knowledge is passed on in a particular way, when gardens are designed from detailed plans, drawn in the abstract, and when

gardening can be regarded as a hobby of collecting certain genera or species. Of course, most gardens go on to evolve, and the original plan becomes buried amidst the historical undergrowth, but in Cyprus, this seems to be the main way that gardens happen – through personal links with other gardeners, with stealing bits of plants from gardens or the wild, by appropriating bits and pieces, be it land, cuttings, or discarded buckets and paint cans to use as plant pots.

David and Joan did not use any such containers, his own personal taste not being able to accommodate them, or being unable to allow the former life of the container to be subsumed by what was growing in it, as Cypriots seemed well able to do. But as I was leaving, I noticed two large stone sinks that he had planted up. He said that he had brought one of them over with him. It had belonged to his grandmother who had been a grocer in West Bromwich. It had been below her water pump and the front edge was polished smooth where, he said, he remembered her sharpening her knife to kill the pigs. It was the one thing that he had brought over for the garden, and his only remaining link to her. His memories of her use of it, and so of her, remained very vivid.

David and Joan's garden was a very easy place to be. It was open, although the previous owners, a Lebanese couple, had put up chain-link fencing that remained, and villagers would stop to chat if they passed, or would wave from their *tractui* on their way to their fields. Their contentment and ease in the place was visible and almost tangible through their garden, which was, as I say, a relaxed fusion of Cypriot and English, and demonstrated an acceptance of the way things are, through David's acceptance of going with what would thrive, wherever it came from.

The gardeners described here all express themselves, their histories, their sense of belonging and dwelling, in the world that immediately surrounds them, through their gardens. They are all at ease with the meaning that they have made of that world, and as examples, or samplers, they are here between what I describe as two relative extremes. The refugees are caught in a world where the resolution to making sense of that world is constantly politically put off, but where they are nonetheless able to create meaning and a sense of community through their gardens, where the long-experienced practices of making a garden are made all the easier because of the

openness of the gardens on the estate, and the ease with which they can appropriate the large tracts of municipal land and car-parking with either trees or arrays of pots respectively. I now turn to the other extreme, in which gardens are 'built' into the architecture of new villas and on new estates. These demand a drawn plan, a pre-emptive idea of what a garden is. It will be interesting to see how these new gardens evolve in the future, but at the moment, I believe they emerge from a relatively insecure place, a place of new but somewhat uncertain wealth and status. In what follows, I am aware that sometimes I sound quite critical, and must admit to being the implicated gardener, caught up in my own notions of taste and rules of gardening, but such partiality, and strident expressiveness and personality are precisely what I want to demonstrate, along with the important aspect of any garden, which is its inherent evanescence and temporality.

Garden ornaments

From the elemental aspects of soil with regard to gardens, and the ways in which embedded sensory memory can partially recreate homes and a sense of rootedness and belonging, I want to now turn to more apparently ephemeral facets of horticulture. There was a seemingly very different side to horticultural practice, and what follows is something of a counterpoint to what I have focussed on so far. There are gardens that speak of a different form of rupture and movement, namely social mobility and a self-conscious distancing from the 'home' of childhood and of the village. The material appears to run counter to the themes I have introduced, and I focus on how gardens and flowers can be signifiers of excess, class and ephemeral redundancy. Here there is a denial of the reproduction of personal and sensual memory. I found examples of how memory had been commodified through the creation of gardens, or aspects of them. I want to return, then, to the phenomenon of the big new villas, their over-statement of presence and notion of the creation a 'hyper-reality', as mentioned early in the chapter, through a discussion of the newer, urban or suburban villas, and the presence of flowers as bourgeois, disposable products.

Bourdieu argues that 'distinction', or 'natural refinement', is merely about the maintenance of a relational gap in terms of social space (see Bourdieu 1984). Class distance is sustained by ensuring that the markers of such gaps between economic and cultural capital from one class to another are kept distinct. An example of this might be someone who is bourgeois, or class-confident, starting a collection of 'kitsch' from the 1950s or 60s as compared with someone who had bought it at the time, believing it to be truly tasteful. Attitudes to what is 'tasteful' shift, and those who possess the greater cultural capital (and not necessarily the most economic capital) make the selections, and the attitudes of those 'with taste' lead the way towards and away from markers of distinction or 'good taste'. As markers of distinction in fashion, art, leisure pursuit, profession even, for example, are taken up by more of the population, they become devalued and the elite take up new markers.

In a very different cultural space, therefore, from the refugees' gardens on the estate, the gardens of the new villas demand attention. The gardens are part of these houses' architecture and physical structure. They are to be found in Nicosia, on the outskirts of Limassol perhaps, or increasingly on the outskirts of villages of any region. These villas were frequently decried, and the stereotyped owners derided, by intellectuals or ex-pats, and especially by those who had taken over, or 'rescued' the older, grand houses that were in the narrow and abandoned streets in the old parts of the cities. These were the class confident people who sought out 'tasteful' pieces of furniture and/or antiques, and who had restored the properties carefully to retain the original character. I was told how architects and builders in the past used skills now lost, or redundant, applying them to such details as how to maximise the flow of air through the house in order to keep it cool in the summer. Today of course, there is air conditioning, and concrete is admittedly versatile, but those who seek to conserve and preserve, want to dwell in the part of Cyprus that recognises the skills of artisans and craftsmen. It is more complex than simply being about 'heritage'. Sevvia and her partner in Limassol are both working and living in a way that they want to see an emergent Cyprus adopting. They are making confident and hopeful statements about the future through their home and garden, and through film-making and architecture – all powerful forms of cultural inscription. In Nicosia particularly, preservation is

being addressed at a municipal level also, with whole areas being renovated and refurbished, encouraging 'good taste'.

The new villas, then, are brash markers of difference, not simply between the rich and poor, but between the first generation of the wealthy, the upwardly mobile, who still remember life in the village as children, and also between the *nouveau riche* and those in the older properties, who in turn demonstrate cultural distance from those who live in the new villas who have quickly accrued economic capital. These villas have urgency about them – the memory of little social capital and little economic wealth are very close to the surface. This urgency results in the overstatement that is the villa itself. Many of their gardens fulfil the northern European norm of a lawn with water features and statuary. The lawns are at their most stark in the summer, when all other greenery on the island has burned off. It is not within a private, enclosed yard, but is clearly linked with the strident expressiveness of the house. To feed, or rather furnish these gardens, an equivalent to a supermarket or furniture shop is necessary. There has been an upsurge in the presence of garden centres. They are either attached to supermarkets, or have evolved out of florists' businesses and flower shops. The garden centre differs from the plant nursery in that it deals exclusively with the finished, packaged product, and not with the growing and propagation of the plants. They are more about furnishing a garden, rather than growing and raising it. There is little or no connection between the seed-sowing, the cuttings or the grafting and the article that is for sale. I would argue that there is therefore a degree of alienation from the organic and the cyclical, both in the presence of the villas, and the garden centre industry that has grown up to supply them.

An interest in gardening as a defined activity was spoken about by a refugee, a woman now living near Larnaca. She has memories of ideas coming from women's magazines and television in the 1960s and 70s. Gardens have become commodified, as they have elsewhere, and the aesthetics of the garden are made an explicit project. The garden becomes an enhancement to the house: its outward mantle. People with a new house, on a new plot, have a blank canvas, perhaps far removed from their

former, childhood home. The numbers of such people have risen dramatically, as migration from the countryside has become more common over the past few decades.

There is total power, apparently, to create a completely new existence. It is no longer necessary to grow food; it is more convenient to simply buy it, so the garden has to fulfil another function or other functions. One of these, I would suggest, is of bourgeois display, of a garden made solely for leisure and pleasure: a semi-public forum for the disclosure of disposable income, and aesthetic taste. This is at the extreme end. I am expressing a crude notion of ‘mentalities’ that were described to me throughout fieldwork. As such they are, at least in part, caricatures or parodies. The brashness of the ‘mentality’ of the person who lives in such a villa went with the description of the small-minded Paphian as described earlier, that was racist, and motivated solely by money and outward show. The excess of modern weddings, and the expensive, over-sized pick-ups were indicated as proof. It was added that it was all show, and that these people have to borrow thousands of pounds to maintain the appearance, and that was all it was. I did not knowingly meet any of these people, which immediately suggests that they only exist as a stereotype, but I was seduced into believing in their existence and motivations because I saw the villas, saw and heard about the weddings, and was frequently and dangerously overtaken by the new pick-ups.

Another, and perhaps more extreme example and indicator of bourgeois excess and taste or distinction, are cut flowers, given in abundance on someone’s ‘name day’, the day of the saint after whom someone is named. Flower shops are an example of the denial of the solely useful, and cut flowers appear to have been in demand for many years. There is excess and redundancy associated with the evanescence of cut flowers that out-does the excess of art, which is, of course, permanent. Flowers as symbols of evanescence link back to the discussion in Chapter Five, and Goody’s linking of flowers with religious festivals, and their representing mortality and sacrifice. Similarly, a purely ornamental garden, speaks of excess and redundancy that replaces a certain and perhaps personalised configuration of the past. The memory of the necessity to grow food can be erased by covering the soil with lawn and shrubs and flowers. Children can play rather than be required to help with the

cultivation. They demonstrate a bourgeois existence, although the situation is more complex.

Garden centres emerged from flower shops, of which there are many. I was puzzled at the number, when I had been given the impression that ground used for growing flowers was wasted ground. One British ex-pat had been admonished for planting flowers in her yard around her village house by a Cypriot neighbour. She rationalised this in a somewhat patronising way by remarking on a very recent memory of poverty, that apparently demanded a utilisation of all available land for food, and a rather ethnocentric assumption that flowers were seen as a bourgeois indulgence of affluence. The predominance of flower shops is still somewhat mystifying in a country with a climate that means that fresh, cut flowers have a very short lifespan.

Everywhere I went, flowers within houses were very evident, not so much as vases of fresh flowers, but as decorative motifs on walls, tablecloths, and ubiquitous plastic flowers, *psematasmata*, or 'lying things'/(flowers). I have not yet discovered the reason why they are an essential feature of a sitting room for many women, although Christella said that she had bought them when she had no real ones, and that a friend of hers had vases full, but she lived in a flat. I was given replies that assumed that flowers in some form were necessary decoration. I was told, 'Plastic flowers don't die, they don't make a mess, and when they get dirty and dusty we can wash them'.

Flowers in general, whether real or plastic, were associated with cleanliness, giving them perhaps moral overtones. 'Everyone grew flowers there, it was a very tidy and clean village'.

They are such a different product from the real thing, inherent to which is a fairly rapid demise, and which to me is part of their attraction – they are a treat, they fill a room with fragrance which brings part of the garden indoors. As I have intimated, the plastic flowers were approached with pragmatism, but there was no question that they should exist. They stand perhaps as a permanent marker for the ephemeral, a small emblem of bourgeois excess and exuberance.

In a related way, the new villas with their instantly installed gardens are a bold statement of presence, but there is such an aura of consumer durability, of a garden being delivered and subject to changing fashion, such that, despite their boldness, they ironically speak less of permanence, and occupy more of an interstitial space. They are a transitional object, more a symbol of upward mobility than of having arrived somewhere. These houses and their gardens seem to have nothing whatsoever to do with memory, and I would go so far as to say that they are anti-memory. Nostalgia seems to be defied and there seems to be a dislocation from the past. Most of the younger people I met were quite resistant to returning to the village, where their families were from, but came on occasion when duty insisted. The villages signified backwardness, even social primitivism, and were full of the old people - their parents or grandparents. There were memories, and a desire to escape from that backwardness, and one man, our landlady's son, an energetic businessman, living in Limassol, cited with disgust and humour the fact of the outside toilet as an example of the life he had got away from. I observed wryly later how an ex pat British conservationist couple living in Pano Oropedhio were very proud of the composting toilet they had installed. It was a feat of technological expertise, based on the sound, modern principles of sustainability. It seems that the past is always bound up with and evident in the present, even, it would seem, in the apparently uncontroversial domain of toilets.

Concluding thoughts

What I have attempted to do with these examples of gardens is to suggest ways in which the practice and expression of gardening signifies a facet of the process of memory. There are ways that gardening represents a uniquely dual interaction between the material and the metaphysical, between self-conscious and embedded practices. Gardening is a means of temporary, erasable inscription. Inscription implies deliberation, cultural marking. But there is the underlying awareness that gardens can quietly return to a state of nature where the inscription is lost. Gardening does not have the political presence of the built environment, yet it is tied indelibly with the idea and territory of home.

I have also suggested that the soil represents the implied permanence of all that underlies the notion of home, as a vessel for the dead of a nation, and as something conjoined with underlying geology (and therefore history). Again, its fluidity, in symbolic and literal terms, is utilised in the quieter work of nostalgia and memory in the tentative re-establishment of roots, of a replica of a past that is nonetheless recognised, or rather practised, as something new, but connected with the past through identical sensual experience. Similarly, plants can be easily replicated, and inherent to them is sensual as well as nostalgic memory. Propagation is reliant on provenance, and the parallels between kinship and the networks of passing on plants, cuttings and seed gives plants a cultural and personal genealogy. Plants have been cloned for centuries. Their replication denotes social replication and social reproduction on two levels. The commercial enterprise of flower and plastic flower production and display is the economic, perhaps alienated production, pertaining to the social production of 'taste', and cut flowers remain as symbols of plants and palace gardens that have denoted luxury and excess since 'ancient' times, as opposed to the more intimate social acts of friends and neighbours breaking off bits of plants to give to one another when visiting.

Finally, I have talked about the 'new' garden, the garden that is anti-memory that seeks to deny historical attachment through soil. I have introduced the contradictions inherent to this form of garden and the use of plants as ephemera, of excess and redundancy, and have implied that as such, plants and gardens can re-root people quite differently in a burgeoning bourgeois space. One resulting contradiction is that such houses and gardens speak very loudly of territoriality in one sense, but not in an embedded sense that links one personally and sensually with historical places, kin, friends and neighbours, and nostalgic connections, as is the case with the gardens of the refugees I spoke to. Personal connections subsume that territoriality.

These 'new' gardens are an expression of the crisis and questions of legitimacy that hang over Cyprus. They might appear as a brash overstatement, but maybe they emanate from a long-endured relationship with institutionalised provisionality that ironically allows much cultural freedom. At present, with flowers and gardens and concrete, all that can be expressed is the ephemeral and the evanescent. It is the

convergence of the two or more points of anticipated 'arrival', an end to provisionality in terms of achieving social status, territorial legitimacy and coherence being at last experienced that is being anticipated through the gardens described here. People live with provisionality, but a future is prefigured in their self-presentation.

I am aware that throughout this chapter, I have created a finely delineated path for gardens, veering close to essentialising nature, and even, by extension, a conception of territoriality that at times might seem to threaten my project. I have guarded against this by discussing the unique position that gardens and gardening practice can assume, through the media of the senses and memory.

The second form of gardening that I have described is couched stridently, and therefore apparently perhaps too simply, in the language of class distinction. This form of practice demonstrates an alternative mode of expression for the garden and flowers that incorporates an erasure of memory with a more straightforward technologising and naturalising motivation. It is an expression of emplacement, of social presence in an often urban environment where building proliferates and extinguishes a concept of territory associated with landscapes and field patterns. These gardens are unmistakeably property, but they are more than that because they are also a denial of an association with the land that was historically essential for survival and sustenance, an economic necessity.

Whatever the manifestation however, any garden is sensually experienced, at the simplest level of plucking off a flower to smell its scent, for example, and more pragmatically, in the construction of its boundaries. The meanings contained within those boundaries are supremely personal, although they clearly have a social presence, powerful and potent through their understatement, their ambiguity and absence of overt articulation. Such power is underpinned by the very fluidity of the elements that make up any garden.

CONCLUSION

LEAVING THE GARDEN GATE OPEN...

A gardener's work is never at an end.

John Evelyn (1620 – 1706) from *Kalendarium Hortense*

The present

In *The Heart Grown Bitter*, Loizos writes of how, in an instant, it felt as if most of his work for *The Greek Gift: Politics in a Cypriot Village* had simply been rendered wrong. ‘The book was already in page proofs when the invasion of Cyprus took place; overnight, almost every fact in its pages had been rendered untrue’ (1981:188). In the light of dramatic events early in Cyprus in 2003, with the opening up of the border, I suffered a similar experience. Without wanting to presume too much, there is a symmetry to our respective experiences: Although not in Cyprus at any time in 1974, Loizos saw the effects of Cyprus being violently split apart, and the villagers he had lived with previously become refugees. I was there three years ‘too early’, as he had been, thirty years ago, but what is happening there now, in 2003, gives some room for optimism about a resolution. It even looked for a while as though that resolution would be as sudden and shocking, but at the other end of the spectrum of experience, as the invasion of 1974.

While I was there, people talked about a solution, mainly in the light of impending EU accession, but it was heavily tinged by a thirty-year weariness, and an inability to

imagine or articulate what effect reunification might have on day-to-day life. Reunification removes the notion of home from the nostalgic abstract, and forces the questions ‘where is home?’, ‘what is Cyprus?’, and, ‘what aspects of the remembered or imagined can be reclaimed?’. What I have suggested in this thesis is that quiet and personal resolutions to the trauma, and to the more amorphous identity crisis of Cyprus have been happening throughout all these years. Gardens have been made, reconfigured, appropriated, or left to quietly disappear, as have louder contestations over the land and Cypriot ‘heritage’, and what they mean been going on in the more public domain.

As for being ‘wrong’, I have to accept that a thesis emerges out of an intense ‘moment’ and ‘space’ of the anthropologist’s time in a place. This thesis is an attempt to be faithful to that ‘moment’, and the spaces I witnessed. To have been in Cyprus from February to May 2003 would have been wonderful, but it would have heralded the beginning of a whole new study. I have felt heartened and reassured about my observations on reading that cuttings, and pieces of vine have travelled back with Turkish and Greek Cypriots after visits to former homes. That journalists have recorded these as symbolic living mementoes of homes is both surprising and hopeful, and shows that others at least acknowledge the powerful cultural meaning that plants and gardens can convey.

Plants are not inanimate symbols: they re-colonise and re-root in the present. They represent a dynamic connection to memory and past experience, that gently occupies the present. It is as though there is a recognition that to re-occupy a former home could potentially corrupt memory, that further crisis would be inevitable after so long, but the active regeneration of plants, their movement to a new place acknowledges what can be the unremarkable nature and inevitability of up-rooting and movement. Memory and relationships live on via the progeny of planting – with cuttings taken or grafted, or seeds sown, that reflects an embedded faith in continuity. Movements of plants and horticultural practice can track the movement of families and friends and their reconnections. Tendrils on one single vine can reach from one side of the island to another and back again. A refugee displaced from the north, who I met at a conference, told me of a vine given to relatives in Larnaca

before 1974. After the invasion, his parents were able to retrieve a cutting – ‘it was a piece of home’ he said. He now has a vine grown from a cutting from his parents at his own home.

Re-introducing the past

I went to Cyprus with a broad research topic. I simply went wanting to know about gardens and gardening in Cyprus, and how they were implicated in attachment to places. I went with a keen curiosity to discover the connections between inscription and place, between practice, being and belonging with regards to a place; and between expression and creating meaning through renditions that played with notions of the aesthetic, the quotidian, the ‘natural’ and the essential. From work done on the Isle of Skye, I had a strong sense that islands have many peculiarities. Their physical boundedness make them at once isolated, but at the same time give them a definition. These combined attributes create a tension between anxiety in relation to the looming continents that surround Cyprus, and a sensed coherence, and a peculiar independence. Cyprus was interesting because that coherence was violently and arbitrarily ruptured, and also because its isolation and independence was resisted and elided because of deeply-rooted associations with Greece and Turkey, and to a lesser extent because of remnants of Britain’s involvement. It transpired that the impact of the UK remains very current because of mass tourism and ex-pat settlement on the island, and I have dealt with this at various points in the thesis, chiefly through discussions about ‘tradition’ and ‘heritage’

Absence

I went armed with little knowledge of gardens and gardening in Cyprus. This ironically turned out to be the greatest gift: there is very little recorded history of gardening on the island before the British took their preoccupation there, and there is no gardening ‘heritage’ to speak of. I was freed from a lumpen ‘history of gardening’, but did gain some insight into the broader history of cultivation and land-use. If any ‘heritage’ at all can be spoken of, it is the proximity in space and time that most Cypriots have with the normality of growing things, of grafting trees, of

pruning vines, or of harvesting almonds and olives for example. Most still relate to their village, even if they have lost the intimate knowledge, that still resided in Pano Oropedhio, of the scattered pattern of plots that made up the patchwork of the village. Connecting all the plots were not fences and walls, but the strands of kinship and inheritance, absent owners, and family and neighbourly feuding.

Over and over again, I would meet with officials and professionals to talk to them about government policy, agricultural research, archaeology or the horticultural industry, for example, and we would end up talking about their own garden, their relationship with it, and the memories, often from childhood that were distilled, recreated or transmuted in it. Some of them appear here, but there are more that I could have unearthed from fieldwork. Each garden tells a complex story of its owner. Usually the connections were subtle, or inspired by a significant relationship with another gardener that may or may not have been related to them. I found these people uninhibited, eager to talk about their gardens and their entwined histories. They would be initially surprised at my research topic, which was not instantly regarded as academic, but they were also talking to a fellow gardener. The subject was not loaded, and they talked with great humility about something deeply personal and private as a practice. But yet it was easy, gardens are in the public domain, open to view, and usually left open to interpretation. Without speaking to the gardener, the onlooker can only guess at the meaning of design, plant choice, and placement. They are an area of cultural free-play for both the gardener and the visitor. There was an air of liberation around their talk of gardens and gardening. People were not speaking about or demonstrating any documented history or politics directly, and the subject was not trammelled by either of these highly-charged and pervasive categories. The garden *could* be left to speak for itself, but I wanted to know all about them, and people talked through them about their lives, their politics, their memories, and their prejudices and fears.

In the Akamas, away from the personal spaces, I discovered that people or organisations used the land similarly to express ideology and more particularly to contest and practise what Cyprus could or should look like. What was submerged in that area were the voices of the village landowners themselves, overwhelmed by the

wealthy developers, the government, via the CTO and the Forestry Department, and the NGOs. The hotels described in Chapter Four, together with the Environmental Studies Centre and the Cyprus Conservation Foundation, and Greenpeace were reference points for the debates going on in the area. Here the question of legitimacy regarding property, raised in Chapter Two, was developed. This led into the closer inspection of the legitimacy of aliens, in whatever from they invaded, and the breaching of moral and cultural boundaries.

I discovered more than I could process, and there is more to the surface, or surfaces of the significance of gardens and gardening, or more particularly what part they play in the culture of Cyprus. In the introduction I described the allotments in London as an area of cultural play and flux in miniature. That is, of course, what gardens are and can be, whatever their context or location. In Cyprus they are not fixed, there is no template for what a Cypriot garden is, and that allows for a highly mutable area of 'cultural play', and the utilisation of unexpected models, elements and metaphors.

Chapter Six started as a chapter of extremes, and was partly a response to an initial experience of the island as being polarised on a number of levels. It first appears as though an attempt to achieve stability, and to regain coherence, is realised through a desire to fix culture, to render it as a reified thing. The fundamental heritage is the archaeology, fixed in the ground, and the impulse to emulate this certainty in the ground has spread upwards, to 'traditional' architecture, through to customs, crafts and practices, and the more ephemeral aspects of 'culture'. The small plots that I encountered on the refugee housing estates were a first sign to a way out of the world of extremes and polarisation.

Refugees are suffused in rhetoric and history, but the gardens I describe in Chapter Six are about memory, and memory is not the same as 'factual history', and the relationship between the two is complex and contingent. Memory is what it chooses to be.

Memories occur in the present, just like the historians' documents...There is no contradiction in regarding a given mental experience as a memory, with there yet being no reliable connection between it and a past event....Although memory is an

unreliable source of knowledge about the past, its role both in intelligence and self-identity is unquestionable...what makes a person the same person through life is the accumulating set of memories he carries with him (Grayling 2001:183-4).

Gardens mediate between the material, and memory, and imagination. The documents that pertain to gardens and gardening practice are the very gardens themselves. These, as this thesis has demonstrated, emerge from different depths, different memories and different imaginations. These led me to other gardens, and ultimately back to the village where, ironically, it remained hardest to see what was going on.

A provisional ending

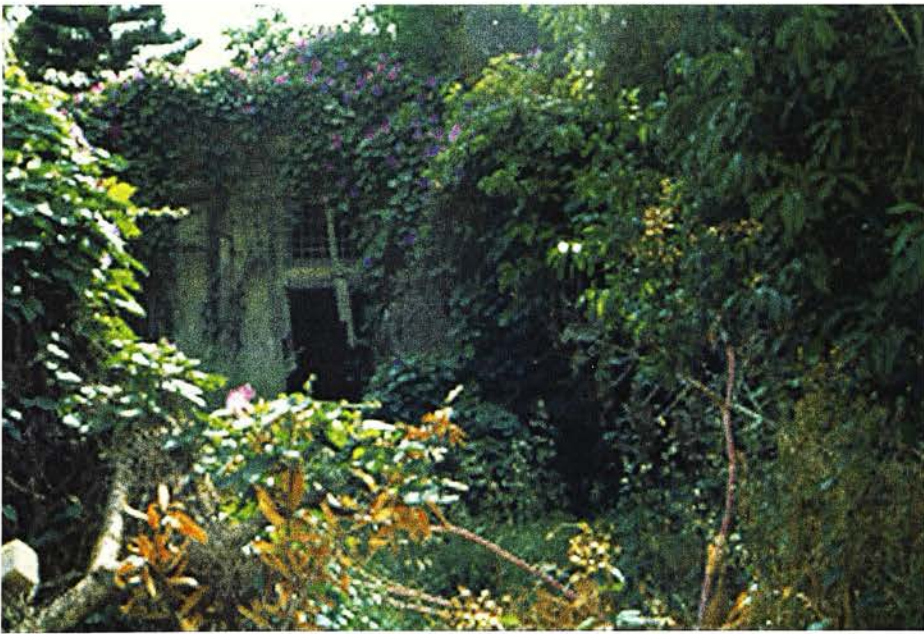
Many things about this thesis border on the provisional, its structure, its assertions, and its uncertain place between theorising gardening, and theorising Cyprus, are just some. Initially I had no idea what it would look like, what form it would take, or what would be its emphases. Ironically, the process of writing was organic in a way far removed from my approach to gardening. I have a visual imagination that can superimpose a minds-eye garden on a space, but not an imagination that can 'see' a thesis, and this has made its construction slow and painful.

One, if not its chief, theme is about the provisional state that Cyprus dwells in, not only because of events in 1974, but because of other particularities, such as those of history and notions of property and its geo-political position. I have resisted talking about Cyprus through such themes directly, but hope that the parallels drawn and implied, between these and gardening and land use, are clear.

Above all, the power of gardens is in their mutability and their very provisionality in terms of their existence, and the constant interplay between our involvement with them as creator, artist, technologist, scientist, and as observers of growth that simply happens. Gardens change and shift with the soil that is moved, with each generation, and through the accidents and external forces that dictate where people find themselves. Their history has a currency in the skills that are passed on, and the stories that are told of past gardens, remembered plants and trees, and in the free-play

of memory and the culturally defined imagination that create them. Relics of the past do emerge on the landscape as fences are put up, things are dug up or as fear, or threat or conflict are inscribed onto it or in the spaces above it, as in the case of Theonitsa's walnut trees and the appropriated Turkish Cypriot houses in Kato Oropedhio, or with the contestation over the Akamas. But these inscriptions are always provisional.

I realise that in talking about and suggesting the 'normality' of provisionality in Cyprus, there is a risk of implying that all Cypriots can cope with, or are at ease with such a condition. For the relatives of the Missing, this would imply that the existence or non-existence of their loved ones, or their loved ones' bones should pose no problem. I do not wish to imply that. Bones, like archaeology, are fixed, and lie waiting to be turned up and rediscovered, becoming potent symbols of a denial of reconciliation with the past. That is not possible with gardens, and that is their power; they reach towards renewal and regeneration and resist any attempts to fix their meaning in the past.



An abandoned garden

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